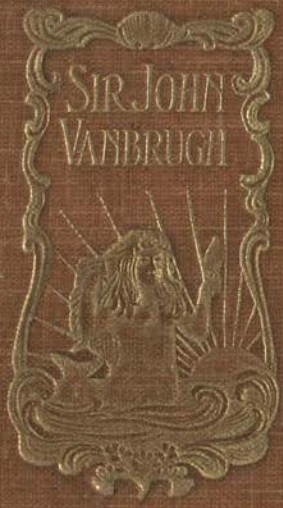

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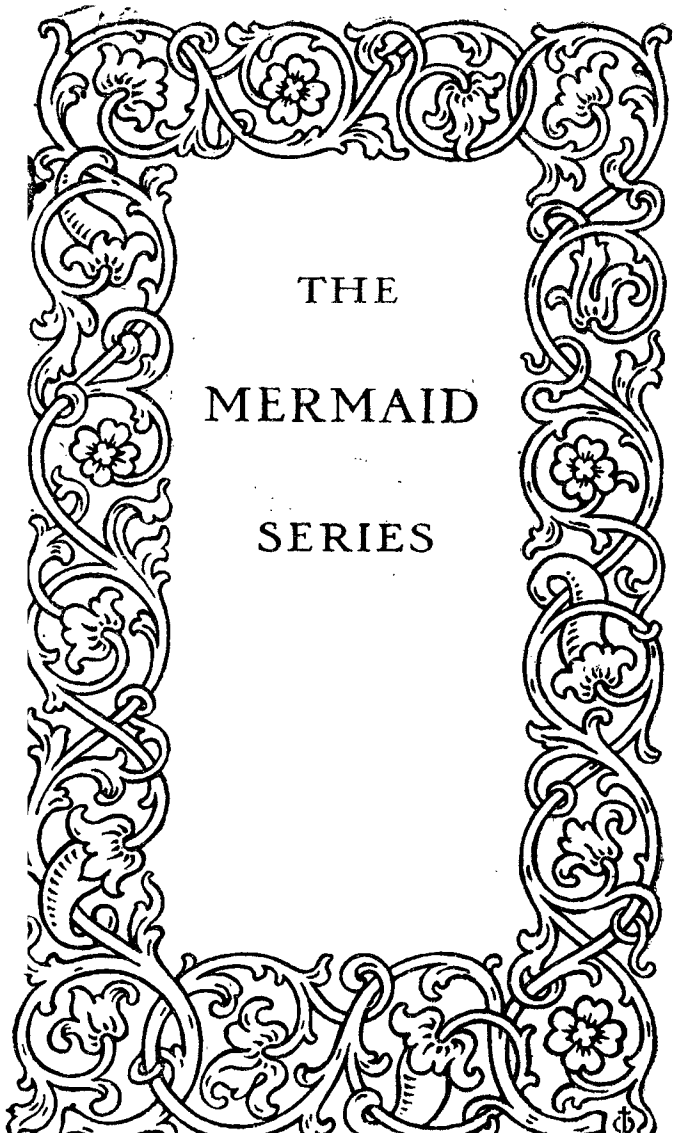
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SIR JOHN VANBRUGH

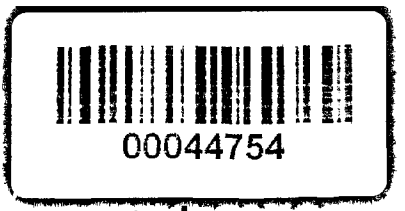
EDITED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES,

BY

A. E. H. SWAIN

"I lie and dream of your full Mermaid wine."—*Beaumont.*

LONDON
T. FISHER UNWIN
NEW YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
1896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"What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life."

Master Francis Beaumont to Ben Jonson.

"Souls of Poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?"

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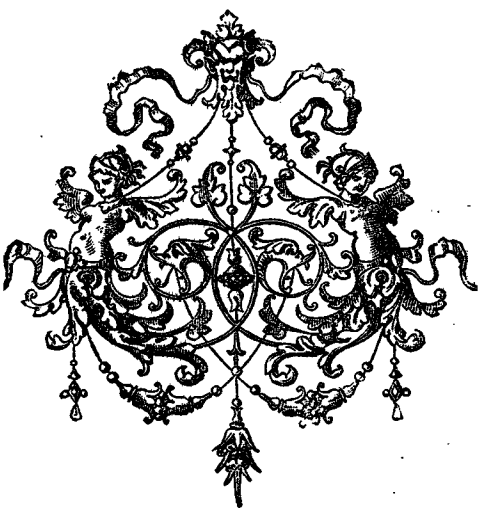

PREFACE.

SIR JOHN VANBRUGH'S plays, so much admired during the whole course of the eighteenth century, deserve a place among the dramatic works already made accessible to the general reader by that fine collection, the Mermaid Series.

Though less witty than Congreve, he surpasses him in humour, and his comedies are more natural than either Congreve's or Wycherley's. The plots are less intricate, the characters not so exaggerated, and the plays full of an originality which entitles their author to a distinguished place among the Comic dramatists of the Restoration. As a man he decidedly takes the foremost place, for, besides being a clever writer, he was an eminent architect, possessed noble qualities, and led an active life—things that cannot be said of either Congreve or Wycherley.

When I first set to work I intended to give by way of biographical notice merely Leigh Hunt's Essay, with such annotations as might prove necessary on account of discoveries made since that essay was

written. I found, however, so much new matter, that I resolved to insert a short introduction, containing, as succinctly as possible, all that is at present known with absolute certainty about the author and his works. My reasons for having changed so many dates, for having left out statements appearing in the older biographies, and having inserted new ones, are given in the copious annotations to Hunt's Essay, which has been retained on account of its literary value and subtle criticism.

I have added a Bibliography, but cannot vouch for its completeness ; also a pedigree which, I hope, will clearly show what is known about the Vanbrugh family.

I owe a few of my notes to Mr. Ward's excellent edition of the Complete Works, though I am bound to say that before becoming acquainted with it, I had independently discovered many of the new facts about Vanbrugh, already contained in that gentleman's detailed life of the author. The present edition comprises Vanbrugh's best plays and a fragmentary comedy. The smaller plays—most of them translations—had to be left out, as I had to keep within certain limits.

A. E. H. S.

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF VANBRUGH'S WORKS.

The Pilgrim, alter'd with additions by Sir John Vanbrugh, 1700, 4°.

Idem, 1735, 8°.

Idem, A Comedy altered by Dryden (or rather Sir John Vanbrugh), 1788, 12°.

Comedies, 2 vols., London, 1730, 8°.

Idem, 1735, 12°.

Idem, 1759, 12°.

Idem, Dublin, 1765, 12°.

Idem, London, 1776, 12°.

Plays, in "The Dramatic Works of Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar." With biographical and critical notices, by Leigh Hunt, 1849, 8°.

Idem, 1855.

The Plays of Sir John Vanbrugh, ed. by W. C. Ward, 2 vols, 8°, London, 1893.

Confederacy, 1705, 4°.

Idem, 1762, 12°.

The City Wives' Confederacy. Bell's Brit. Theatre, vol. xv., 12°, 1776.

Idem, New English Theatre, vol. ix., 1776, 8°.

Idem, London, 1779, 8°.

Idem, Bell's British Theatre, vol. xxii., 1797, 8°.

Idem. Modern British Drama, vol. iii., 1811, 8°.

The City Wives' Confederacy. T. Dibdin, London Theatre, vol. xv., 1815, 16°.
Idem, W. H. Oxberry. New English Drama, vol. xii., 1818, &c., 8°.
Idem. British Drama, vol. ii., 1824, 8°.
Confederacy. London Stage, vol. iii., 1824, &c., 8°.
Idem, British Drama, illustrated, vol. xi., 1864, &c., 8°.
Idem, Dicks' Standard Plays, No. 170, 1883, &c., 12°.
Æsop. A Comedy with the addition of a 2nd part, 1711, 8°.
Idem, S. Powell, 12°, Dublin, 1725.
(The Cornish Squire : a comedy in 3 Acts and in prose, done from the French (Monsieur de Pourceaugnac), 8°, ed. by J. Ralph. London, 1734.)
Country House, farce, 1715, 8°.
Idem, A Collection of Plays, vol. iv., 1719, 12°.
Le Maison rustique, or the Country House. London, 1740, 12°.
The False Friend, 1702, 4°.
Friendship à la mode. A Comedy of 2 Acts, altered from Sir John Vanbrugh. Dublin, 1766, 8°.
A Journey to London, being part of a comedy written by the late Sir John Vanbrugh, and printed after his own copy, which (since his decease) has been made an intire play by Mr. Cibber, and call'd "the Provok'd Husband." London, 1728, 8°.
Provok'd Husband, or a Journey to London. London, 1728, 8°.
Idem, G. Risk, Dublin, 1728, 8°.
Idem, Second edition, 1729, 8°.
Idem, London, 1730, 12°.
Idem, London, 1735, 12°.
Idem, London, 1741, 12°.
Idem, 1748, 12°.
Idem, Bell's British Theatre, vol. vi., 1776, &c., 12°.
Idem, New English Theatre, vol. vii., 1776, &c., 8°.
Idem, Bell's British Theatre, vol. xviii., 1797, &c., 8°
Idem, London, 1808, 8°.
Idem, Brit. Theatre, vol. ix., 1808, 12°.
Idem, Modern Brit. Drama, vol. iii., 1811, 8°.
Idem, London Theatre, vol. iii., 1815, &c., 16°.
Idem, New English Drama, vol. v., 1818, &c., 8°
Idem, Brit. Drama, vol. ii., 1824, &c., 8°.
Idem, London Stage, vol. ii., 1824, &c., 8°.
Idem, Cumberland's British Theatre, vol. iii., 1829, &c., 12°.
Idem, British Drama, ill., vol. ii., 1864, &c., 8°.

Provok'd Husband, or a Journey to London. By Vanbrugh and Cibber. Dicks' Standard Plays, No. 53, 1883, 12°.

Mistake. A comedy. Bell's Brit. Theatre, 1776, &c., 12°.

Idem, 1797, 8°.

Idem, Modern Brit. Drama, vol. iii., 1811, 8°.

Lovers' Quarrels; or, Like Master like Man; an interlude in 1 Act, altered from the Mistake of Sir John Vanbrugh by T. King. London Stage, vol. iii., 1824, 8°.

Vanbrugh's Lovers' Quarrels. Altered from the Mistake of Sir John Vanbrugh by T. King. Dicks' Standard Plays, No. 209, 1883, 12°.

Mistake. Lacy's acting edition, 1852, &c., 12°.

Idem, British Drama, vol. xi., 1864, 8°.

Provoked Wife. A Comedy, 1697, 4°.

Idem, 1709, 8°.

Idem, A Comedy. London, 1710, 8°.

Idem, A collection of the best English plays, vol. ix., 1711, 8°.

Idem, G. Risk, Dublin, 1743, 12°.

Idem, London, 1770, 8°.

Idem, Bell's Brit. Theatre, 1776, 12°.

Idem, New English Theatre, vol. iii., 1776, [1]

Idem, Bell's ed., 1777, 8°.

Idem, Bell's Brit. Theatre, vol. xxvii., 1797, [1]

Idem, Brit Theatre, vol. ix., 1808, 12°.

Idem, Modern Br. Drama, vol. iii., 1811, 8°.

Idem, British Drama, vol. ii., 1824, &c., 8°.

Idem, London Stage, vol. iii., 1824, &c., 8°.

Idem, Dicks' Plays, No. 72, 1883, 12°.

Relapse. Being the sequel of the Fool in Fashion, 1697, 4°.

Idem, By the author of the Provok'd Wife, 1698, 4°.

Idem, 1708, 4°.

Idem, 1711, 12°.

Idem, London, 1735, 12°.

Idem, London, 1770, 8°.

Idem, Bell's Brit. Theatre, vol., xi., 1776, &c., 12°.

Idem, Idem, vol. xxvi., 1797, 8°.

The Man of Quality, A farce (in 3 Acts and in prose) taken from the Comedy of the Relapse by Mr. Lee. London, 1776, 8°.[1]

Relapse. Modern Theatre, vol. vii., 1811, &c., 12°.

Relapse. London Theatre, vol. xiv., 1815, &c., 16°.

Idem, New English Drama, vol. xx., 1818, &c., 8°.

[1] Not 1786 as given in the Catalogue of the British Museum. In that year Lee was in Bedlam.

Words for the Musick, in the Relapse, 1708, 4°.

A short Vindication of the Relapse and the Prov. Wife, from immorality and prophaneness. By the author, 1698, 8°.

Sir John Vanbrugh's Justification of what he depos'd in the Duchess [Duke] of Marlborough's late Tryal. London, 1718, fol.

All these editions are in the Library of the British Museum. Besides these there is an edition of *The Relapse* published in Dec. 1696, with 1697 on the title-page, and entered at Stationers' Hall on 21 Sept., 1697.

Also an edition of *The Mistake*, published without the author's name, on 2 January, 1706, 4°.

There is a 4° edition of *Æsop*, containing the 2nd part, and published in 1697.

The complete ed. of 1730 has each play dated 1730. It contains the *Journey to London* in both ways. The edition of 1735, though bearing this date upon the general title-pages of both volumes, has various dates upon the separate title-pages of each play, as: Relapse, 1735: Provok'd Wife, 1734; Esop, 1734; Country House, 1735 (with the addition of "*3rd ed.*"); Confederacy, 1734; False Friend, "1736"; Mistake, 1736; Provok'd Husband, 1741 (with the addition, "*price one shilling*"). This proves that some plays published in 1735 were afterwards bound into two volumes, together with plays published at various dates, and provided with general title-pages dated 1735. In the Groningen University Libr. is a single volume of plays all dated 1735 (*Confederacy*, *False Friend*, *Mistake*, *Journey to London*, and *Provok'd Husband*), but containing no general title-page.

GENEALOGICAL TABLE.

Gilles Van Brugh (Vanbrugh),
of the parish of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, London
m. (1) Mary ——; and (2) Margaret ——,
between Sept. 15, 1618, and April 27, 1631.

William
Vanbruggs, Van Brugg, Vanbrugge,
bapt. Sept. 21, 1628, Walbrook;
m. Mary (d. of Sir Dudley Carleton ?)

Stillborn child,
Nov. 13,
1656.

William,
bapt. Jan. 1, 1657,
Walbrook.

Dudley,
b. July 6, 1659,
bapt. July 13,
Walbrook.

Giles,
bapt. April 27, 1631;
m. Elizabeth, d. of
Sir Dudley Carleton, of
Imber Court, Surrey,
† at Chester, 1689, *bur.*
July 19, 1689.

John
William
} twins.
b. in London of an English mother;
under 21, on May 5, 1663.
William probably the Secretary to the
Commissioners of Greenwich Hospital.

Giles,
b. Oct.
6, 1660,
bapt.
Oct. 14,
f. St.
Nich.
Acons.

Dorothy,
b. Feb.
14, 1661-
62, *bapt.*
Feb. 20,
f. St.
Nich.
Acons.

Lucy,
b. Feb.
11,
1662-3,
St.
Nich.
Acons.

Elizabeth,
b. Jan. 7,
1664-5,
bapt. Jan.
18, f.
St. Nich.
Acons,
bur. at
Holy
Trinity,
Chester,
Nov. 27,
1667.

Anna
Maria,
†

Carleton,
bur.
Oct. 13,
1667,
Chester.

Mary,
b. Nov.
3, *bapt.*
Nov. 19,
1668,
Chester.

Victoria,
bapt.
Jan. 25,
1669-70,
Chester.

JOHN,
bapt. Jan.
24, 1667-8,
St. Nicho-
las Acons,
London;
m. Henrietta
Maria
(† April 26,
1761, d. of Col.
Vanburgh, of
Heslington,
on Jan. 14,
1718-9, *d.*
March 26,
1726.

Elizabeth,
bapt.
Mar. 4,
1671,
Chester.

Rebeca,
bapt.
Sept. 22,
1672,
Chester.

Carleton,
bapt.
Sept. 18,
1673,
Chester.

Infant,
son,
bur. Aug.
11, 1674,
Chester.

Giles,
bapt.
Sept.
3, 1675,
Chester.

Catherina,
bapt.
Oct. 9,
1676,
bur. March
23, 1677,
Chester.

Dudley,
b. Oct.
21, *bapt.*
Oct. 25,
1677,
Chester.

Kendrick,
bapt.
Nov. 21,
1678,
Chester.

Charles,
bapt.
Feb. 27,
1679-80,
Chester;
(*m.* Ann
Hart,
Knights-
bridge,
June, 19,
1721 ?)

Philip,
bapt.
Jan. 31,
1681,
Chester.

Aug. 1719,
Stillborn child.

Charles,
Ensign in the Army,
† 1745.

Edward †
† 1802 at Bath.

?
|
Robert Vanbrugh,
Headmaster of the King's
School Chester, previous
to 1780.

?
|
Rev. George Vanbrugh,
m. Mary ——,
|
George,
Rector of Aughton,
Lancashire,
1786-1834.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE.

GILLES VAN BRUGH (also written Vanbrugh) came to London from the Low Countries—probably in company of his father—in the first quarter of the seventeenth century, and settled in London in the parish of St. Stephen's, Walbrook. By his wife Mary he had a son William (who wrote his name Vanbruggs [?], Van Brugg, Vanbrugge), baptized at St. Stephen's, Walbrook, on September 25, 1628. Mary died between 1628 and 1630, and Gilles married a Margarett, by whom he had a son Gyles, baptized April 27, 1631, at St. Stephen's; also twins, John and William, who, on the 5th of May, 1663, had not attained the age of twenty-one.

Gyles settled in the parish of St. Nicholas Acons,[1] and married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Dudley Carleton, of Imber Court, Surrey. He removed to Chester between January 7, 1664–5, and October 13, 1667, where he died in 1689. In 1667 he was carrying on business as a sugar-baker in Weaver Street, Chester, and appears to have been a man of some importance; he is said to have

[1] The church of St. Nicholas Acons no longer exists, not having been rebuilt after its destruction in 1666. It stood by the west side of St. Nicholas Lane, near Lombard Street, where the little churchyard still remains. The parish registers were transferred to the church of St. Edmund, in Lombard Street.

been a Comptroller of the Treasury Chamber. On July 19, 1689, he was buried at Trinity Church, and his will—dated October 25, 1683—was proved by his wife Elizabeth July 24, 1689. They had eighteen children, whose names, &c., are given in the genealogical table. The eldest, Giles, seems to have died early, for John is called "my eldest son" in the will.

John was baptized January 24, 1663–4, in the parish of St. Nicholas Acons, London. He spent part of his youth in Paris, where he was for some time a prisoner in the Bastile, as is proved by the following passages from *Narcissus Luttrell's Diary* :—"*Thursday, 11th February* (1691–2). Last letters from France say, three English gentlemen, Mr. *Vanbrook*, Mr. Goddard, and Mr. North, were clapt up in the Bastile, suspected to be spyes." "*Tuesday, 15th March.* French merchants were the other day sent to the Tower, to be used as Mr. North and Mr. *Vanbroke* are in the Bastile." Mr. W. C. Ward was the first to point this out.

Later on he entered the army, and used to be styled "Captain" in after life. In 1692 he appears as auditor for the southern division of the Duchy of Lancaster. In 1695–6 *The Relapse*[1] was written, and brought out at Drury Lane in December, 1696, at the instigation, it is said, of Sir Thomas Skipwith, one of the shareholders. It was a success, and when Montague (afterwards Lord Halifax) pressed him for a play to be produced at his theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, he wrote, or completed, *The Provok'd Wife* (1697), which was no less successful. It was brought out by Betterton's Company about the beginning of May, and published, without the author's name, on the 11th of May, 1697. It was his third play, as is proved by a passage in the prologue, *Esop*, adapted from the French of Boursault, having been brought out at Drury Lane about the middle of January, 1697. The publication of this comedy is advertised in the *London Gazette* of January 18–21, 1697. The second part

[1] Entered at Stationers' Hall on September 21, 1697.

first appeared in the second edition. At the same theatre Beaumont and Fletcher's *Pilgrim*, recast to suit the taste of the day, was played, and printed in 1700. Dryden wrote a prologue and epilogue, as also a dialogue to be sung in the play, and a representation for his benefit took place on March 25, 1700. Colley Cibber spoke the prologue and epilogue.

Next appeared *The False Friend*, produced at Drury Lane in January–February, 1702, and published in February of that year without the author's name. It is a translation of Le Sage's *Traître Puni*, which, in its turn, is a translation of *La Traicion busca el Castiga*, by Don Francisco de Rojas y Zorrilla. Prof. Ward pointed out that Vanbrugh knew the Spanish original, as he has some passages which are not in Le Sage's version.

About this time Vanbrugh's activity as an architect seems to have begun. In 1702 he appears as "Comptroller of the Royal Works," and in July, 1703, he begs his friend Tonson, the bookseller, to procure him a "Palladio" in French. One of his first architectural works was a theatre at the south-west corner of the Haymarket. He found a number of gentlemen willing to risk some money in the undertaking —among others his friend Congreve—and trusted to the popularity of his own plays for the success of his venture. It was opened April 9, 1705, but proved a failure, as the acoustics was exceedingly bad. Not long after, Vanbrugh ceded his rights and property to Mr. Owen Swiney for a "rent of 5*l.* upon every acting day, and not to exceed £700 in the year." *The Confederacy* was first played at this theatre on October 30, 1705, and *The Mistake* on December 27 of the same year.[1] The first is an imitation of Dancourt's *Les Bourgeoises à la Mode*, the second of *Le Dépit Amoureux*. Probably about 1703 he began to be occupied in the construction of Castle Howard, a work which lasted for several years. The exact date of the commencement and completion of this building is not known. Another architectural work of great importance, but a cause of

[1] Published without the author's name January 2, 1706, 4to.

much vexation to Vanbrugh, was Blenheim, begun in 1705 or 1706. For particulars the reader may consult the Literary Notice,[1] and Disraeli's *Curiosities of Literature* (Secret History of the Building of Blenheim).

In recognition of his great merits as architect of Castle Howard, the Earl of Carlisle is said to have procured for him the distinction of Clarencieux King-at-arms, an office he held till February 9, 1726, when he sold it to Knox Ward, Esq., for £2,000.

In 1704 Vanbrugh, in collaboration with Congreve and Walsh, translated *Monsieur de Pourceaugnac.* It was produced, under the title of *Squire Trelooby*, at Lincoln's Inn Fields on March 30th of that year. It did not appear in print, but within a few weeks an anonymous translation appeared under the title of "*Monsieur de Pourceaugnac, or Squire Trelooby* acted at the Subscription Musick at the Theatre-Royal in Lincoln's Inn Fields, March 30, 1704. By select Comedians from both Houses." *The Cornish Squire,* mentioned between brackets on page 10, is a revised edition of this anonymous version.[2] In 1705 *The Country House,* from the French of Dancourt, was brought out, the first recorded performance being that of June 16th. It did not appear in print till 1715. *The Cuckold in Conceit,* a translation of Molière's *Cocu Imaginaire,* acted at the Haymarket on March 22, 1707, is ascribed to Vanbrugh by Colley Cibber, but Genest does not consider this quite certain. It was never printed.

Henceforward architecture appears to have engrossed all his attention, for the only other literary work from his hand that we possess is a fragment called *A Journey to London,* printed after his death. In May, 1706, Vanbrugh, in his quality of Clarencieux King-at-arms, was commissioned, with other gentlemen, to carry the habit and ensign of the Order of the Garter to the Elector of Hanover. In the same year he is said to have built a house for himself in Whitehall. Vanbrugh also built Oulton Hall in Cheshire,

[1] See page 27.

[2] These particulars I owe to Mr. Ward's edition.

Easton Neston in Northamptonshire, Seaton Delaval in Northumberland, and King's Weston in Gloucestershire, finished in 1713. For Thomas, Duke of Newcastle, he restored or rebuilt a house at Claremont, on an estate in Surrey he had bought and afterwards sold to the Duke; a town residence in Lincoln's Inn Fields; and a castle at Nottingham (about 1718).

In 1714, on September 19th, he was knighted at Greenwich by George I., at Greenwich House.[1] He was appointed Surveyor of Gardens and Waters on the 10th of January, 1715, and Surveyor of the Works at Greenwich Hospital August 17, 1716. In 1715 he was nominated to succeed the deceased Garter King-at-arms, but Sir John Anstis claimed and obtained the office, though not till 1718. In 1716 Sir John was very busy in promoting the marriage between his friend and protector, the Duke of Newcastle, and Lady Henrietta Godolphin, the granddaughter of his great enemy, the Duchess of Marlborough.

About this time he was a good deal up in the North, especially at York, and here—on January 14, 1718–19—he was married, at St. Lawrence, to Henrietta Maria, first child of Colonel Yarburgh, of Heslington.

In August, 1719, they had "*a bit of a girle popping into the world three months before its time.*" They had a son, Charles, an ensign in the army, who was killed at the battle of Fontenoy (1745). Altogether we know little about his offspring, some biographers stating that he had three children, others that he had but one. For reasons assigned in the notes, I take it to be probable that he had at least one other son, Edward.[2]

In 1723 Vanbrugh seems to have been ailing, for we find him taking the waters at Scarborough in August of that year. He now had houses at Greenwich[3] and in Scotland

[1] Le Neve, *Pedigrees of the Knights.* Le Neve was Norroy King-of-arms.

[2] Le Neve mentions, besides the prematurely born child and a son Charles, a second son, who died without baptism (Ward).

[3] Noble, *History of College of Arms*, says that his country

Yard, besides the one in Whitehall. Whether he kept these for his own use we do not know, but he dates his letters about this time both from Greenwich and London.

He died March 26, 1726, at his dwelling in Scotland Yard, and was buried on March 31, in St. Stephen's, Walbrook. His wife died April 26, 1786.

Vanbrugh was a member of the famous Kit-Kat Club.

Besides his plays, he wrote a defence of himself and his fellow-playwriters against the attack of J. Collier. It is called *A Short Vindication of the Relapse and the Provok'd Wife, from immorality and profaneness. By the author* (1698); and was not considered very successful. Collier had decidedly the best of it in his "*Defence of the Short View of the profaneness and immorality of the English Stage.* Being a reply to the Vindication of the author of *The Relapse.*"

In 1718 "Sir John Vanbrugh's *Justification of what he depos'd in the Duchess* [*Duke*] *of Marlborough's late Tryal*" was published in London.

The author's portrait was painted in 1725, by J. Richardson. The frontispiece is from a picture by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

residence was Vanbrugh Fields, at Greenwich, where he built two seats, one called the Bastile, standing on Maize, or Maze, Hill, on the east side of the Park. The other, built in the same kind of style, was called the Mince-pie House, and was, in 1804 (?), in the possession of and occupied by Edward Vanbrugh, Esq.

JOHN VANBRUGH.*

THE *fatherland*, birth-place, and very name of Vanbrugh, have been involved in doubts, not uninteresting where men of eminence are concerned. The stock has been derived, not only from the Netherlands, but from Cheshire, and from France. He is generally said to have been born in the parish of St. Stephen's, Walbrook; but Mr. Disraeli would seem to have discovered, that it was in Paris, *in the Bastile!* And Lysons, and others, spell him, not Vanbrugh, but *Vanburgh.*

The report of the family's having originated in France, seems to have been owing to nothing more than the popular error which used to take every foreigner for a Frenchman The Cheshire descent may be disposed of by the circumstance of his father's having once resided at Chester. The birth in the Bastile depends upon whether we are to take the word literally or metaphorically:[1] and that the prevailing mode of spelling the name is the right one,[2] is obvious from the crest of the family coat-of-arms, which is a demi-lion issuing from a *bridge,* with its arches reversed;[3]—a symbol, corroborating the Flemish origin, and most likely recording some achievement of the ancestor on whom it was conferred.[4] The Low Countries are full of bridges; and as warriors and architects alike have had to do with them at

* By Leigh Hunt. See Preface.

periods of invasion, perhaps it was some military, perhaps some civil exploit, which obtained for the ancestral Vanbrugh this record of the ruined bridge; and a love of architecture may thus have become hereditary in the race.

The account, and apparently the only account, which Vanbrugh himself gave of his family, when he applied for a confirmation of his coat-of-arms to the Heralds' College, was, that before the persecution of the protestants by the Duke of Alva, it lived near Ghent in Flanders. We may, therefore, safely follow the biographers in bringing it over to England on that occasion, in the person of his grandfather, Giles Vanbrugh, who settled as a merchant in the parish of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, where he died in the year 1646. His son, another Giles Vanbrugh, is reported to have settled in Chester, as a sugar-baker, and to have acquired such a fortune as appears to have lifted him into the ranks of gentry, since he is styled *esquire* by a herald of that day, when the title had not become the common property which it now is;[5] and it is added, that removing to London, he obtained the place of Comptroller of the Treasury-Chamber.[6] This Giles, who died in 1715,[7] three years after his wife, (so that they both lived to see the eminence of their son,) married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Dudley Carleton, of Imbercourt in Surrey, nephew of the celebrated statesman of that name, afterwards Lord Dorchester, who, together with his nephew, bore such a part in the diplomatic relations of England and Holland; and of the eight sons of this marriage, our author, John, was the second.[8] The date of his birth is not ascertained,[9] but is supposed to have been in the year 1666, the *Annus Mirabilis* of Dryden. It is pleasant to think, that if the necessity of the progress of things demanded that this year should be memorable for purifications by fire and sword, it should also be secretly producing the enjoyments of peace, and the better helps of the good-nature of comic writers. For Nature, who made laughter, is no ascetic. She does not desire that the rough surgeries of pain should be as lasting as the health of pleasure. The passage in Vanbrugh's writings, in which

Mr. Disraeli appears to have discovered his birthplace, is one in which, alluding to a chance of being thrown into prison, he says, that he should thus finish his days in an English Bastile, as he "began them *in a French one.*"[10] This, if taken literally, is decisive. On the other hand, the doubt of Mr. Allan Cunningham is worthy of notice,—that Vanbrugh may have spoken, not in a literal sense, but with reference to a story reported by his biographers, which says that he once got shut up in the Bastile for being caught taking a sketch of it; and that he owed his deliverance to an impression which he made on some influential people by amusing himself with rude sketches of comedies.* This story is not improbable, as it is consistent throughout not only with his genius as writer and architect, but with another profession to be spoken of presently, as well as with the fact of his having been, at all events, some years in France. He might thus have meant, by beginning his days in the Bastile, that he began, so to speak, his public days,—or, in a high and stirring sense, to live;—the days of his "manhood," as Mr. Cunningham says; or simply, that he was its tenant, as the same writer observes, "early in life." And yet the burden of disproof lies on the side of those who object to the plain and literal meaning of any given words; nor can it be held at all improbable, that Vanbrugh was actually born in the French prison. The year 1666, among its other marvels, beheld a sudden declaration of war against the restored monarchy of England, by its friend Louis XIV., originating in the views of the latter upon the Low Countries; and as the Carleton family were great political agents in those questions, it is not at all unlikely that the future Comptroller of the Treasury-Chamber, father of our author, and husband of a Carleton, had some delicate business to transact in Paris, which got him clapped into "durance vile."[11] It is well known that ladies as well as gentlemen were locked up in that most ungallant fortress of our gallant neighbours, some-

* "Lives of the most Eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects," vol. iv. p. 256.

times for taking a part themselves in these higher niceties of intrigue.

Had Vanbrugh's father a turn for architecture before him? or for writing comedies? or both? agreeably to what is so often seen of the appearance of those germs of ability in parents, which come to a head and reputation in the offspring. Mr. Disraeli's production of the passage in question has, at all events, served to throw fresh mystery over the Bastile transaction, whatever it was, in our author's life, and to mix up anew the father's history with the son's.

Of the education of Vanbrugh we are told nothing, except that it was liberal, and that during his teens, like Wycherley, he was sent to France; probably to complete it; perhaps to study architecture, or soldiership; very likely both; (no unusual, nor unprofitable mixing up of studies in those days); for on his return to England, he entered the army as an ensign. He may have studied engineering, in order to include military architecture. It is more clear, that going to France at the age of nineteen, and remaining there some years, the animal spirits of the young dramatist must have received no small encouragement to that freedom of speech and morals, which afterwards ran, like so much claret and burgundy, through his comic vein.

Where, or when indeed, he accomplished himself for his profession of architect, still remains among the obscurities of his biography; nor is it known how long he continued in the army. He appears a good while afterwards, to have been styled "Captain," about town; but in the year 1695,[12] when he is supposed to have been twenty-nine, we find him, as "Mr. Vanbrugh," appointed secretary to the commission for endowing Greenwich Hospital, on the nomination of the celebrated John Evelyn;[13] and two years afterwards, or less (for the confused state of the calendar at that time renders it difficult to distinguish between year and year), his first play, *The Relapse*, was brought out at Drury Lane.

This comedy, however, had been sketched some time before. The tradition is, that he had drawn the outlines both of *The Relapse* and *The Provoked Wife*, while in the

army (the latter first); and that having, during winter-quarters somewhere, become acquainted with Sir Thomas Skipwith, who had done him a pecuniary service and was one of the sharers in Drury Lane theatre, Sir Thomas encouraged him to complete *The Relapse* for his stage; upon which Vanbrugh had the good fortune to repay his friend's kindness by a success which the theatre stood much in need of. With profits to the house, reputation flowed in upon the author. His friend, who appears to have been rich, and not exclusively anxious for his own stage, would not balk the new dramatist of the patronage of the Mæcenas of the day, Montague, afterwards Lord Halifax, then on the eve of his greatest honours. Bespeaking his third venture for Drury Lane, Skipwith suffered him at Montague's desire to complete *The Provoked Wife* for the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields,[14] at which it came out the following year, and maintained the promise of *The Relapse.* The venture for Drury Lane, which was produced the same year, was *Æsop*, a moral lecture from the French of Boursault; which though it had some sprightly additions from the pen of the adapter, (the whole of part second), must have astonished the gay audiences of the two first pieces, and did not meet with the success that might have been wished for generous Sir Thomas. It was hoped, no doubt, that credit would be given to the author for having the inclination and the power to instruct as well as to amuse,—to be grave as well as to be gay; but prose comic writers seldom appear in earnest enough to be able to make this demand upon the belief of their hearers with safety. There will be thought to be some trick in it, as there is; and there are more reasons why the piece did not succeed at the time, which will be mentioned when we come to speak of the plays critically.

In 1700, at the same theatre, Fletcher's comedy of *The Pilgrim* was adapted to the taste of the times by our author, and its third night's benefit given either to Dryden or his son Charles, upon condition of his furnishing those aids of "Prologue" and "Epilogue," &c., which appear in

his poems.[15] Dryden was then dying, in the full blaze of his powers; for he, to whom nobody's prologues and epilogues, before or since, ever came near, never wrote two finer ones than he did on this occasion,—more full of easy mastery and felicitous application; and the lyrics which accompanied them (the *Secular Masque*, &c.) were so brilliant with his old dashing music, that John Buncle, in the full roar of his animal spirits, could find nothing of more potential joviality, wherewith to give vent to the plenitude of his satisfaction at having had a good dinner. But we were going to say, that though it is not known whether Dryden hailed the genius of Vanbrugh as he did that of Congreve, it is always pleasant to find these links of intimacy between celebrated men.

The False Friend, a Spanish love-plot, upon an old and obvious subject, is only worth recording for its having been brought out in the year 1702. Almost all that deserves noting in it, may be here set down in a dozen lines; but the passage is of the right Vanbrugh sort, and full of an off-hand and pleasant assurance—

"*Don John.* Well, old acquaintance, you are going to be married then? 'Tis resolved, ha!

Don Pedro. So says my star.

Don John. The foolishest star that has said anything a great while.

Don Pedro. Still the same, I see! or, more than ever, resolved to love nothing.

Don John. Love nothing! why, I'm in love at this very time.

Don Pedro. With what?

Don John. A woman!

Don Pedro. Impossible!

Don John. True.

Don Pedro. And how came you in love with her?

Don John. Why, I was ordered not to be in love with her."

In the same year, 1702,[16] Vanbrugh made, we believe, his first architectural design of celebrity, that of Castle Howard in Yorkshire, the seat of Charles, third Earl of Carlisle; who was so pleased with it, that being deputy Earl-marshal

during the minority of the Duke of Norfolk, and having nothing more appropriate, we suppose, to give him, he presented him with the tabard of Clarencieux, king-at-arms. The appointment greatly offended his new brethren, the heralds, for two reasons; first, because he knew nothing of heraldry; which argued, they thought, a strange moral laxity on the part of the deputy-marshal; and second, because with a reprobacy that rendered the ignorance unpardonable, he laughed at it! Swift, who disliked Vanbrugh, because he girded at the cloth, and was of the Whig party, said that he might now indeed pretend to "build *houses*." Vanbrugh laughed at heraldry; yet we have seen him apply to the college he ridiculed, for the confirmation of a coat-of-arms. Men would fain be above their fellow-creatures on the side of intellect, yet are always restoring the equilibrium on that of vanity and the passions; —let us add, on that of the social affections also; for every conventional tendency, however sophisticate, has a ground in it of the love of others; and it is well that it should be so. Charity is secretly ensured by it, as society proceeds; and it will ultimately secure the improvements, that receive gradual assent.

Vanbrugh's double success as author and architect, having now, with the help of his agreeable qualities as a man, rendered him popular with all classes, he thought he might at once enrich himself, and help to restore the interests of an old company of actors then declining, by erecting a theatre of nobler dimensions, and getting Congreve to aid him in the production of plays which Betterton[17] was to get performed. He accordingly had interest enough with thirty persons of quality, to procure subscriptions from them for the purpose, at a hundred pounds each; and the first stone of the theatre was laid on the site of the present opera-house, and inscribed with the words "Little Whig," in honour of the reigning toast of the party, the Countess of Sunderland, one of the daughters of Marlborough; whose fair hand, we presume, was the first to tap it with the silver trowel. But the architect, seduced by

the opportunity of showing the metropolis the grandeur of his ideas, either forgot the purpose for which his building was erected, or made some venturous miscalculation in his acoustics; for its huge sides and sound-sustaining roofs turned out to be fitter for song than dialogue; the actors, according to Cibber, were heard gabbling below, as in the aisles of a cathedral, with hollow reverberations; and as the present west end of the town was at that time more than half made up of fields and meadows, and the frequenters of pit and gallery had to come from such a distance as made coach-hire expensive, the project died, like the poor actors' voices, in its own magnificence. In vain the two wits and joint-proprietors strained their united faculties. In vain, as if by ominous anticipation, they opened their theatre with a sort of compromise between Italian and English, a translated opera with Italian music. In vain our author followed it with one of the liveliest of his productions, the *Confederacy*.[18] In vain the more prudent Congreve backed out of the dying concern, and left his colleague to try an infusion of the spirit of Molière, three of whose liveliest plays, in the same season, he translated and put on the boards, the *Cocu Imaginaire* (Cuckold in Conceit); *Monsieur de Pourceaugnac*, as *Squire Trelooby*; and the *Dépit Amoureux*, as the *Mistake*.[19] Vanbrugh was himself forced to give up a speculation which, except on a small scale, and then only with aid from wits of another sort, appears never to have succeeded in the hands of authors. We know not on what occasion, years afterwards, he was induced to translate a farce from the French of Dancourt, not worth the trouble, —the *Country House*.[20] The *Journey to London* was left unfinished at his death; and here then, as the rest of his life seems to have been devoted to architecture, we may anticipate the chronological termination of his writings. He reversed the fate experienced by Ariosto. The Italian, being reminded of the smallness of the abode he had built for himself, compared with the magnificence of the palaces in his fiction, said he found it easier to build houses with words than with stones. Vanbrugh found stones more

edifying than words; and he lost no time in repairing his fortunes accordingly.

Every help was afforded him. No sooner does he appear to have concluded his theatrical struggles, than Queen Anne in the year 1706, commissioned him to carry the habit and ensigns of the Order of the Garter to the Elector of Hanover;[21] and in the same year, he built a house for himself at Whitehall, and was occupied in raising the great structure of Blenheim.[22] We know not the dates of his various architectural works, nor are they necessary to the volume before us. But we must not omit the great trouble of his life, the dispute he got into with the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough respecting the Blenheim payments. It appears that Parliament, by no very generous oversight, had voted the building of the mansion, without taking care of supplies for it. The Queen paid them while she lived; the Duke, who loved money, occasionally doled out a little afterwards, always protesting that he had nothing to do with the matter; the Duchess, after her lord's decease, tried to make Vanbrugh himself responsible; and the poor architect, thus driven from pillar to post, out of pocket, ashamed, alarmed, and finally exasperated, had a violent quarrel with that insolent woman, which ended with her taking the work out of his hands, and refusing himself and his wife even a sight of it when finished, though finished after his own design. Vanbrugh had gone thither on purpose, with a party of friends from Castle-Howard; which must have aggravated the mortification.

"We staid," says he, "two nights in Woodstock; but there was an order to the servants, under her grace's own hand, not to let me enter Blenheim; and lest that should not mortify me enough, she having somehow learned that my wife was of the company, sent an express the night before we came there, with orders that if *she* came with the Castle-Howard ladies, the servants should not suffer her to see either house, garden, or even to enter the park; so she was forced to sit all day long, and keep me company at the inn."[23] There was a voluminous correspondence on the

subject between the Duchess and Vanbrugh, and notices of it, highly characteristic of him, in letters to his friend Tonson, the bookseller. The following dramatic touches are selected from portions of them in Disraeli :—

"I have the misfortune of losing, for I now see little hopes of ever getting it, near 2,000*l.*, due to me for many years' service, plague, and trouble, at Blenheim, which *that wicked woman* of Marlborough is so far from paying me, that the duke being sued by some of the workmen for work done there, she has tried to turn the debt due to them upon me, *for which I think she ought to be hanged.*"

And again, after the Duke's death :—

"He has given his widow (*may a Scottish ensign get her*) 10,000*l.* a-year to spoil Blenheim her own way; 12,000*l.* to keep herself clean, and go to law," &c.

And the following "explosion," as Disraeli calls it; in which is to be found the passage that is supposed to have determined his birth-place :—

"I have been forced into Chancery by *that B.B.B.*, the Duchess of Marlborough, where she has got an injunction upon me by her friend the late good Chancellor (earl of Macclesfield),[24] who declared that I never was employed by the duke, and therefore had no demand upon his estate for my services at Blenheim. Since my hands were thus tied up from trying by law to recover my arrears, I have prevailed with Sir Robert Walpole to help me *in a scheme* which I proposed to him, by which I got my money *in spite of the hussy's teeth.* My carrying this point enrages her much, and the more because it is of considerable weight in my small fortune, which she has heartily endeavoured so to destroy as to throw me into an English Bastile, there to finish my days, *as I began them, in a French one.*"

What the formidable array of B's may portend, at the beginning of this extract, might perhaps be not uncandidly guessed by the philosophic reader, from parallel passages in the remarks of Shakspeare on heaths, and Dr. Johnson on witches—aided by a serene illustration from the colloquies of Bishop Burnet; of whose absence of mind Walpole has the following anecdote, in connection with this very duchess. Dining with her one day after the Duke's disgrace, his lordship was comparing him to Belisarius. "But how," said she, "could so great a general (as Belisarius) be so abandoned?" "Oh, madam," said the bishop, "do not you know what a brimstone of a wife he had?"[25]

Besides Blenheim and Castle-Howard, Vanbrugh built Oulton-Hall in Cheshire, Easton-Neston in Northamptonshire, Seaton-Delaval in Northumberland, &c., &c., and doubtless a great variety of mansions,[26] large and small, which must have brought him a considerable quantity of money; but he was probably no stinted liver. In 1714 he was knighted by the new sovereign, George I., to whom he had taken the Garter when Elector. He was appointed comptroller of the royal works next year, and surveyor of the works at Greenwich Hospital the year after; and on the death of the then Garter King-at-arms, he was nominated to succeed him; but Anstis claimed the office on the strength of a promise from Queen Anne, and after long efforts obtained it. The wife mentioned in the extract from his Letters, was Henrietta Maria, daughter of Colonel Yarborough of Haslington,[27] near York, whom, from a passage in the Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, we conjecture him to have married towards the close of the year 1710. He was then five-and-forty, and the lady perhaps ten or fifteen years younger—some say twenty. Lady Mary, in the insolence of eighteen, calls her a "ruin." The following is the passage in her Letters alluded to:—

"I can't forbear entertaining you with our York lovers (strange monsters, you'll think, love being as much forced up here as melons). In the first form of these creatures is

even Mr. Vanbrugh. Heaven, no doubt, compassionating our dulness, has inspired him with a passion that makes us all ready to die with laughing: 'tis credibly reported that he is endeavouring at the honourable state of matrimony, and vows to lead a single life no more. Whether pure holiness inspires his mind, or dotage turns his brain, is hard to find. 'Tis certain he keeps Monday and Thursday market (*assembly*-day) constantly; and for those that don't regard worldly muck, there's extraordinary good choice indeed. I believe last Monday there were two hundred pieces of women's flesh (fat and lean): but you know Van's taste was always odd: his inclination to ruins has given him a fancy for Mrs. Yarborough: he sighs and ogles so, that it would do your heart good to see him; and she is not a little pleased, in so small a proportion of men amongst such a number of women, that a whole man should fall to her share. My dear, adieu. My service to Mr. Congreve.

"'M. P.' (MARY PIERREPONT)."[28]

This delicate epistle, written in her ladyship's maiden state and twentieth year, was addressed to the sister of her lover and future husband, Mr. Wortley Montague; but Mr. Wortley Montague was a "bold man," and he suffered for his bravery. Our author's marriage, on the other hand, is said to have been a happy one;[29] and by the various dwellings he possessed, he must have passed the remainder of his life in a state of affluence. Besides his house in town, he built two at Greenwich, on a spot called Vanbrugh Fields. He appears, at one time, to have been living in Berkshire, near the residence of his old friend Tonson,[30] for whom he had a great regard. In Rowe's parody upon the dialogue between *Horace* and *Lydia*, the warm-hearted bookseller (for such he seems to have been, in spite of occasional irritabilities between him and his authors) is thus represented as speaking of Vanbrugh:

"I'm in with Captain Vanbrugh at the present,
A most sweet-natured gentleman, and pleasant;

He writes your comedies, draws schemes, and models,
And builds dukes' houses upon very odd hills;
For him, so much I dote on him, that I
(If I was sure to go to heaven) would die."

It is more than probable, from the masterly nature of the piece which he left unfinished, and which promised to be his best, that Vanbrugh had resumed his stage enjoyments, and was still "writing your comedies," when he died in his sixtieth year, at his house in Scotland Yard, March 26, 1726." His disorder was a quinsey. He was interred in the family vault at St. Stephen's, Walbrook.[31] Lady Vanbrugh survived him for the space of forty years, not dying till April 1776. The biographies vary about the number of their children. One says they had three; another an only son. Two, however, appear to have died in infancy. The son became an ensign in the Guards, and died of the wounds he received at the Battle of Fontenoy.[32]

Vanbrugh had a character in society, such as might be expected from the account given of him by Rowe. "Garth, Vanbrugh, and Congreve" (says Spence, on the authorities of Tonson and Pope), "were the three most honest-hearted, real good men, of the poetical members of the Kit-Kat Club." He was a Whig, whose sincerity and good-nature enabled him to survive party animosity. Swift and Pope, when they published their Miscellanies, openly regretted their raillery against "a man of wit and of honour." He jested upon heraldry when he entered the herald's office, probably thinking his colleagues would jest too; and his only resentment on record is that against the Duchess of Marlborough, who was such a woman as his very love of the sex might have made him disgusted with. But he seems to have been happily constituted in mind and body. He had a "fine, elegant, manly person," says Noble; and the best engraved portraits of him, after Kneller, give him a face to match it.

Vanbrugh stands alone in the history of letters for combining the apparently incompatible geniuses of comic writer and architect. Yet surely they are not so, for a secret

reason and proportion is at the bottom of all works of art; and while the men of letters, not unjealously perhaps, laughed at his architecture, the public discerned a grandeur in it; and an artist (Sir Joshua Reynolds) thought that it benefited by the aid of the writer's fancy, and possessed a pictorial and daring originality. The passage in his Lectures, in which the architect is vindicated, is so well felt and written, that we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of repeating it.

"In the buildings of Vanbrugh, who was a poet as well as an architect, there is a greater display of imagination," he says, "than we shall find, perhaps, in any other; and this is the ground of the effect we feel in many of his works, notwithstanding the faults with which many of them are charged. For this purpose, Vanbrugh appears to have had recourse to some principles of the Gothic architecture, which, though not so ancient as the Grecian, is more so to our imagination, with which the artist is more concerned than with absolute truth." To speak of him, "in the language of a painter, he had originality of invention; he understood light and shadow, and had great skill in composition. To support his principal object, he produced his second and third groups, or masses. He perfectly understood in his art, what is the most difficult in ours, the conduct of the back-ground, by which the design and invention are set off to the greatest advantage. What the back-ground is in painting, in architecture is the real ground on which the building is erected; and no architect took greater care that his work should not appear crude and hard, that is, that it did not abruptly start out of the ground without expectation or preparation." This is a tribute which a painter owes to an architect who composed like a painter, and was defrauded of the due reward of his merit by the wits of the time, who did not understand the principles of composition better than he, and who knew little or nothing of what he understood perfectly, the general ruling principles of architecture and painting. Vanbrugh's fate was that of the great Perrault. Both were the objects of the petulant sarcasms of factious men, and both have left some

of the fairest monuments, which to this day decorate their several countries; the façade of the Louvre; Blenheim, and Castle-Howard. We have ourselves never seen any of the great architectural works of Vanbrugh; to say nothing of our inability to pronounce judgment, if we had. But in common with others, we may state the impression which has been made upon us by pictures of them in books, and which is that of a bold and liberal will, desiring to produce a princely effect, and doing it.[33] On the other hand, we cannot help thinking, that in minor buildings, such as that, for instance, of the Church of St. John's, Westminster, (which we *have* seen,) he is simply heavy and Dutch; and in his least of all, or the whims of his fancy, we suspect that Swift's jests about "mouse-traps" and "goose-pies" were hardly unwarranted. Swift describes people looking about Whitehall, to know where Vanbrugh's house was to be found, and making inquiries of the "watermen" and the "Thames":

> "At length they in the rubbish spy
> A thing resembling a goose-pie."

Now Vanbrugh built another trifle of this sort at Greenwich, which was called, perhaps by himself, the "mince-pie house"; and another again at the same place, which he dubbed by the undomestic title of "The Bastile," probably in commemoration of the event in his life, whatever it was, which kept the original in his mind. But these whims and their christenings indicate a taste of no very good sort, on the lighter side; nothing like the magnificent will that "upheaved" Blenheim. Perhaps, by an indulgence of the same will, however, in its unbendings, the comic writer was himself jesting in these instances with brick and mortar, not very happily. As to Walpole, who ridiculed his grander efforts, Walpole really had a solid judgment in most things, hardly to be expected from his effeminate temperament; but the latter predominated in his own Gothic toys of wood; and one fancies Vanbrugh, if he had had a mind

to build on Strawberry Hill, putting his manly leg upon Horace's little pinnacles, and crushing them as he might have done a house in a toy-shop. There was a heavier though smaller wit in Vanbrugh's days, one Dr. Evans, who in echoing the jokes of the greater ones, had the luck to hit upon a couplet which has survived all his other writings and his very name, and even had the good fortune, in its way down to posterity, of dropping a superfluous fellow-couplet; for the whole jest was originally in four lines, and stood thus:—

> "Under this stone, reader, survey
> Dead Sir John Vanbrugh's house of clay:
> *Lie heavy on him, earth! for he*
> *Laid many heavy loads on thee!*"

After all, as there is undoubtedly a national as well as family blood in a stock, and the portraits of ancestors who lived centuries ago startle those who see the faces of their posterity, Vanbrugh may have derived the heavy portion of his architecture from the Flemish bridge-masters of his house, while to the daughter of the English diplomatist, assisted by a French education, may be owing the plot and gaiety of his drama:[34]

> "There are more things, *even in a turn for jesting*,
> Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

His character as a comic writer is clear and obvious. It is straightforward, cheerful, confident, and robust; something between Flemish and French; not over-nice in its decorums, not giving too much credit to conventional virtues, nor yet disbelieving in the virtues that will always remain such, and that are healthy and hearty; but as his jovial and sincere temperament gave him a thorough dislike of hypocrisy, the licence of the times allowed him to be plain-spoken to an extent which was perilous to his animal spirits; and an editor in these days is startled, not to say frightened, at sallies of audacity and exposure, which, how-

ever loath to call affrontery, he is forced to think such, and is only prevented by belief in the goodness of his heart from concluding to be want of feeling. Of feeling indeed, in the sentimental sense, Vanbrugh shows little or none. He seems to have thought it foreign to the satire and mirth of comedy. His plots are interesting, without having the teasing perplexity of Congreve's; and he is more uniformly strong than Farquhar, and cheerful than Wycherley. What he borrows, he seems to change at one blow into something better, by sleight, or rather force, of hand. He is easy in invention, and true and various in character. His style is so natural and straightforward, that Cibber says the actors preferred it to every other, it was so easy to learn by rote. What he wants (except at the bottom of his heart) is every species of refinement, but that of a freedom from all cant and nonsense. He has no more poetry in him, in a sense apart from what is common to everything artistic, than a sailor who would see nothing in Shakespeare's "Bermoothes," except the turtle. But in a superiority to circumstances sophisticate, the best-bred of gallants could not beat him, whether from absence of veneration, or presence of good health. His *Lord Foppington* is the quintessence of nullification, and of the scorn of things which he does not care for; while *Miss Hoyden*, without delay or "mistake," is for consolidating everything into the tangible and plenitudinous, for which she does care. In short, if Vanbrugh's father had had wit and perception enough in him to give him a right, he might have said to him, as *Sir Anthony Absolute* said to the Captain, his son, when he vented the height of his astonished and fatherly satisfaction at his having been a better love-maker than he took him for,—"Jack, you certainly are an impudent dog."

It was complained of, with regard to Vanbrugh's first comedy *The Relapse*, that he had taken the penitent of Cibber's play (*Love's Last Shift*), and made him fall into his old ways again; which hurt the moral. But Vanbrugh laughed at the morals of Cibber. He knew that so flimsy and canting a teacher could only teach pretences; and in

undoing his work he left society to find out something better. On the other hand, when Cibber took up the author's unfinished play, the *Journey to London*, and fancied that he had improved it with his *Lord Townly* and *Lady Grace*, and his insipid perfect gentleman, *Mr. Manly*, he made a blunder of such dull vanity and time-serving self-love, as it is melancholy to think of in the sprightly Colley, but much more to read, after reading Vanbrugh's three acts! It is worth the reader's while to refer to Cibber's play, and compare them. What a poor, pick-thank set of common-place usurpers of attention,—of pretenders to a "clear stage and no favour,"—after the heartier moral fair-play of Vanbrugh! What a half-sided lesson, taking it at its best, and a servile playing into the hands of the stronger sex, as if nothing could be more exemplary or further-sighted! The very name of Lord "Loverule," instead of "Townly," shows that the "reciprocity" was not to be all on one side in Vanbrugh's play. But everything is miserably washed down in Cibber, even to poor John Moody and the footmen.

Dick Amlet, Mrs. Amlet, and *Brass*, in *The Confederacy*, are all perfection, after their kind,—the unfeeling son, whose legs are doted on by his mother; the peddling mother, hobbling about, with fine ladies in her debt; and *Brass*, exquisite *Brass*, whom one can hardly help fancying made of the metal that christens him, and with a voice that rings accordingly. We know of no better comic writing in the world than the earlier scenes of *Lord Foppington* in *The Relapse*, and those between *Dick Amlet* and his mother, and of *Brass* securing his bargain with *Dick*, in the play before us.

We find we have passed over *The Provoked Wife*, which, to say the truth, is a play more true than pleasant; and it is not so much needed as it was in Vanbrugh's day, when sottishness had not become infamous among decent people. So long do the vices of the stronger sex contrive to have themselves taken, if not for virtues, at least for something like manly privilege!

One reason has been given why *Æsop* did not succeed. Another we take to be that the French, in their old levity,

used to think themselves bound to sit out any gravity that appealed to their good sense; while the English never pretended to be able to dispense with something strong and stirring. Besides, morality of so very obvious and didactic a sort was too great a contradiction to the taste of the times, and to Vanbrugh's own previous indulgence of it. Rakes scouring the streets at night, and ladies carried off swooning with love from antechambers, had ill prepared the sons and daughters of Charles II. for the lessons of the sage Grecian, adapting his "wise saws" to modern instances.

"How Van wants grace, who never wanted wit!"

says Pope: and it is true. Yet this graceless wit, often far less so than he appears, and covertly implying virtues superior to their common forms, has a passage in one of the coarsest of his plays, that preaches a love truer than any to be found in Pope:—

"*Constant.* Though marriage be a lottery, in which there are a wondrous many blanks, yet there is one inestimable lot, *in which the only heaven on earth is written.* Would your kind fate but guide your hand to that, though I were wrapt in all that luxury itself could clothe me with, I should still envy you.

Heartfree. And justly too: for to be CAPABLE *of loving one, is better than to possess a thousand.*"

Provoked Wife, Act V., Scene 4.

But the old question may here be asked, "What signify one or two passages of this sort, when all the rest is so different?" To which it should long ago have been answered, *everything;* when the difference is more in appearance than reality, and fighting the battles of virtue itself by unmasking the pretenders to it.

With the exception of a defence of himself against Collier, which will be noticed in its proper place,[35] and the disputes respecting Blenheim with the Duchess of Marlborough, we know not of a single *miscellaneous* piece of writing of Vanbrugh's, except the following sprightly verses in Nichols's collection. It possesses, we fear, not a little of his usual

"face," without his usual good-nature; but let us hope the lady knew nothing of it. However, if she added "tyranny" to want of beauty, his own willingness to please her, which was not the most ill-natured thing in the world, may be allowed to have had some reason to be discontented.

TO A LADY MORE CRUEL THAN FAIR.

BY MR. (AFTERWARDS SIR JOHN) VANBRUGH.

Why d'ye with such disdain refuse
An humble lover's plea?
Since Heaven denies you power to chuse,
You ought to value me.
Ungrateful mistress of a heart,
Which I so freely gave,
Though weak your bow, though blunt your dart,
I soon resign'd, your slave.
Nor was I weary of your reign,
Till you a tyrant grew,
And seem'd regardless of my pain;
As nature seem'd of you.
When thousands with unerring eyes
Your beauty would decry,
What graces did my love devise,
To give their truths the lie!
To every grove I told your charms,
In you my heaven I placed,
Proposing pleasures in your arms,
Which none but I could taste.
("Jack, you certainly are an impudent dog!")
For me t'admire, at such a rate,
So damn'd a face (*!*) will prove
You have as little cause to hate,
As I had cause to love.

NOTES.

[1] See p. 28 for the passage referred to. [ED.]

[2] The best reason for spelling the name "Vanbrugh," not "Vanburgh," is that the author writes it thus himself. A series of interesting letters published in the *Athenæum* of August 30 and September 6, 1890, are all signed, "*J. Vanbrugh.*" See p. 47, for

an instance. This spelling of the name shows that the family had resided in England for some length of time, as the Dutch name is tri-syllabic, and was at that time spelt *Vanbrugghe*, or, according to the Dutch and Flemish manner, in two words, *Van Brugghe*. English usage combines the two words (*cf.* Vanderbilt) and drops the slightly-accented termination. The coat-of-arms was what is called "canting or "allusive," as "brug" in Dutch means "bridge." P. Cunningham in *N. and Q.*, 2nd Ser., i., says that Sir John wrote his name in three different ways : Vanbrook, Vanbrug, and Vanbrugh, and adds that he has seen instances of all three. [ED.]

[3] This coat-of-arms, and its "bridge with arches reversed," is thus emblazoned by Randle Holme in his *Academy of Armoury* : "Argent, a fesse barry of ten, or and azure, a lion issuant, sable." John bore this coat-of-arms, quartered with his mother's shield, being that of the Carletons, another proof of his being a son of Giles and his wife Elizabeth. Le Neve gives the following description of the coat-of-arms :"Gules, on a fess, or, three barulets, vert, a Lyon issuant argent. Crest, demy Lyon argent, issuant from a bridge composed of 3 arches reversed or." The dedication plate in Th. Fuller's *Pisgah Sight* does not give the colours. Round the Vanbrugh family arms is written, "Gulielmo Van Brugs Mercatori." The fess has but *two* barulets. The edition I consulted is of 1650. The plate is badly engraved. (Also comp. *N. and Q.*, 2nd Ser., vi., and 4th Ser., ix.) [ED.]

[4] See Noble's *History of the College of Arms*, 4to, 1804, p. 355.

[5] That Vanbrugh's father was a man of note at Chester, and lived there as late as 1687, is proved by a passage in *An Account of the Life and Death of Mr. Matthew Henry*, published in 1716. After stating that Mr. Henry was chosen a minister of a congregation of Dissenters in the city of Chester, and went to reside there on the first day of June, 1687, the biographer goes on to relate : "That city was then very happy in several worthy gentlemen that had habitations there ; they were not altogether strangers to Mr. Henry before he came to live among them, but now they came to be his very intimate acquaintance ; some of these, as Alderman Mainwaring and Mr. *Vanbrugh*, father to Sir John Vanbrugh, were in communion with the Church of England, but they heard Mr. Henry on the week-day lectures, and always treated him with great and serious respect" (Cp. *N. and Q.*, No. 211, November 12, 1853). [ED.]

[6] Peter Cunningham, *N. and Q.*, 2nd Ser., i., expressed his doubt as to the existence of such an officer. [ED.]

[7] This date is decidedly wrong. It is owing to Sir John's father being confused with another Giles, probably his own son, born in 1675. However this may be, Sir John's father died in 1689, at Chester, where he was buried at Trinity Church, July 19, 1689. This is proved, first, by a statement that has been found at Heralds' College, according to which Giles, junior, "died at Chester, circa annum 1689, and was there buried"; secondly, by the following abstract of Giles Vanbrugh's will, dated October 25, 1683, and preserved in the Episcopal Registry at Chester: "Giles Vanbrugh, of the city of Chester, by his will of this date, gave to his wife Elizabeth the whole of his household furniture, &c. (plate excepted), and what was due to her by marriage contract; and directed the whole of his real estate, &c., to be sold by his executor, and the proceeds to be divided into fourteen parts, two of which he gave to his eldest son John, one part to Lucy, one to Anna Maria, one to Mary, one to Victoria, and one each to Elizabeth, Robina, Carleton, Giles, Dudley, Kendrick, Charles, and Philip. Appoints his wife sole executrix. Will proved by her July 24, 1689."

Giles carried on business in Weaver Street, Chester, at least as early as 1667, as is proved by the subjoined extracts from the registers of Holy Trinity Church:

"Carleton, buried Oct. 13, 1667.
Elizabeth, buried Nov. 27, 1667.
Mary, born Nov. 3, baptized Nov. 19, 1668.
Victoria, baptized Jan. 25, 1669–70.
Elizabeth, baptized May 4, 1671.
Robina, baptized Sept. 22, 1672.
Carleton, baptized Sept. 18, 1673.
An infant son, buried Aug. 31, 1674.
Giles, baptized Sept. 3, 1675.
Catherina, baptized Oct. 9, 1676; buried March 22, 1677.
Dudley, born Oct. 21; baptized Oct. 25, 1677.
Kendrick, baptized, Nov. 21, 1678.
Charles, baptized, Feb. 27, 1679–80.
Philip, baptized Jan. 31, 1681."

Including John, Anna Maria, Lucy, and Elizabeth, and leaving out the five that died before 1683, we have here the 13 children mentioned in the will. See also Note 9.* [ED.]

[8] A brother of Giles's (William) married another daughther of Sir Dudley. See Burke's *Landed Gentry*, article CARLETON;

* Cp. *N. and Q.*, 2nd Ser., vi., Feb. 9, 1856. [ED.]

where he is styled "William *Vanburg*, of London, merchant." Giles is entitled "Squire." Needless to say, after the preceding notes, that the pathetic remark about Sir John's father living to see his son's greatness is based upon a mistake. Needless to say also, that John was not the second son. There is some difficulty about the dates of birth of William's still-born child, and of his son William. [ED.]

[9] I am very glad to be able—through the kindness of Mr. Daniel Hipwell—to give the exact date of Sir John's baptism, which is recorded under January 24, 1663–4, in the parish register of St. Nicholas Acons, London. This register also contains the following entries:

Giles Vanbrugh, born October 6, 1660, was baptized October 14 foll.

Dorothy (born February 14, 1661–62), baptized February 20, *seq.*

Lucy, born February 11, 1662–3, being Wensday, and was Christned the same day in the house by Mr. John Meriton, Rector.

Elizabeth, born January 7, 1664–5, baptized January 18, in the same year. ("The Register Book of the Parish of St. Nicholas Acons, London, 1539–1812," transcribed by Wm. Brigg, B.A., Leeds, pp. 31–33.) Cp. *N. and Q.*, 8th Ser., 7, March 2, '59.

If we compare these entries with those from the registers of Holy Trinity Church, Chester, we find that—

1. Sir John's father, Giles, previous to his residence at Chester, lived in London in the Parish of St. Nicholas Acons.

2. That he removed to Chester between January 7, 1664–5, and October 13, 1667.

3. That Giles, born October 6, 1660, must have died previous to October 25, 1683, else John could not have been called "eldest son" in the will of that date; in fact, before September 3, 1675, when another Giles was baptized.

4. That the Elizabeth born January 7, 1664–5, is most probably identical with the Elizabeth buried at Chester, November 27, 1667.

5. That Lucy mentioned in the will was born at London, February 11, 1662–3.

6. That Dorothy must have died before 1683, as she is not mentioned in the will.

Concerning Anna Maria I can find no particulars; she must have been born between January 7, 1664–5 and October 13, 1667, as is obvious from the sequence of the children mentioned in the will, and the fact that there is no room for her anywhere else!

One point is left unsettled: what Vanbrugh meant by his reference to a French Bastile. So long as we have no further information on this point we had better assume that Sir John was born early in the month of January, 1663–4, in London. The period allowed to pass between birth and baptism seems to have rarely exceeded a fortnight, and it is not very likely that in winter time Giles Vanbrugh should have travelled with a weak mother and a tender baby from Paris to London. [We know now—thanks to Mr. Ward—that Vanbrugh spent some time in the Bastile, but that does not throw light on this expression, unless Vanbrugh did not use it in a strict sense, which is very likely. I had not read Prof. Ward's book when I wrote this note.]

It is not unlikely that his brother Charles (baptized at Chester, February 27, 1679–80) is identical with Charles Vanbrugh, Esq., of the parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Middlesex, who married Ann Burt, in Knightsbridge Chapel, on June 19, 1721. Cp. *N. and Q.*, 8th Ser., viii., March 30, 1895. [ED.]

[10] *Curiosities of Literature*, ed. 1839, p. 413.

[11] Now that we know the year of Vanbrugh's birth to have been 1663–4, this observation has lost all its strength. [ED.]

[12] Mr. T. Hughes, *N. and Q.*, 2nd Ser., No. vi., says: "At 26 (*read* 29) I find him auditor for the southern division of the Duchy of Lancaster (1692)" [ED.]

[13] For May 30, 1695, we find the following entry in *Evelyn's Diary*: "Mr. Vanburgh was made Secretary to the Commission. by my nomination of him to the Lords, which was all don that day." Under May 5 the commission is first mentioned. W. P. in *N. and Q.*, 4th Ser., ix., June 22, '72, has the following note about this Vanbrugh:

"I find—first, that 'Mr. Vanbrug,' secretary to the Commissioners of Greenwich Hospital and comptroller of the Treasury Chamber, died Nov. 20, 1716; and, secondly, that his name was 'William,' not John. This William might probably have been the elder brother, or one of the two elder brothers, of Giles, junr.; possibly the 'William Vanbrug, merchant, son of Giles (sen.), to whom, among others, T. Fuller dedicated his *Pisgah Sight of Palestine*, in 1650' (Noble), or even the son of that William, also named 'William Vanbrugh, gent., of Walton and Whitehall,' mentioned by Le Neve, Harl. MS., 5802, p. 86." This latter part of W. P.'s communications to *N. and Q.* we give for what it is worth; what he means by "two elder brothers" we are unable to explain, for though we know that Giles, junior, had twin brothers, called

John and William, we do not know in what year they were born, though this must have been after 1642, as in a letter dated "5 May, 1663," they complain that "some, out of spight, go about to hinder their trading, in regard their father was an alien, though their mother an English woman, and themselves have not attained y^e^ full age of xxi yeares." So they were younger than Giles.

From the same letter it would appear that Sir John's great-grandfather (the father of Giles, sen.) was in easy circumstances, and died in England, for it opens with the following statement: "That y^r^ Pet^rs^ are both twinnes, and borne in London, and for some yeares past have employed a stock left them by their grandfather in a course of merchandizing."

In the same note W. P. tells us that, "In the first list of directors on standing committee at Greenwich Hospital, appointed under the commission of Queen Anne, dated July 21, 1703, occurs a John Vanbrugh, esq.," who may have been the John in question [Sir John, ED.], the same relative being secretary to the Commission, as above shown. [ED.]

[14] "Mr. Shepley and I to the new play-house near Lincoln's-Inn-Fields (which was formerly Gibbon's tennis-court), where the play of *Beggar's Bush* was newly begun." *Pepys' Diary*, November 20, 1660. "After divers yeares since I had seen any play, I went to see acted *The Scornful Lady*, at a new theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields." *Evelyn's Diary*, January 25, 1661. In November, 1671, the Duke's Company left this theatre and removed to Dorset Gardens; but in February, 1672, the King's Company—after the fire at Drury Lane in January of that year—migrated to Lincoln's Inn Fields. The building was situated in Portugal Street. [ED.]

[15] See Globe edition of *Dryden's Poetical Works*, p. 482, where the following interesting note is given: "This Prologue and Epilogue were composed by Dryden for a representation for his own benefit, which took place very shortly before his death (March 25, 1700). Beaumont and Fletcher's *Pilgrim* was acted on this occasion, with alterations by Vanbrugh; and Dryden contributed a song-dialogue to the play, and also wrote his *Secular Masque* (pp. 380–385). All the pieces written by Dryden for this occasion were published immediately after his death. Colley Cibber spoke both the Prologue and the Epilogue. The Prologue is almost exclusively an attack on Sir Richard Blackmore, whom Dryden had already severely chastised in the Epistle to his *Cousin*. The Epilogue is a reply to Jeremy Collier, to whose attack on the stage and on himself Dryden had made some reply in his address to Motteux. No impartial person can admit the justice

of Dryden's attempt to exculpate himself by throwing all the blame of the licentiousness of his plays on the court." [ED.]

[16] With reference to Vanbrugh's professional work, I quote the following from *N. and Q.*, 4th Ser., ix., June 22, 1872 :

"May we suppose that, tired of play-writing, which he then took up, or wishing to settle, his relative William, then holding office under government, as above seen, obtained for him the office of 'Comptroller of the Royal Works,' an appointment which I have found a John Vanbrugh *held* in 1702, as well as in 1704; and that it is the John in question may be considered decided by the entry of 'Sir John Vanbrugh, Comptroller,' appearing in 1718, for he had been knighted at Greenwich, Sept. 9, 1714 (or Sept. 19, or even Dec. 19), upon the accession of George I., who *reappointed* him comptroller. He was not then *appointed*, as stated by Dallaway in Walpole's *Anecdotes*." This earlier date of office is now brought forward for the first time, and is important for elucidating his professional career. It is confirmed by the following extract (from Disraeli's *Curiosities of Literature*, the "Secret History of the Building of Blenheim"), which has not been hitherto noticed. "Vanbrugh represents himself as being Comptroller of Her Majesty's Works, and as such was appointed [this would have been in 1705] to prepare a model, which model of Blenheim House Her Majesty kept in her palace, and gave her commands to issue money according to the direction of Mr. Travers, the queen's surveyor-general; that the lord treasurer appointed Her Majesty's own officers to supervise these works," &c.

"I have shown above that he held office in the Board of Works as early as 1702 (the date of his appointment I hope yet to discover). In a letter dated July, 1703, to his friend Tonson, then at Amsterdam, he asks him to send 'a Palladio in French, with the plans of houses in it.' Vanbrugh's first executed work appears to have been his own theatre in the Haymarket, commenced about the middle of 1703, and opened in 1705 or 1706,* which does not seem, as regards the vexed question of acoustical properties, to have been considered a very satisfactory performance. A difficulty now arises as to which was his next work—Castle Howard or Blenheim. The former is usually placed first, as early as 1702—perhaps copying Dallaway's note in Walpole's *Anecdotes*; and Vanbrugh's appointment in the Heralds' College is attributed to Lord Carlisle's employment of him. But I am not quite satisfied as to the correctness of so early a date for the commencement of Castle Howard.

* It was opened in 1705. [ED.]

Campbell, in his *Vitruvius Britannicus* (vol. i.) published about 1717, states that it was 'built anno 1714'; and the inscriptions on the obelisk in the park, recording the improvements made by the earl, states (as given in two books) that the earl 'began these works in the year MDCCXII.' I have, however, very lately met with a passage in one of Vanbrugh's letters, dated July, 1703, in which he says that 'two hundred men were at work at Carlisle,' and a new quarry was found. Could the works have been delayed from 1702 or 1703 until 1712?" Mr. Ward says that the date on the obelisk is 1702, not 1712. [ED.]

[17] Thomas Betterton was the greatest actor of his time. He was born in 1635, and first appeared upon the stage at the Cockpit in Drury Lane (1659). In 1662 he was engaged by Sir W. Davenant, patentee of the new theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Betterton acted the principal parts in Congreve's plays. Mr. and Mrs. Pepys, who went to see him perform in *The Bondman* on November 4, 1661, thought him "the best actor in the world." [ED.]

[18] First played at the Haymarket, October 30, 1705. Cp. *N. and Q.*, 8th Ser., vii., June 29, 1895. [ED.]

[19] First played at the Haymarket on December 27, 1705. See *N. and Q.*, 8th Ser., vii., June 29, 1895. [ED.]

[20] The first recorded performance of *The Country House* was at Drury Lane, June 16, 1705. *N. and Q., ibid.* There is no sense, then, in "years afterwards." [ED.]

[21] From a letter sent by Lord Halifax on the 7th of May, 1706, from the Hague to Mr. Robertson (private secretary to King William, and afterwards to George I.), we learn that Vanbrugh had not left England together with the other gentlemen: "Mr. Vanburgh is not yet come over; and I came away in such a hurry, that I left several things to follow me. When they arrive, I will set forward for Hannover." Vanbrugh was sent to Hanover in his quality of Clarencieux King-at-arms. [ED.]

[22] See the article entitled "Secret History of the Building of Blenheim," written by Mr. Disraeli with his usual spirit, in the *Curiosities of Literature, ut supra*, p. 413.

The following lines quoted from Mr. Henry Craik's admirable *Life of Jonathan Swift*, p. 136, are interesting in this connection. "Another piece consists of some light, and not ill-natured ridicule of the house that Vanbrugh, the comedian, herald, and Royal architect, had built for himself on a part of the site of Whitehall. An earlier version of the lines than that which was afterwards published, was discovered by Mr. Forster at Narford, and by him certain verses, before unprinted, have been reproduced In either

version the main object is not the ridicule of the tiny house which it pleased Vanbrugh's fancy to build: but rather the corruption of the contemporary stage, and the feebleness of the contemporary wit. The printed version seems to differ from that discovered by Mr. Forster, chiefly, if not entirely, in the greater cleverness of the purpose, the greater flow of the humour, the excision of what was tawdry and obscure. The pigmy structure, which owes its origin to the flimsy creations of feeble wit, and which has replaced the palace of Whitehall, is itself a type of modern pretentiousness:

"Like Bacchus thou, as Poets feign
Thy mother burnt, art born again;
Born like a Phœnix from the flame:
But neither bulk nor shape the same;
As animals of largest Size,
Corrupt to Maggots, Worms, and Flies,
A type of Modern Wit and Style,
The rubbish of an Ancient Pile.
So Chymists boast, they have a power
From the dead ashes of a flower,
Some faint resemblance to produce;
But not the virtue, taste or juice.
So modern Rhymers wisely blast,
The poetry of Ages past,
Which after they have overthrown,
They from its Ruins build their own."

Pope ridicules Blenheim Castle:

'See, sir, here's the grand approach,
This way is for his Grace's coach;
There lies the bridge, and here's the clock
Observe the lion and the cock,
The spacious court, the colonnade,
And mark how wide the hall is made!
The chimneys are so well design'd,
They never smoke in any wind.
This gallery's contriv'd for walking,
The windows to retire and talk in;
The council chamber for debate,
And all the rest are rooms of state.

Thanks, sir, cried I, 'tis very fine,
But where d'ye sleep, or where d'ye dine?
I find by all you have been telling
That 'tis a house, but not a dwelling."

Upon the Duke of Marlborough's House at Woodstock, vol. ii. p. 192, Bell's edition. [ED.]

[23] The two series of letters in the *Athenæum* already referred to contain many interesting particulars concerning Vanbrugh's activity as an architect. He also appears to have employed his influence in the projected match between Thomas, Duke of Newcastle, and the Duchess's granddaughter, Lady Henrietta Godolphin. In a letter dated from London, "November the 10th, 1716," and addressed to the Duke of Newcastle, we find the following reference to the Duchess of Marlborough: "I need make no remarks to your Grace upon this abominable Woman's proceeding, which shall not however lessen my regard to my Lord Duke, nor good opinion of his grand daughter, who I do not think has one grain of this Wicked Woman's temper in her; if I did, I wou'd not advice you to take her tho' with the allay of a million." The letters are well worth reading. [ED.]

[24] Impeached and found guilty of corruption in 1725, for selling the post of Master in Chancery.

[25] Walpole's *Reminiscences*, 1819, p. 75.

[26] Interesting particulars concerning the Duke of Newcastle's houses at Claremont and in Lincoln's Fields, as well as his castle at Nottingham, may be found in the letters in the *Athenæum*. These three buildings were all restored and decorated under the directions of Vanbrugh. Lumley Castle was another mansion entrusted to the care of our author, as appears from a letter dated "York, Augt. y^{e} 26th, 1721." [ED.]

[27] With regard to Vanbrugh's marriage the following appears from the series of letters published in the *Athenæum*:

On "Dec. y^{e} 25th 1718," the author writes from Castle Howard: "There has now fallen a snow up to ones neck to mend it w^{ch} may possibly fix me here as long as it did at the Bath this time two years, w^{ch} was no less than five weeks. In short, 'tis so bloody cold, *I have almost a mind to marry to keep my self warm*, and if I do I'm sure it will be a wiser thing than your Grace has done, if you have been at Nottingham."

In a letter dated "Nottingham, Jan^{y} y^{e} 24th, 1718/19," addressed to the Duke of Newcastle, Vanbrugh announces his marriage in

the following terms : "I have no care now left, but to see the Duchess of Newcastle as well pleas'd w^th^ it (the Castle) as your Grace is. I hope she won't have the less expectation from my judgment in chusing a seat, from *my having chosen a wife,* whose principal merrit in my eye, has been some small distant shadow of those valuable qualifications, in her, your Grace has formerly with so much pleasure heard me talk of. The honour she likewise has, *of being pretty nearly related to the Dutchess* gives me the more hopes I may not have been mistaken. If I am, 'tis better however to make a blunder towards *the end of ones life* than at the beginning of it. But I hope all will be well ; it can't at least be worse than most of my neighbours which every modest man ought to be content w^th^ and so I'm easy.

"I had promis'd to join Lord Carlisle and his family two days since at Stamford, but found too much to do here, to keep my word. I hope however to get to towne before the end of next week, and will immediatly wait upon your Grace, whose most humble and most faithfull servant I shall always be, whether a married man or a batchelour. J. VANBRUGH.

"Jacob [Tonson] will be frightned out of his witts and his religion too when he hears I'm gone at last. If he is still in France, he'll certainly give himself to God, for fear he shou'd now be ravish'd by a gentlewoman. I was the last man left, between him and ruin."

We shall not swerve very far from the truth if we accept that Vanbrugh was married early in January, 1718–19, for on "Aug^t^ y^e^ 11^th^ 1719" he writes from London to the Duke of Newcastle that he had been "two days at Claremount, but not en Famille, *a bit of a girle popping into the world three months before its time.* And so the business is all to do over again."

Evidently there is something wrong. How could Mrs. Montague write *in* or *about* 1710 that Vanbrugh was courting a Miss Yarborough if the author did not get married till 1718 ? Surely there could hardly be any reason for such a prolonged engagement ! Either the Miss Yarborough whom he married in the end must have been a younger sister of the lady whom he courted at York, or the date of Miss Pierrepont's letter must be wrong. The latter cannot be the case, as Mary Pierrepont married Edward Wortley Montague in 1712, and her letter is signed "M. P." So Miss Yarborough's relations must have objected to a marriage, or two different young ladies must be meant.

In 1723 Vanbrugh seems to have been ailing. At least he writes on August 20th of that year to the Duke a letter which

begins with the following statement: "I have been drinking waters at Scarborough three or four days, and am to return thither with Lord Carlisle, for a weeks swigging more, and soon after that, I point towards London." [ED.]

Some time after I had prepared this note I came across an article in *Notes and Queries*, 4th Ser., x., July 6, 1872, of the following import, and corroborating my supposition concerning the date of Vanbrugh's marriage: "In Robinson's *History of the Priory and Peculiar of Snaith*, 1861, it is stated at p. 77 that Henrietta Maria, first child of Colonel Yarburgh of Heslington, was married at St. Lawrence, York, Jan 14, 1718–9, to John Vanburgh, Esq., of Castle Howard. They had an only son Charles, an ensign in the army, who died in 1745 from wounds received at the battle of Tournay. Lady Vanbrugh, who was left a widow March 25, 1726, died April 22, 1776, aged 86. Her will bears date June 15, 1769."

The date of Lady Vanbrugh's death here given does not agree with that of the *London and County Magazine*. As the writer of the article does not give his source, it will be safer to stick to April 26.

Other members of the Vanbrugh family are *Edward Vanbrugh*. (At his house, in Brook-street, Bath, Edward Vanbrugh, esq., an immediate descendant of the celebrated Sir John Vanbrugh.)—Obituary in *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1802, p. 1065.

The Rev. *Robert Vanbrugh*, for many years, prior to 1780, Head Master of the King's School, Chester, and a minor canon of the cathedral.

Mention is made of the Rev. *George Vanbrugh*, of Canterbury, and his son *George*, Rector of Aughton, Lancashire, from 1786–1834.

In Sir John's will are mentioned his brothers Charles and Philip (Captain Philip Vanbrugh is a subscriber, with Sir John, to Tickell's Addison, 1721), and three sisters, Mary, Robina, and Victoria. [ED.]

[28] *Letters and Works of Lady Mary Wortley Montague*, 1837, vol. i. p. 155.

[29] Lady Vanbrugh died in 1776. The *London and County Magazine* for that year contains the following item: "April 26, Lady Vanbrugh, aged 90, relict of the celebrated John Vanbrugh." So she was born in 1686, twenty-four years of age when Mary Pierrepont wrote about her (?), and about thirty-three when she was married. [ED.]

[30] Noble's *History of the College of Arms, ut supra*, and Lysson's *Berkshire*.

[31] As appears from the parish register, he was buried in St. Stephen's, Walbrook:

"1726. March 31. Was buried S[r] John Vanbrough in y[e] North Isle."

There are some very interesting entries in this register relating to the Vanbrugh family; they are five in number, and follow here:

"1628. Sept. 25. Was bapt[d] William y[e] sonn of Gillis Van Brugh and Mary his Wyff. (The Dutch for Giles is "Gilles," hence the form Gillis. Note that the two parts of the name are here written separately, with capital initials. The next entry contains the common spelling.)

"1631. Aprill 27. Gyles, the sonn of Gyles Vanbrugh, Marchaunt, and Margarett his Wyfe, was baptysed.

"1656. Nov. 13. Was borne a still borne child of Mr. William Vanbruggs.

"1657. Jan. 1. William, the sonn of Mr. William Van Brugg, Marchant, and Mary his wife, was baptised.

"1659. July 6. Was born Dudley, the sonne of Mr. William Vanbrugge, Marchant, and Mary his wife, and was baptised the 13[th] July." (Cp. *N. and Q.*, 2nd Ser., i., January 5, 1856.) [ED.]

[32] I consider it rather likely that Sir John had a son Edward besides the Charles who was killed at Tournay (or Fontenoy, according to others), for the announcement in the *Gentleman's Magazine* speaks of him as an "immediate descendant of the celebrated Sir John Vanbrugh," and we know nothing about a marriage of his son Charles. [ED.]

[33] In Kensington there was lately a small but curious structure which was originally intended to supply the palace with water, and strongly exemplified what may be called the *no nonsense* style of Vanbrugh; the ends of which were use, durability, and energetic appearance. The Parish School in the same suburb is also from the hand of Vanbrugh, and presents a similar character.

[34] This is begging the question. We know absolutely nothing about Vanbrugh's ancestors or their bridge-building proclivities. Moreover, Flemish architecture is not conspicuous for massiveness or heaviness. [ED.]

[35] For a spirited account of Collier's attack upon the stage the reader may consult with advantage Macaulay's *Comic Dramatists of the Restoration*, or an abridgment of it in the Mermaid Edition of Congreve. As Macaulay's brilliant essay was written shortly after the publication of Leigh Hunt's *Dramatic Works of Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar*, and is, in fact, a fair criticism,

of this edition, it fully deserves the attention of the reader of this volume. Unfortunately Macaulay never gave a sequel to his essay, and the lives of Vanbrugh and Farquhar remained unwritten by his master-hand. Hazlitt's *Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar* (in "English Comic Writers") and Lamb's essay "On the Artificial Comedy of the Last Century" (*Essays of Elia*) ought to be read for a clear exposal of the character of the Comedy of Manners. What Leigh Hunt says about Vanbrugh and Collier is this: Collier assumed that the writers were so many knaves and fiends, who had positively malignant intentions; and in so doing, he was not aware that he betrayed a vice in his own spirit, which if they had thought as ill of it as he did of their licence, would have warranted them in denouncing him as the far greater devil of the two. For to believe in such unmitigated wickedness at all, is itself the worst part of the result of vice; namely, a moral melancholy, and an attribution to the Creator of having made what he never did. It is not necessary at this time of day to enter into the details of this once famous controversy. Collier was a clever, sincere, and vehement but half-witted man, who did good to the stage, inasmuch as he forced the writers to think of decorum; but he quite overdid his charges on the score both of intention and commission; and he would have fallen flat in his own fury, if the very weapons of his opponents had not sustained him. Farquhar saw this in his youth, and noticed it in his first publication,—the *Adventures of Covent Garden*;—unless, indeed, his remarks are a report of what was actually said at the club he speaks of.

"Peregrine" (that is himself, whom he elsewhere designates a "stranger,") "goes next evening to the play; where meeting some of his ingenious acquaintance, viz., Mr. W——, Mr. H——, Mr. M——, with others of that club, [perhaps Wycherley, Hopkins, and Moyle], there arose a discourse concerning the battle between the Church and the stage, with relation to the champions that maintained the parties. The result upon the matter was this,—that Mr. Collier showed too much malice and rancour for a churchman, and his adversaries too little wit for the character of poets;—that their faults transversed would show much better; dulness being familiar with those of Mr. Collier's functions, as malice and ill-nature is more adapted to the profession of wit;—that the best way of answering Mr. Collier, was not to have replied at all; for there was so much fire in his book, had not his adversaries thrown in fuel, it would have fed upon itself, and so gone out in a blaze. As to his respondents, that Captain Va—

[Vanbrugh] wrote too like a gentleman to be esteemed a good casuist; that Mr. C—'s [Congreve's] passion in the business had blinded his reason, which had shone so fair in his other writings; [and] that Mr. Settle wanted the wit of Captain Va— as much as he did Mr. Settle's gravity" (p. 29).

"Vanbrugh said well of Collier, that he made 'debauches in his piety, as other men did in their drink.' On the other hand, conceive the horror of Collier at seeing Vanbrugh saying in print, that he was really not aware of the indecencies imputed to him, and that he could very well fancy a virtuous woman laying his plays by the side of her Bible. It is difficult to believe that there was not something of the Captain's impudence in this; and yet Bishop Earle, in some verses on the death of Beaumont, compliments him and Fletcher on their total freedom from indecency! —The fact was, that 'indecency' in those times meant nothing but the plainest kind of speech; and so common was the habit of it, from the sovereign downwards, that it is one of the proofs of the beautifying effect of poetry on the minds of Beaumont and Fletcher, that they abstained from lavishing this species of intensity upon the public. Collier did not suspect that one profession might have its privileged 'indecencies' as well as another, and that a clergyman of those times might be solemnly and furiously vicious,—indecent for want of the decorums of charity, and 'wicked' for want of charity itself. Yet we have now lived to see, that if the stage at that time was one half licentious, in the other half it was not only innocent of all evil intention, but had a sort of piety in the very gaiety of its trust in nature; while Jeremy Collier, if he was one half of him pious and well-intentioned, was in the other half little better than a violent fool" (p. lxiv.). [ED.]

THE RELAPSE;

OR,

VIRTUE IN DANGER:

BEING THE SEQUEL OF THE FOOL IN FASHION,[1]

A Comedy acted at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.

By the author of a late Comedy, call'd *The Provok'd Wife.*

[1] *Love's Last Shift; or, The Fool in Fashion,* was the first play of *Colley Cibber* (1671–1757), an actor and playwright. His *Nonjuror,* a version of Molière's *Tartuffe,* procured him the post of Poet Laureate. Unfortunately it also stirred Pope's wrath, and poor Cibber was made the hero of the second version of the *Dunciad.* He appeared in the part of Sir Novelty Fashion.

HE text of this play as it is here given to the public is an exact reprint of the edition of 1776. The play is not in all the copies of the edition of 1735. It was brought out at Drury Lane in December, 1696, and was a great success from the first. Richard Brinsley Sheridan recast it, and on February 24, 1777, it was produced at Drury Lane, under the title of *A Trip to Scarborough*.[1] This was not a success, as it satisfied neither the public nor the actors.[2]

When we consider that this is Vanbrugh's first play—at all events the one that was first completed—we cannot but admire the talent that started on its career with such work. Though it contains at least one scene that is risky, it also

[1] *Vide The Plays of R. B. Sheridan*, Morley's Universal Library. Routledge.

[2] It was also recast by Mr. Lee under the title of *The Man of Quality, A Farce (in 3 Acts and in prose) taken from the Comedy of The Relapse.* London, 1776, 8vo. As Mr. Lee's object was to make of it a play with a moral tendency, the result is rather dull. In an advertisement Mr Lee says : "The Editor of these scenes thinks it proper to acquaint the public, that, if the play whence they are taken had been free from exception, in point of stile and moral, he should never have presumed to curtail it ; but a long observation of the good taste of the town confirmed his opinion it was not so. He has, however, been careful to add no more than what seemed necessary to connect the plot ; his sole aim being, to restore to a frequency of representation a piece of genuine humour ; and to have his alterations thought not injurious but respectful to the memory of Sir John Vanbrugh."

contains some very noble sentiments, and the characters of Worthy and Amanda are such as to redeem to a great extent whatever may be condemned as immoral in the piece, from our modern point of view. In humour it comes next to *The Confederacy:* a scene such as that between Young Fashion, Lory and the Waterman, will bear comparison with anything written by either Congreve or Wycherley. A fine trait of this play is the great variety of characters: Lord Foppington, Hoyden, Tom Fashion, Sir Tunbelly Clumsy, Lory, the Nurse, are so many divergent characters taken from nature—exaggerated it is true, caricatures it may be, but still based on nature. Let us hear what Hazlitt says of the principal characters of this comedy:

"Lord Foppington is a most splendid caricature: he is a personification of the foppery and folly of dress and external appearance in full feather. He blazes out and dazzles sober reason with ridiculous ostentation. Hoyden wants sentiment, to be sure, but she has other qualifications—she is a fine bouncing piece of flesh and blood. Her first announcement is decisive—'Let loose the greyhound, and lock up Hoyden.' Her declaration, 'It's well they've got me a husband, or ecod, I'd marry the baker,' comes from her mouth like a shot from a culverin, and leaves no doubt, by its effect upon the ear, that she would have made it good in the sequel, if she had not been provided for. Sir Tunbelly Clumsy is the right worshipful and worthy father of so delicate an offspring. He is a coarse, substantial contrast to the flippant and flimsy Lord Foppington. If the one is not without reason 'proud to be at the head of so prevailing a party' as that of coxcombs, the other may look big and console himself (under some affronts) with being a very competent representative, a knight of the shire, of the once formidable, though now obsolete class of country squires, who had no idea beyond the boundaries of their own estates, or the circumference of their own persons. He is a standing satire upon himself and the class in natural history to which he belonged."

The Relapse pleased the playgoers, and Vanbrugh's name

became popular. Some of the most famous actors and actresses of the day played in it; Mrs. Cross was the first Miss Hoyden; Mrs. Verbruggen (who became Mrs. Mountford in 1687) played the part of Berinthia; Mrs. Rogers that of Amanda; and Colley Cibber appeared in it as Lord Foppington. The play was long a favourite with the public.

THE PREFACE.

TO go about to excuse half the defects this abortive brat is come into the world with, would be to provoke the town with a long useless preface, when it is, I doubt, sufficiently soured already by a tedious play. I do therefore (with all the humility of a repenting sinner) confess, it wants every thing—but length; and in that, I hope, the severest critick will be pleas'd to acknowledge I have not been wanting. But my modesty will sure atone for every thing, when the world shall know it is so great, I am even to this day insensible of those two shining graces in the play (which some part of the town is pleas'd to compliment me with) blasphemy and bawdy.

For my part, I cannot find them out: If there were any obscene expressions upon the stage, here they are in the print; for I have dealt fairly, I have not sunk a syllable, that cou'd (though by racking of mysteries) be rang'd under that head; and yet I believe with a steady faith, there is not one woman of a real reputation in town, but when she has read it impartially over in her closet, will find it so innocent, she will think it no affront to her Prayer-book, to lay it upon

the same shelf. So to them (with all manner of deference) I entirely refer my cause; and I am confident they will justify me against those pretenders to goodmanners, who at the same time have so little respect for the ladies, they wou'd extract a bawdy jest from an ejaculation, to put them out of countenance. But I expect to have these well-bred persons always my enemies, since I am sure I shall never write any thing lewd enough to make them my friends.

As for the saints (your thorough-pac'd ones, I mean, with skrew'd faces and wry mouths) I despair of them; for they are friends to nobody: They love nothing but their altars and themselves; they have too much zeal to have any charity; they make debauches in piety, as sinners do in wine; and are as quarrelsome in their religion, as other people are in their drink: so I hope nobody will mind what they say. But if any man (with flat plod shoes, a little band, greasy hair, and a dirty face, who is wiser than I, at the expence of being forty years older) happens to be offended at a story of a cock and a bull, and a priest and a bull-dog, I beg his pardon with all my heart; which, I hope, I shall obtain, by eating my words, and making this publick recantation. I do therefore, for his satisfaction, acknowledge I lyed, when I said, they never quit their hold; for in that little time I have liv'd in the world, I thank God I have seen them forc'd to it more than once; but next time I will speak with more caution and truth, and only say, they have very good teeth.

If I have offended any honest gentleman of the town, whose friendship or good word is worth the having, I am very sorry for it; I hope they will correct me as gently as they can, when they consider I have had no other design, in running a very great risk, than to

divert (if possible) some part of their spleen, in spite of their wives and their taxes.

One word more about the bawdy, and I have done. I own the first night this thing was acted, some indecencies had like to have happened; but it was not my fault.

The fine gentleman of the play,[1] drinking his mistress's health in *Nants*[2] brandy, from six in the morning to the time he waddled on upon the stage in the evening, had toasted himself up to such a pitch of vigour, I confess I once gave Amanda for gone, and am since (with all due respect to Mrs. *Rogers*) very sorry she escaped; for I am confident a certain lady (let no one take it to herself that is handsome) who highly blames the play, for the barrenness of the conclusion, would then have allowed it a very natural close.

[1] *I.e.*, Worthy. [Ed.] [2] *I.e.*, from Nantes.

PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MISS CROSS.

LADIES, this play in too much haste was writ,
To be o'ercharg'd with either plot or wit;
'Twas got, conceiv'd, and born in six weeks space,
And wit, you know, 's as slow in growth—as grace.
Sure it can ne'er be ripen'd to your taste;
I doubt 'twill prove our author bred too fast:
For mark 'em well, who with the Muses marry,
They rarely do conceive, but they miscarry.
'Tis the hard fate of those who are big with rhyme,
Still to be brought-to-bed before their time.
Of our late poets, Nature few has made;
The greatest part—are only so by trade.
Still want of something brings the scribbling fit;
For want of money some of 'em have writ,
And others do't, you see—for want of wit.
Honour, they fancy, summons 'em to write,
So out they lug in resty Nature's spight,
As some of you spruce *beaux* do—when you fight.
Yet let the ebb of wit be ne'er so low,

Some glimpse of it a man may hope to show,
Upon a theme so ample—as a *beau*.
So, howsoe'er true courage may decay,
Perhaps there's not one smock-face here to-day,
But's bold as *Cæsar*—to attack a play.
Nay, what's yet more, with an undaunted face,
To do the thing with more heroick grace,
'Tis six to four y'attack the strongest place.
You are such Hotspurs in this kind of venture,
Where there's no breach, just there you needs must enter.
But be advis'd—
E'en give the hero and the critique o'er,
For Nature sent you on another score;
She formed her *beau*, for nothing but her whore.

On the third day the following prologue was spoken by Mrs. Verbruggen. It is in the editions of 1697, 1698, 1708, 1730, and 1735, but not in that of 1776. It is also given in Mr. Ward's edition of Vanbrugh's Complete Works, and in Leigh Hunt.

Apologies for plays, experience shews,
Are things almost as useless—as the beaux.
What e'er we say (like them) we neither move,
Your friendship, pity, anger, nor your love.
'Tis interest turns the globe: let us but find,
The way to please you, and you'll soon be kind:
But to expect, you'd for our sakes approve,
Is just as tho' you for their sakes shou'd love,
And that, we do confess, we think a task,
Which (tho' they may impose) we never ought to ask.
This is an age, where all things we improve,
But most of all, the art of making love.

In former days, women were only won,
By merit, truth, and constant service done,
But lovers now, are much more expert grown.
They seldom wait, t'approach, by tedious form,
They'r for dispatch, for taking you by storm,
Quick are their sieges, furious are their fires,
Fierce their attacks, and boundless their desires.
Before the play's half ended, I'll engage,
To shew you beaux, come crowding on the stage,
Who with so little pains, have always sped,
They'll undertake to look a lady dead.
How I have shook, and trembling stood with awe,
When here, behind the scenes, I've seen 'em draw
—A Comb: that dead-doing weapon to the heart,
And turn each powder'd hair into a dart.
When I have seen 'em sally on the stage,
Drest to the war, and ready to engage,
I've mourn'd your destiny—yet more their fate,
To think, that after victorys so great,
It shou'd so often prove, their hard mishap,
To sneak into a lane—and get a clap.
But hush; they'r here already, I'll retire,
And leave 'em to you ladys to admire.
They'll shew you twenty thousand airs and graces,
They'll entertain you with their soft grimaces,
Their snuff-box, awkward bows—and ugly faces.
In short, they'r after all, so much your friends
That lest the play shou'd fail, the authors ends,
They have resolv'd, to make you some amends.
Between each act (perform'd by nicest rules),
They'll treat you—with an Interlude of Fools.
Of which, that you may have the deeper sence,
The entertainment's—at their own expence.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.[1]

MEN.

Sir NOVELTY FASHION, newly created Lord FOPPINGTON ...	*Mr. Cibber.*
YOUNG FASHION, his brother ...	*Mrs. Kent.*[2]
LOVELESS, Husband to Amanda ...	*Mr. Verbruggen.*
WORTHY, a Gentleman of the Town	*Mr. Powel.*
Sir TUNBELLY CLUMSEY, a Country Gentleman	*Mr. Bullock.*
Sir JOHN FRIENDLY, his Neighbour	*Mr. Mills.*
COUPLER, a Matchmaker	*Mr. Johnson.*
BULL, Chaplain to Sir Tunbelly	*Mr. Simson.*
SERRINGE, a Surgeon	*Mr. Haynes.*
LORY, Servant to Young Fashion	*Mr. Dogget.*

Shoomaker, Taylor, Perriwig-maker, &c.

WOMEN.

AMANDA, Wife to Loveless ...	*Mrs. Rogers.*
BERINTHIA, her Cousin, a young Widow	*Mrs. Verbruggen.*
Miss HOYDEN, a great Fortune, Daughter to Sir Tunbelly ...	*Mrs. Cross.*
Nurse, her Gouvernant	*Mrs. Powel.*

[1] Leigh Hunt adds after "Lory":

LA VEROLE, Valet to Lord Foppington.
MENDLEGS, a Hosier.
FORETOP, a Periwig-maker.
TUG, a Waterman.

And after "Nurse":

MRS. CALICO, a Sempstress.
ABIGAIL, Maid to Berinthia.

[2] In the edition of 1776 *Mr.* Kent is given; this is a mistake easily explained by the fact that the name occurs among the "men," and *Mrs.* Kent had been dead for many years. In the editions of 1697, 1698, and 1708, here followed, the actress is correctly named Mrs. Kent.

THE RELAPSE;

OR,

VIRTUE IN DANGER.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.[1]—*Enter* LOVELESS, *reading.*

HOW true is that philosophy which says
Our heaven is seated in our Minds!
Through all the roving pleasures of my youth,
(Where nights and days seem all consum'd in joy,
Where the false face of luxury
Display'd such charms,
As might have shaken the most holy hermit,
And made him totter at his altar)
I never knew one moment's peace like this.
Here—in this little soft retreat,

[1] Leigh Hunt added several stage directions. I have throughout retained those given in the edition of 1776, merely numbering the scenes for convenience' sake. In this case Hunt adds: "*A Room in* Loveless's *Country House.*"

65

My thoughts unbent from all the cares of life,
Content with fortune,
Eas'd from the grating duties of dependence,
From envy free, ambition under foot,
The raging flame of wild destructive lust
Reduc'd to a warm pleasing fire of lawful love,
My life glides on, and all is well within.

Enter AMANDA.

Lov. [*meeting her kindly*]. How does the happy cause of my content, my dear Amanda?
You find me musing on my happy state,
And full of grateful thoughts to heaven, and you.
Aman. Those grateful offerings heaven can't receive
With more delight than I do:
Would I cou'd share with it as well
The dispensations of its bliss,
That I might search its choicest favours out,
And shower 'em on your head for ever.
Lov. The largest boons that heaven thinks fit to grant
To things it has decreed shall crawl on earth,
Are in the gift of woman form'd like you.
Perhaps when time shall be no more,
When the aspiring soul shall take its flight,
And drop this pond'rous lump of clay behind it,
It may have appetites we know not of,
And pleasures as refin'd as its desires——
But till that day of knowledge shall instruct me,
The utmost blessing that my thought can reach,
[*Taking her in his arms.*] Is folded in my arms, and rooted in my heart.
Aman. There let it grow for ever.
Lov. Well said, Amanda—let it be for ever.—

Wou'd heaven grant that——
Aman. 'Twere all the heaven I'd ask.
But we are clad in black mortality,
And the dark curtain of eternal night
At last must drop between us.
Lov. It must: that mournful separation we must see.
A bitter pill it is to all; but doubles its ungrateful taste,
When lovers are to swallow it;
Aman. Perhaps that pain may only be my lot,
You possibly may be exempted from it;
Men find out softer ways to quench their fires.
Lov. Can you then doubt my constancy, Amanda?
You'll find 'tis built upon a steady basis—
The rock of reason now supports my love,
On which it stands so fix'd,
The rudest hurricane of wild desire
Wou'd, like the breath of a soft slumbering babe,
Pass by, and never shake it.
Aman. Yet still 'tis safer to avoid the storm;
The strongest vessels, if they put to sea,
May possibly be lost.
Wou'd I cou'd keep you here in this calm port for ever!
Forgive the weakness of a woman,
I am uneasy at your going to stay so long in town;
I know its false insinuating pleasures;
I know the force of its delusions;
I know the strength of its attacks;
I know the weak defence of nature;
I know you are a man—and I—a wife.
Lov. You know then all that needs to give you rest,

For wife's the strongest claim that you can urge.
When you would plead your title to my heart,
On this you may depend; therefore be calm,
Banish your fears, for they are traitors to your peace:
Beware of them, they are insinuating busy things
That gossip to and fro, and do a world of mischief
Where they come: But you shall soon be mistress of 'em all,
I'll aid you with such arms for their destruction,
They never shall erect their heads again.
You know the business is indispensible, that obliges
Me to go to London, and you have no reason, that I
Know of, to believe that I'm glad of the occasion:
For my honest conscience is my witness,
I have found a due succession of such charms
In my retirement here with you,
I have never thrown one roving thought that way;
But since, against my will, I'm dragg'd once more
To that uneasy theatre of noise,
I am resolv'd to make such use on't,
As shall convince you 'tis an old cast mistress,
Who has been so lavish of her favours,
She's now grown bankrupt of her charms,
And has not one allurement left to move me.

Aman. Her bow, I do believe, is grown so weak,
Her arrows (at this distance) cannot hurt you,
But in approaching 'em you give 'em strength:
The dart that has not far to fly,
Will put the best of armour to a dangerous trial.

Lov. That trial past, and y'are at ease for ever;
When you have seen the helmet prov'd,
You'll apprehend no more for him that wears it:
Therefore to put a lasting period to your fears,
I am resolv'd, this once, to launch into temptation.

I'll give you an essay of all my virtues;
My former boon companions of the bottle
Shall fairly try what charms are left in wine:
I'll take my place amongst them,
They shall hem me in,
Sing praises to their god, and drink his glory;
Turn wild enthusiasts for his sake,
And beasts to do him honour:
Whilst I, a stubborn atheist,
Sullenly look on,
Without one reverend glass to his divinity.
That for my temperance,
Then for my constancy——

Aman. Ay, there take heed.

Lov. Indeed the danger's small.

Aman. And yet my fears are great.

Lov. Why are you so timorous?

Aman. Because you are so bold.

Lov. My courage should disperse your apprehensions.

Aman. My apprehensions should alarm your courage.

Lov. Fy, fy, Amanda, it is not kind thus to distrust me.

Aman. And yet my fears are founded on my love.

Lov. Your love then is not founded as it ought;
For if you can believe 'tis possible
I shou'd again relapse to my past follies,
I must appear to you a thing
Of such an undigested composition,
That but to think of me with inclination,
Wou'd be a weakness in your taste,
Your virtue scarce cou'd answer.

Aman. 'Twou'd be a weakness in my tongue,

My prudence cou'd not answer,
If I shou'd press you farther with my fears;
I'll therefore trouble you no longer with 'em.

Lov. Nor shall they trouble you much longer,
A little time shall shew you they were groundless;
This winter shall be the fiery trial of my virtue;
Which, when it once has past,
You'll be convinc'd 'twas of no false allay,
There all your cares will end——

Aman. Pray heaven they may!

[*Exeunt hand in hand.*

SCENE II.—*Whitehall.*

Enter YOUNG FASHION, LORY, *and* Waterman.

Young Fash. Come, pay the waterman, and take the portmanteau.

Lory. Faith, sir, I think the waterman had as good take the portmanteau, and pay himself.

Young Fash. Why, sure there's something left in't.

Lory. But a solitary old waistcoat, upon my honour, sir.

Young Fash. Why, what's become of the blue coat, sirrah?

Lory. Sir, 'twas eaten at Gravesend; the reckoning came to thirty shillings, and your privy-purse was worth but two half-crowns.

Young Fash. 'Tis very well.

Wat. Pray, master, will you please to dispatch me?

Young Fash. Ay, here a—Canst thou change me a guinea?

Lory [*aside*]. Good.

Wat. Change a guinea, master! Ha, ha, your honour's pleas'd to compliment.

Young Fash. I'gad I don't know how I shall pay thee then, for I have nothing but gold about me.

Lory [*aside*]. Hum, hum.

Young Fash. What dost thou expect, friend?

Wat. Why, master, so far against wind and tide, is richly worth half a piece.

Young Fash. Why, faith, I think thou art a good conscionable fellow. I'gad, I begin to have so good an opinion of thy honesty, I care not if I leave my portmanteau with thee, till I send thee thy money.

Wat. Ha! God bless your honour; I should be as willing to trust you, master, but that you are, as a man may say, a stranger to me, and these are nimble times; there are a great many sharpers stirring. [*Taking up the portmanteau.*] Well, master, when your worship sends the money, your portmanteau shall be forthcoming. My name's Tugg, my wife keeps a brandy-shop in Drab-Ally at Wapping.

Young Fash. Very well; I'll send for't to-morrow.

[*Exit* Wat.

Lory. So——Now, sir, I hope you'll own yourself a happy man, you have outliv'd all your cares.

Young Fash. How so, sir?

Lory. Why you have nothing left to take care of.

Young Fash. Yes, sirrah, I have myself and you to take care of still.

Lory. Sir, if you cou'd but prevail with somebody else to do that for you, I fancy we might both fare the better for't.

Young Fash. Why, if thou canst tell me where to apply myself, I have at present so little money, and

so much humility about me, I don't know but I may follow a fool's advice.

Lory. Why then, sir, your fool advises you to lay aside all animosity, and apply to Sir Novelty, your elder brother.

Young Fash. Damn my elder brother.

Lory. With all my heart; but get him to redeem your annuity, however.

Young Fash. My annuity! 'Sdeath, he's such a dog, he would not give his powder-puff to redeem my soul.

Lory. Look you, sir, you must wheedle him, or you must starve.

Young Fash. Look you, sir, I will neither wheedle him, nor starve.

Lory. Why? what will you do then?

Young Fash. I'll go into the army.

Lory. You can't take the oaths; you are a Jacobite.

Young Fash. Thou may'st as well say I can't take orders because I'm an atheist.

Lory. Sir, I ask your pardon; I find I did not know the strength of your conscience, so well as I did the weakness of your purse.

Young Fash. Methinks, sir, a person of your experience should have known, that the strength of the conscience proceeds from the weakness of the purse.

Lory. Sir, I am very glad to find you have a conscience able to take care of us, let it proceed from what it will; but I desire you'll please to consider, that the army alone will be but a scanty maintenance for a person of your generosity (at least as rents now are paid); I shall see you stand in damnable need of some auxiliary guineas for your *menus plaisirs;* I will

therefore turn fool once more for your service, and advise you to go directly to your brother.

Young Fash. Art thou then so impregnable a block-head, to believe he'll help me with a farthing?

Lory. Not if you treat him, *de haut en bas*, as you use to do.

Young Fash. Why, how would'st have me treat him?

Lory. Like a trout, tickle him.

Young Fash. I can't flatter——

Lory. Can you starve?

Young Fash. Yes——

Lory. I can't; Good-by t'ye, sir—— [*Going.*

Young Fash. Stay, thou wilt distract me. What would'st thou have me to say to him?

Lory. Say nothing to him, apply yourself to his favourites; speak to his perriwig, his cravat, his feather, his snuff-box, and when you are well with them——desire him to lend you a thousand pounds. I'll engage you prosper.

Young Fash. 'Sdeath and Furies! Why was that coxcomb thrust into the world before me? O Fortune—Fortune—thou art a bitch, by Gad——

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Dressing-room.*

Enter Lord FOPPINGTON *in his night-gown.*

Lord Fop. Page——

Enter Page.

Page. Sir.

Lord Fop. Sir! Pray, sir, do me the favour to

teach your tongue the title the king has thought fit to honour me with.

Page. I ask your lordship's pardon, my lord.

Lord Fop. O, you can pronounce the word then ——I thought it would have choak'd you——D'ye hear?

Page. My lord.

Lord Fop. Call La Varole, I wou'd dress—

[*Exit* Page.

Solus.

Well, 'tis an unspeakable pleasure to be a man of quality——Strike me dumb——My lord——Your lordship——My Lord Foppington——*Ah! c'est quelque chose de beau, que le Diable m'emporte*——Why, the ladies were ready to puke at me, whilst I had nothing but Sir Navelty to recommend me to 'em ——Sure whilst I was but a knight, I was a very nauseous fellow——Well, 'tis ten thousand pawnd well given——stap my vitals——

Enter LA VAROLE.

Me Lord, de shoemaker, de taylor, de hosier, de sempstress, de peru, be all ready, if your lordship please to dress.

Lord Fop. 'Tis well, admit 'em.

La Var. Hey, messieurs, entrez.

Enter Taylor, &c.

Lord Fop. So, gentlemen, I hope you have all taken pains to shew yourselves masters in your professions.

Tayl. I think I may presume to say, sir——

La Var. My lord——you clawn you.

Tayl. Why, is he made a lord?——My lord, I ask

your lordship's pardon; my lord, I hope, my lord, your lordship will please to own, I have brought your lordship as accomplish'd a suit of clothes, as ever peer of England trode the stage in, my lord: Will your lordship please to try 'em now?

Lord Fop. Ay, but let my people dispose the glasses so, that I may see myself before and behind; for I love to see myself all raund——

[*Whilst he puts on his clothes, enter* YOUNG FASHION *and* LORY.

Young Fash. Hey-dey, what the devil have we here? Sure my gentleman's grown a favourite at Court, he has got so many people at his levee.

Lory. Sir, these people come in order to make him a favourite at Court, they are to establish him with the ladies.

Young Fash. Good God! to what an ebb of taste are women fallen, that it shou'd be in the power of a lac'd coat to recommend a gallant to 'em——

Lory. Sir, taylors and perriwig-makers are now become the bawds of the nation, 'tis they debauch all the women.

Young Fash. Thou sayest true; for there's that fop now, has not by nature wherewithal to move a cook-maid, and by that time these fellows have done with him, I'gad he shall melt down a countess——But now for my reception, I engage it shall be as cold a one, as a courtier's to his friend, who comes to put him in mind of his promise.

Lord Fop. [*to his taylor*]. Death and eternal tartures! Sir, I say the packet's too high by a foot.

Tayl. My lord, if it had been an inch lower, it would not have held your lordship's pocket-handkerchief.

Lord Fop. Rat my packet-handkerchief! Have not

I a page to carry it? You may make him a packet up to his chin a purpose for it; but I will not have mine come so near my face.

Tayl. 'Tis not for me to dispute your lordship's fancy.

Young Fash. [*to* LORY]. His lordship! Lory, did you observe that?

Lory. Yes, sir; I always thought 'twould end there. Now, I hope, you'll have a little more respect for him.

Young Fash. Respect! Damn him for a coxcomb; now has he ruin'd his estate to buy a title, that he may be a fool of the first rate: But let's accost him—— [*To* Lord FOP.] Brother, I'm your humble servant.

Lord Fop. O Lard, Tam; I did not expect you in England: Brother, I am glad to see you—— [*Turning to his taylor.*] Look you, sir, I shall never be reconcil'd to this nauseous packet; therefore pray get me another suit with all manner of expedition, for this is my eternal aversion. Mrs. Callicoe, are not you of my mind?

Semp. O, directly, my lord, it can never be too low—

Lord Fop. You are passitively in the right on't, for the packet becomes no part of the body but the knee.

Semp. I hope your lordship is pleas'd with your steenkirk.[1]

Lord Fop. In love with it, stap my vitals. Bring your bill, you shall be paid to-marrow—

Semp. I humbly thank your honour— [*Exit* Semp.

Lord Fop. Hark thee, shoe maker, these shoes a'n't ugly, but they don't fit me.

Shoe. My lord, my thinks they fit you very well.

Lord Fop. They hurt me just below the instep.

[1] A kind of neckcloth.

Shoe. [*feeling his foot*]. My lord, they don't hurt you there.

Lord Fop. I tell thee, they pinch me execrably.

Shoe. My lord, if they pinch you, I'll be bound to be hang'd, that's all.

Lord Fop. Why, wilt thou undertake to persuade me I cannot feel?

Shoe. Your lordship may please to feel what you think fit; but that shoe does not hurt you—I think I understand my trade——

Lord Fop. Now by all that's great and powerful, thou art an incomprehensible coxcomb; but thou makest good shoes, and so I'll bear with thee.

Shoe. My lord, I have work'd for half the people of quality in town these twenty years; and 'tis very hard I should not know when a shoe hurts, and when it don't.

Lord Fop. Well, pr'ythee, begone about thy business. [*Exit* Shoe. [*To the* Hosier.] Mr. Mend Legs, a word with you; the calves of the stockings are thicken'd a little too much. They make my legs look like a chairman's——

Mend. My lord, my thinks they look mighty well.

Lord Fop. Ay, but you are not so good a judge of those things as I am, ave study'd them all my life; therefore pray let the next be the thickness of a crawnpiece less——[*Aside.*] If the town takes notice my legs are fallen away, 'twill be attributed to the violence of some new intrigue. [*To the* Perriwig-maker.] Come, Mr. Foretop, let me see what you have done, and then the fatigue of the morning will be over.

Foretop. My lord, I have done what I defy any

prince in Europe to out-do; I have made you a perriwig so long, and so full of hair, it will serve you for a hat and cloak in all weathers.

Lord Fop. Then thou hast made me thy friend to eternity: Come, comb it out.

Young Fash. Well, Lory, what do'st think on't? A very friendly reception from a brother after three years absence!

Lory. Why, sir, 'tis your own fault; we seldom care for those that don't love what we love: if you wou'd creep into his heart, you must enter into his pleasures. Here you have stood ever since you came in, and have not commended any one thing that belongs to him.

Young Fash. Nor never shall, while they belong to a coxcomb.

Lory. Then, sir, you must be content to pick a hungry bone.

Young Fash. No, sir, I'll crack it, and get to the marrow before I have done.

Lord Fop. Gad's curse! Mr. Foretop, you don't intend to put this upon me for a full perriwig?

Fore. Not a full one, my lord! I don't know what your lordship may please to call a full one, but I have cramm'd twenty ounces of hair into it.

Lord Fop. What it may be by weight, sir, I shall not dispute; but by tale, there are not nine hairs on a side.

Fore. O Lord! O Lord! O Lord! Why, as God shall judge me, your honor's side-face is reduc'd to the tip of your nose.

Lord Fop. My side-face may be in an eclipse for aught I know; but I'm sure my full-face is like the full-moon.

Fore. Heaven bless my eye-sight——[*Rubbing his eyes.*] Sure I look thro' the wrong end of the perspective; for by my faith, an't please your honour, the broadest place I see in your face does not seem to me to be two inches diameter.

Lord Fop. If it did, it would just be two inches too broad; for a perriwig to a man, should be like a mask to a woman, nothing should be seen but his eyes——

Fore. My Lord, I have done; if you please to have more hair in your wig, I'll put it in.

Lord Fop. Passitively, yes.

Fore. Shall I take it back now, my lord?

Lord Fop. No: I'll wear it to-day, tho' it shew such a manstrous pair of cheeks, stap my vitals, I shall be taken for a trumpeter. [*Exit* Fore.

Young Fash. Now your people of business are gone, brother, I hope I may obtain a quarter of an hour's audience of you.

Lord Fop. Faith, Tam, I must beg you'll excuse me at this time, for I must away to the House of Lards immediately; my Lady Teaser's case is to come on to-day, and I would not be absent for the salvation of mankind. Hey, page! is the coach at the door?

Page. Yes, my lord.

Lord Fop. You'll excuse me, brother. [*Going.*

Young Fash. Shall you be back at dinner?

Lord Fop. As Gad shall jedge me, I can't tell; for 'tis passible I may dine with some of aur hause at Lacket's.[1]

Young Fash. Shall I meet you there? for I must needs talk with you.

Lord Fop. That, I'm afraid, mayn't be so praper;

[1] An ordinary near Charing Cross, much frequented by the gallants of the period. Its site is occupied by Drummond's Bank.

far the lards I commonly eat with, are a people of a nice conversation; and you know, Tam, your education has been a little at large: but if you'll stay here, you'll find a family dinner. Hey, fellow! What is there for dinner? There's beef: I suppose my brother will eat beef. Dear Tam, I'm glad to see thee in England, stap my vitals. [*Exit, with his equipage.*

Young Fash. Hell and Furies, is this to be borne?

Lory. Faith, sir, I cou'd almost have given him a knock o' th' pate myself.

Young Fash. 'Tis enough, I will now shew you the excess of my passion by being very calm: Come Lory, lay your loggerhead to mine, and in cool blood let us contrive his destruction.

Lory. Here comes a head, sir, would contrive it better than us both, if he wou'd but join in the confederacy.

Enter COUPLER.

Young Fash. By this light, old Coupler alive still! Why, how now, matchmaker, art thou here still to plague the world with matrimony? You old bawd, how have you the impudence to be hobbling out of your grave twenty years after you are rotten!

Coup. When you begin to rot, sirrah, you'll go off like a pippin, one winter will send you to the devil. What mischief brings you home again? Ha! You young lascivious rogue, you: Let me put my hand into your bosom, sirrah.

Young Fash. Stand off, old Sodom.

Coup. Nay, pr'ythee now don't be so coy.

Young Fash. Keep your hands to yourself, you old dog you, or I'll wring your nose off.

Coup. Hast thou then been a year in Italy, and brought home a fool at last? By my conscience, the

young fellows of this age profit no more by their going abroad, than they do by their going to church. Sirrah, sirrah, if you are not hang'd before you come to my years, you'll know a cock from a hen. But come, I'm still a friend to thy person, tho' I have a contempt of thy understanding; and therefore I would willingly know thy condition, that I may see whether thou standest in need of my assistance; for widows swarm, my boy, the town's infected with 'em.

Young Fash. I stand in need of any body's assistance, that will help me to cut my elder brother's throat, without the risque of being hang'd for him.

Coup. I'gad, sirrah, I cou'd help thee to do him almost as good a turn, without the danger of being burnt in the hand for't.

Young Fash. Say'st thou so, old Satan? Shew me but that, and my soul is thine.

Coup. Pox o' thy soul! give me thy warm body, sirrah; I shall have a substantial title to't when I tell thee my project.

Young Fash. Out with it then, dear dad, and take possession as soon as thou wilt.

Coup. Sayest thou so, my Hephestion? Why, then, thus lies the scene: but hold: who's that? If we are heard we are undone.

Young Fash. What, have you forgot Lory?

Coup. Who, trusty Lory, is it thee?

Lory. At your service, sir.

Coup. Give me thy hand, old boy; i'gad I did not know thee again; but I remember thy honesty, tho' I did not thy face; I think thou hadst like to have been hang'd once or twice for thy master.

Lory. Sir, I was very near once having that honour.

Coup. Well, live and hope; don't be discourag'd;

eat with him, and drink with him, and do what he bids thee, and it may be thy reward at last, as well as another's. [*To* YOUNG FASH.] Well, sir, you must know I have done you the kindness to make up a match for your brother.

Young Fash. I am very much beholden to you, truly.

Coup. You may be, sirrah, before the wedding-day yet; the lady is a great heiress; fifteen hundred pound a year, and a great bag of money; the match is concluded, the writings are drawn, and the Pipkin's to be crack'd in a fortnight.—Now you must know, stripling (with respect to your mother), your brother's the son of a whore.

Young Fash. Good.

Coup. He has given me a bond of a thousand pounds for helping him to this fortune, and has promis'd me as much more in ready money upon the day of marriage; which, I understand by a friend, he ne'er designs to pay me; if therefore you will be a generous young dog, and secure me five thousand pounds, I'll be a covetous old rogue, and help you to the lady.

Young Fash. I'gad, if thou can'st bring this about, I'll have thy statue cast in brass. But don't you doat, you old pandar you, when you talk at this rate?

Coup. That your youthful parts shall judge of: This plump partridge, that I tell you of, lives in the country, fifty miles off, with her honoured parents, in a lonely old house which nobody comes near; she never goes abroad, nor sees company at home: To prevent all misfortunes, she has her breeding within doors; the parson of the parish teaches her to play on

the bass-viol, the clerk to sing, her nurse to dress, and her father to dance: In short, nobody can give you admittance there but I; nor can I do it any other way, than by making you pass for your brother.

Young Fash. And how the devil wilt thou do that?

Coup. Without the devil's aid, I warrant thee. Thy brother's face not one of the family ever saw; the whole business has been manag'd by me, and all the letters go thro' my hands: The last that was writ to Sir Tunbelly Clumsey (for that's the old gentleman's name) was to tell him, his lordship would be down in a fortnight to consummate. Now you shall go away immediately; pretend you writ that letter only to have the romantick pleasure of surprizing your mistress; fall desperately in love, as soon as you see her; make that your plea for marrying her immediately; and when the fatigue of the wedding-night's over, you shall send me a swinging purse of gold, you dog you.

Young Fash. I'gad, old dad, I'll put my hand in thy bosom now——

Coup. Ah, you young hot lusty thief, let me muzzle you——[*kissing*]——sirrah, let me muzzle you.

Young Fash. 'Psha, the old letcher—— [*Aside.*

Coup. Well; I'll warrant thou hast not a farthing of money in thy pocket now; no, one may see it in thy face——

Young Fash. Not a sous, by Jupiter.

Coup. Must I advance then?—Well, sirrah, be at my lodgings in half an hour, and I'll see what may be done; we'll sign and seal, and eat a pullet, and when I have given thee some farther instructions, thou shalt hoist sail and be gone——[*kissing*]——T'other buss, and so adieu.

Young Fash. Um, 'psha,

Coup. Ah, you young warm dog, you; what a delicious night will the bride have on't!

[*Exit.* COUPLER.

Young Fash. So, Lory; Providence, thou seest, at last takes care of men of merit: We are in a fair way to be great people.

Lory. Ay, sir, if the devil don't step between the cup and the lip, as he uses to do.

Young Fash. Why, faith, he has play'd me many a damn'd trick to spoil my fortune, and, i'gad, I'm almost afraid he's at work about it again now; but if I should tell thee how, thou'dst wonder at me.

Lory. Indeed, sir, I shou'd not.

Young Fash. How dost know?

Lory. Because, sir, I have wonder'd at you so often, I can wonder at you no more.

Young Fash. No! what wouldst thou say if a qualm of conscience should spoil my design?

Lory. I wou'd eat my words, and wonder more than ever.

Young Fash. Why, faith, Lory, tho' I am a young Rake-hell, and have play'd many a roguish trick; this is so full grown a cheat, I find I must take pains to come up to't; I have scruples——

Lory. They are strong symptoms of death; if you find they increase, pray, sir, make your will.

Young Fash. No, my conscience shan't starve me, neither. But thus far I'll hearken to it; before I execute this project, I'll try my brother to the bottom, I'll speak to him with the temper of a philosopher; my reasons (tho' they press him home) shall yet be cloth'd with so much modesty, not one of all the truths they urge, shall be so naked to offend his sight: if he has yet so much humanity about him, as to assist

me (tho' with a moderate aid) I'll drop my project at his feet, and shew him how I can do for him, much more than what I ask he'd do for me. This one conclusive trial of him I resolve to make—

"Succeed or no, still victory's my lot;
If I subdue his heart, 'tis well; if not,
I shall subdue my conscience to my plot."

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.[1]

Enter LOVELESS *and* AMANDA.

LOV. How do you like these lodgings, my dear? For my part, I am so well pleased with them, I shall hardly remove whilst we stay in town, if you are satisfy'd.

Aman. I am satisfy'd with every thing that pleases you; else I had not come to town at all.

Lov. O! a little of the noise and bustle of the world sweetens the pleasures of retreat: We shall find the charms of our retirement doubled, when we return to it.

Aman. That pleasing prospect will be my chiefest entertainment, whilst, much against my will, I am obliged to stand surrounded with these empty pleasures, which 'tis so much the fashion to be fond of.

Lov. I own most of them are indeed but empty; nay, so empty, that one would wonder by what magick power they act, when they induce us to be vicious for their sakes. Yet some there are we may speak kindlier of: There are delights, of which a private life is

[1] Hunt adds: *A Room in* Loveless's *Town House.*

destitute, which may divert an honest man, and be a harmless entertainment to a virtuous woman. The conversation of the town is one; and truly (with some small allowances) the plays, I think, may be esteem'd another.

Aman. The plays, I must confess, have some small charms; and wou'd have more, wou'd they restrain that loose obscene encouragement to vice, which shocks, if not the virtue of some women, at least the modesty of all.

Lov. But till that reformation can be made, I would not leave the wholesome corn for some intruding tares that grow among it. Doubtless the moral of a well-wrought scene is of prevailing force—— Last night there happen'd one that mov'd me strangely.

Aman. Pray, what was that?

Lov. Why 'twas about—but 'tis not worth repeating.

Aman. Yes, pray let me know it.

Lov. No, I think 'tis as well let alone.

Aman. Nay, now you make me have a mind to know.

Lov. 'Twas a foolish thing: You'd perhaps grow jealous shou'd I tell it you, tho' without a cause, Heaven knows.

Aman. I shall begin to think I have cause, if you persist in making it a secret.

Lov. I'll then convince you you have none, by making it no longer so. Know then, I happen'd in the play to find my very character, only with the addition of a relapse; which struck me so, I put a sudden stop to a most harmless entertainment, which till then diverted me between the acts. 'Twas to admire the workmanship of nature, in the face of a young lady that sat some distance from me, she was so exquisitely handsome——

Aman. So exquisitely handsome!

Lov. Why do you repeat my words, my dear?

Aman. Because you seem'd to speak them with such pleasure, I thought I might oblige you with their echo.

Lov. Then you are alarmed, Amanda?

Aman. It is my duty to be so, when you are in danger.

Lov. You are too quick in apprehending for me; all will be well when you have heard me out. I do confess I gaz'd upon her, nay, eagerly I gaz'd upon her.

Aman. Eagerly! That's with desire.

Lov. No, I desir'd her not: I view'd her with a world of admiration, but not one glance of love.

Aman. Take heed of trusting to such nice distinctions.

Lov. I did take heed; for observing in the play, that he who seem'd to represent me there, was, by an accident like this, unwarily surpriz'd into a net, in which he lay a poor intangled slave, and brought a train of mischiefs on his head, I snatch'd my eyes away; they pleaded hard for leave to look again, but I grew absolute, and they obey'd.

Aman. Were they the only things that were inquisitive? Had I been in your place, my tongue, I fancy, had been curious too: I shou'd have ask'd her name, and where she liv'd (yet still without design:) —Who was she, pray?

Lov. Indeed I cannot tell.

Aman. You will not tell.

Lov. By all that's sacred, then, I did not ask.

Aman. Nor do you know what company was with her?

Lov. I do not.

Aman. Then I am calm again.

Lov. Why, were you disturb'd?

Aman. Had I then no cause?

Lov. None certainly.

Aman. I thought I had.

Lov. But you thought wrong, Amanda; for turn the case, and let it be your story: Should you come home, and tell me you had seen a handsome man, shou'd I grow jealous because you had eyes?

Aman. But shou'd I tell you he were exquisitely so; that I had gaz'd on him with admiration; that I had look'd with eager eyes upon him; shou'd you not think 'twere possible I might go one step further, and enquire his name?

Lov. [*aside*]. She has reason on her side, I have talk'd too much; but I must turn it off another way. [*To* AMAN.] Will you then make no difference, Amanda, between the language of our sex and yours? There is a modesty restrains your tongues, which makes you speak by halves when you commend; but roving flattery gives a loose to ours, which makes us still speak double what we think: You shou'd not therefore, in so strict a sense, take what I said to her advantage.

Aman. Those flights of flattery, sir, are to our faces only: When women once are out of hearing, you are as modest in your commendations as we are. But I shan't put you to the trouble of farther excuses; if you please, this business shall rest here. Only give me leave to wish, both for your peace and mine, that you may never meet this miracle of beauty more.

Lov. I am content.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, there's a young lady at the door in a chair, desires to know whether your ladyship sees company. I think her name is Berinthia.

Aman. O dear! 'tis a relation I have not seen this five years. Pray her to walk in. [*Exit* Servant. [*To* Lov.] Here's another beauty for you. She was young when I saw her last; but I hear she's grown extremely handsome.

Lov. Don't you be jealous now, for I shall gaze upon her too.

Enter BERINTHIA.

Lov. [*aside*]. Ha! By heavens, the very woman!

Ber. [*saluting* AMAN.]. Dear Amanda, I did not expect to meet with you in town.

Aman. Sweet cousin, I'm overjoy'd to see you. [*To* Lov.] Mr. Loveless, here's a relation and a friend of mine, I desire you'll be better acquainted with.

Lov. [*saluting* BER.]. If my wife never desires a harder thing, madam, her request will be easily granted.

Ber. [*to* AMAN.]. I think, madam, I ought to wish you joy.

Aman. Joy! Upon what?

Ber. Upon your marriage: You were a widow when I saw you last.

Lov. You ought rather, madam, to wish me joy upon that, since I am the only gainer.

Ber. If she has got so good a husband as the world reports, she has gain'd enough to expect the compliment of her friends upon it.

Lov. If the world is so favourable to me, to allow I deserve that title, I hope 'tis so just to my wife, to own I derive it from her.

Ber. Sir, it is so just to you both, to own you are, and deserve to be, the happiest pair that live in it.

Lov. I'm afraid we shall lose that character, madam whenever you happen to change your condition.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, my Lord Foppington presents his humble service to you, and desires to know how you do. He but just now heard you were in town. He's at the next door; and if it be not inconvenient, he'll come and wait upon you.

Lov. Lord Foppington! I know him not.

Ber. Not his dignity, perhaps, but you do his person. 'Tis Sir Novelty; he has bought a barony, in order to marry a great fortune: His patent has not been pass'd above eight-and-forty hours, and he has already sent how-do-ye's to all the town, to make 'em acquainted with his title.

Lov. Give my service to his lordship, and let him know, I am proud of the honour he intends me.

[*Exit* Ser.

Sure this addition of quality must have so improv'd this coxcomb, he can't but be very good company for a quarter of an hour.

Aman. Now it moves my pity more than my mirth, to see a man whom nature has made no fool, be so very industrious to pass for an ass.

Lov. No, there you are wrong, Amanda; you shou'd never bestow your pity upon those who take pains for your contempt; pity those whom nature abuses, but never those who abuse nature.

Ber. Besides, the town wou'd be robb'd of one of its chiefest diversions, if it shou'd become a crime to laugh at a fool.

Aman. I could never yet perceive the town inclin'd to part with any of its diversions, for the sake of their being crimes; but I have seen it very fond of some, I think, had little else to recommend 'em.

Ber. I doubt, Amanda, you are grown its enemy, you speak with so much warmth against it.

Aman. I must confess I am not much its friend.

Ber. Then give me leave to make you mine, by not engaging in its quarrel.

Aman. You have many stronger claims than that, Berinthia, whenever you think fit to plead your title.

Lov. You have done well to engage a second, my dear; for here comes one will be apt to call you to an account for your country principles.

Enter Lord FOPPINGTON.

Lord Fop. [*To* LOV.]. Sir, I am your most humble servant.

Lov. I wish you joy, my lord.

Lord Fop. O Lard, sir——madam, your ladyship's welcome to tawn.

Aman. I wish your lordship joy.

Lord Fop. O heavens, madam——

Lov. My lord, this young lady is a relation of my wife's.

Lord Fop. [*saluting her*]. The beautifullest race of people upon earth, rat me. Dear Loveless, I am over-joy'd to see you have brought your family to tawn again: I am, stap my vitals— [*Aside.*] For I design to lie with your wife. [*To* AMAN.] Far Gad's sake, madam, haw has your ladyship been able to subsist thus long, under the fatigue of a country life?

Aman. My life has been very far from that, my lord, it has been a very quiet one.

Lord Fop. Why that's the fatigue I speak of, madam: For 'tis impossible to be quiet, without thinking: Now thinking is to me the greatest fatigue in the world.

Aman. Does not your lordship love reading then?

Lord Fop. Oh, passionately, madam—— But I never think of what I read.

Ber. Why, can your lordship read without thinking?

Lord Fop. O Lard—— can your ladyship pray without devotion—madam?

Aman. Well, I must own I think books the best entertainment in the world.

Lord Fop. I am so much of your ladyship's mind, madam, that I have a private gallery, where I walk sometimes, is furnished with nothing but books and looking-glasses. Madam, I have gilded them, and rang'd 'em, so prettily, before Gad, it is the most entertaining thing in the world to walk and look upon 'em.

Aman. Nay, I love a neat library too; but 'tis, I think, the inside of a book shou'd recommend it most to us.

Lord Fop. That, I must confess, I am not altogether so fand of. Far to my mind the inside of a book, is to entertain one's self with the forc'd product of another man's brain. Naw I think a man of quality and breeding may be much diverted with the natural sprauts of his own. But to say the truth, madam, let a man love reading never so well, when once he comes to know this tawn, he finds so many better ways of passing away the four-and-twenty hours, that 'twere ten thousand pities he shou'd consume his time in that. Far example, madam, my life; my life, madam,

is a perpetual stream of pleasure, that glides thro' such a variety of entertainments, I believe the wisest of our ancestors never had the least conception of any of 'em. I rise, madam, about ten o'clock. I don't rise sooner, because 'tis the worst thing in the world for the complection; nat that I pretend to be a beau; but a man must endeavour to look wholesome, lest he makes so nauseous a figure in the side-bax, the ladies shou'd be compell'd to turn their eyes upon the play. So at ten o'clock, I say, I rise. Naw, if I find it a good day, I resalve to take a turn in the park, and see the fine women; so huddle on my clothes, and get dress'd by one. If it be nasty weather, I take a turn in the chocolate-house; where, as you walk, madam, you have the prettiest prospect in the world; you have looking-glasses all round you—— But I'm afraid I tire the company.

Ber. Not at all. Pray go on.

Lord Fop. Why then, ladies, from thence I go to dinner at Lacket's, and there you are so nicely and delicately serv'd, that, stap my vitals, they can compose you a dish, no bigger than a saucer, shall come to fifty shillings; between eating my dinner, and washing my mouth, ladies, I spend my time, till I go to the play; where, till nine o'clock, I entertain myself with looking upon the company; and usually dispose of one hour more in leading them aut. So there's twelve of the four-and-twenty pretty well over. The other twelve, madam, are disposed of in two articles: In the first four I toast myself drunk, and in t'other eight I sleep myself sober again. Thus, ladies, you see my life is an eternal raund O of delights.

Lov. 'Tis a heavenly one, indeed.

Aman. But, my lord, you beaux spend a great deal

of your time in intrigues: You have given us no account of them yet.

Lord Fop. [*aside*]. Soh, she wou'd enquire into my amours—— That's jealousy—— She begins to be in love with me. [*To* AMAN.] Why, madam—as to time for my intrigues, I usually make detachments of it from my other pleasures, according to the exigency. For your ladyship may please to take notice, that those who intrigue with women of quality, have rarely occasion for above half an hour at a time: People of that rank being under those decorums, they can seldom give you a larger view, than will justly serve to shoot 'em flying. So that the course of my other pleasures is not very much interrupted by my amours.

Lov. But your lordship now is become a pillar of the State; you must attend the weighty affairs of the nation.

Lord Fop. Sir——as to weighty affairs——I leave them to weighty heads. I never intend mine shall be a burden to my body.

Lov. O, but you'll find the house will expect your attendance.

Lord Fop. Sir, you'll find the House will compound for my appearance.

Lov. But your friends will take it ill if you don't attend their particular causes.

Lord Fop. Not, sir, if I come time enough to give 'em my particular vote.

Ber. But pray, my lord, how do you dispose of yourself on Sundays? for that, methinks, shou'd hang wretchedly on your hands.

Lord Fop. Why, faith, madam——Sunday——is a vile day, I must confess; I intend to move for leave to bring in a Bill, that players may work upon it, as

well as the hackney coaches. Tho' this I must say for the Government, it leaves us the churches to entertain us——. But then again, they begin so abominable early, a man must rise by candle-light to get dress'd by the psalm.

Ber. Pray which church does your lordship most oblige with your presence?

Lord Fop. Oh, St. James's, madam—— There's much the best company.

Aman. Is there good preaching too?

Lord Fop. Why, faith, madam——I can't tell. A man must have very little to do there, that can give an account of the sermon.

Ber. You can give us an account of the ladies, at least.

Lord Fop. Or I deserve to be excommunicated. There is my Lady Tattle, my Lady Prate, my Lady Titter, my Lady Leer, my Lady Giggle, and my Lady Grin. These sit in the front of the boxes, and all church-time are the prettiest company in the world, stap my vitals. [*To* AMAN.] Mayn't we hope for the honour to see your ladyship added to our society, madam?

Aman. Alas, my lord, I am the worst company in the world at church: I'm apt to mind the prayers, or the sermon, or——

Lord Fop. One is indeed strangely apt at church to mind what one should not do. But I hope, madam, at one time or other, I shall have the honour to lead your ladyship to your coach there. [*Aside.*] Methinks she seems strangely pleas'd with every thing I say to her——'Tis a vast pleasure to receive encouragement from a woman before her husband's face——I have a good mind to pursue my conquest, and speak

the thing plainly to her at once——I'gad, I'll do 't, and that in so cavalier a manner, she shall be surpriz'd at it—— Ladies, I'll take my leave; I'm afraid I begin to grow troublesome with the length of my visit.

Aman. Your lordship is too entertaining to grow troublesome any where.

Lord Fop. [*aside*]. That now was as much as if she had said——pray lie with me. I'll let her see I'm quick of apprehension. [*To* AMAN.] O Lard, madam, I had like to have forgot a secret, I must needs tell your ladyship. (*To* LOV.] Ned, you must not be so jealous now as to listen.

Lov. Not I, my lord; I'm too fashionable a husband to pry into the secrets of my wife.

Lord Fop. [*to* AMAN., *squeezing her hand*]. I am in love with you to desperation, strike me speechless.

Aman. [*giving him a box o' th' ear*]. Then thus I return your passion——an impudent fool!

Lord Fop. Gad's curse, madam, I'm a peer of the realm.

Lov. Hey; what the devil, do you affront my wife, sir? Nay then——

[*They draw and fight. The women run shrieking for help.*]

Aman. Ah! What has my folly done? Help! Murder, help! Part 'em, for heaven's sake.

Lord Fop. [*falling back, and leaning upon his sword*]. Ah——quite thro' the body——stap my vitals.

Enter Servants.

Lov. [*running to him*]. I hope I han't kill'd the fool, however——bear him up! Where's your wound?

Lord Fop. Just thro' the guts.

Lov. Call a surgeon there: Unbutton him quickly.

Lord Fop. Ay, pray make haste.

Lov. This mischief you may thank yourself for.

Lord Fop. I may so——love's the devil indeed, Ned.

Enter SYRINGE *and* Servant.

Serv. Here's Mr. Syringe, sir, was just going by the door.

Lord Fop. He's the welcomest man alive.

Syr. Stand by, stand by, stand by. Pray, gentlemen, stand by. Lord have mercy upon us! Did you never see a man run thro' the body before? Pray stand by.

Lord Fop. Ah, Mr. Syringe—I'm a dead man.

Syr. A dead man, and I by——I shou'd laugh to see that, i'gad.

Lov. Pr'ythee don't stand prating, but look upon his wound.

Syr. Why, what if I won't look upon his wound this hour, sir?

Lov. Why then he'll bleed to death, sir.

Syr. Why, then I'll fetch him to life again, sir.

Lov. 'Slife, he's run thro' the guts, I tell thee.

Syr. Wou'd he were run thro' the heart, I shou'd get the more credit by his cure. Now I hope you are satisfy'd?——Come, now let me come at him; now let me come at him. [*Viewing his wound.*] Oons, what a gash is here!——Why, sir, a man may drive a coach and six horses into your body.

Lord Fop. Ho——

Syr. Why, what the devil, have you run the gentleman thro' with a scythe? [*Aside.*] A little prick between the skin and the ribs, that's all.

Lov. Let me see his wound.

Syr. Then you shall dress it, sir; for if any body looks upon it, I won't.

Lov. Why, thou art the veriest coxcomb I ever saw.

Syr. Sir, I am not master of my trade for nothing.

Lord Fop. Surgeon!

Syr. Well, sir!

Lord Fop. Is there any hopes?

Syr. Hopes!——I can't tell——What are you willing to give for your cure?

Lord Fop. Five hundred paunds with pleasure.

Syr. Why then perhaps there may be hopes. But we must avoid further delay. Here, help the gentleman into a chair, and carry him to my house presently, that's the properest place—[*aside*]—to bubble him out of his money. Come, a chair, a chair quickly——There, in with him. [*They put him into a chair.*

Lord Fop. Dear Loveless——Adieu. If I die——I forgive thee; and if I live——I hope thou wilt do as much by me. I am very sorry you and I shou'd quarrel; but I hope here's an end on't, for if you are satisfy'd——I am.

Lov. I shall hardly think it worth my prosecuting any further, so you may be at rest, sir.

Lord Fop. Thou art a generous fellow, strike me dumb. [*Aside.*] But thou hast an impertinent wife, stap my vitals.

Syr. So, carry him off, carry him off, we shall have him prate himself into a fever by and by; carry him off. [*Exit.* Serv. *with* LORD FOP.

Aman. Now on my knees, my dear, let me ask your pardon for my indiscretion, my own I never shall obtain.

Lov. Oh, there's no harm done: You serv'd him well.

Aman. He did indeed deserve it. But I tremble to think how dear my indiscreet resentment might have cost you.

Lov. O, no matter; never trouble yourself about that.

Ber. For heaven's sake, what was't he did to you?

Aman. O nothing; he only squeez'd me kindly by the hand, and frankly offer'd me a coxcomb's heart. I know I was to blame to resent it as I did, since nothing but a quarrel could ensue. But the fool so surpriz'd me with his insolence, I was not mistress of my fingers.

Ber. Now I dare swear, he thinks you had 'em at great command, they obey'd you so readily.

Enter WORTHY.

Wor. Save you, save you, good people; I'm glad to find you all alive; I met a wounded peer carrying off. For heav'ns sake, what was the matter?

Lov. O, a trifle: He would have lain with my wife before my face, so she oblig'd him with a box o' the ear, and I run him thro' the body: That was all.

Wor. Bagatelle on all sides. But, pray, madam, how long has this noble lord been an humble servant of yours?

Aman. This is the first I have heard on't. So I suppose 'tis his quality, more than his love, has brought him into this adventure. He thinks his title an authentick passport to every woman's heart, below the degree of a peeress.

Wor. He's coxcomb enough to think any thing. But I wou'd not have you brought into trouble for him: I hope there's no danger of his life?

Lov. None at all: He's fallen into the hands of a

roguish surgeon, who I perceive designs to frighten a little money out of him. But I saw his wound, 'tis nothing; he may go to the play to-night, if he pleases.

Wor. I'm glad you have corrected him without farther mischief. And now, sir, if these ladies have no farther service for you, you'll oblige me if you can go to the place I spoke to you of t'other day.

Lov. With all my heart. [*Aside.*] Tho' I cou'd wish, methinks, to stay and gaze a little longer on that creature. Good God! How beautiful she is!——But what have I to do with beauty? I have already had my portion, and must not covet more. Come, sir, when you please. [*To* WOR.

Wor. Ladies, your servant.

Aman. Mr. Loveless, pray one word with you before you go.

Lov. [*to* WOR.] I'll overtake you, sir: What wou'd my dear?

Aman. Only a woman's foolish question, How do you like my cousin here?

Lov. Jealous already, Amanda?

Aman. Not at all; I ask you for another reason.

Lov. [*aside*]. Whate'er her reason be, I must not tell her true. [*To* AMAN.] Why, I confess she's handsome. But you must not think I slight your kinswoman, if I own to you, of all the women who may claim that character, she is the last wou'd triumph in my heart.

Aman. I'm satisfy'd.

Lov. Now tell me why you ask'd?

Aman. At night I will. Adieu.

Lov. I'm yours. [*Kissing her.*] [*Exit* LOV.

Aman. [*aside*]. I'm glad to find he does not like

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her; for I have a great mind to persuade her to come and live with me. [*To* BER.] Now, dear Berinthia, let me enquire a little into your affairs: for I do assure you, I am enough your friend, to interest myself in every thing that concerns you.

Ber. You formerly have given me such proofs on't, I shou'd be very much to blame to doubt it; I am sorry I have no secrets to trust you with, that I might convince you how entire a confidence I durst repose in you.

Aman. Why is it possible, that one so young and beautiful as you, shou'd live and have no secrets?

Ber. What secrets do you mean?

Aman. Lovers.

Ber. O twenty; but not one secret one amongst 'em. Lovers in this age have too much honour to do any thing under-hand; they do all above-board.

Aman. That now, methinks, wou'd make me hate a man.

Ber. But the women of the town are of another mind: For by this means a lady may, with the expence of a few coquet glances, lead twenty fools about in a string, for two or three years together. Whereas, if she shou'd allow 'em greater favours, and oblige 'em to secrecy, she wou'd not keep one of 'em a fortnight.

Aman. There's something indeed in that to satisfy the vanity of a woman, but I can't comprehend how the men find their account in it.

Ber. Their entertainment, I must confess, is a riddle to me. For there's very few of them ever get farther than a bow and an ogle. I have half a score for my share, who follow me all over the town; and at the play, the park, and the church, do, with their eyes, say

the violent'st things to me——But I never hear any more of 'em.

Aman. What can be the reason of that?

Ber. One reason is, they don't know how to go farther. They have had so little practice, they don't understand the trade. But besides their ignorance, you must know there is not one of my half-score lovers but what follows half a score mistresses. Now their affections being divided amongst so many, are not strong enough for any one, to make 'em pursue her to the purpose. Like a young puppy in a warren, they have a flirt at all, and catch none.

Aman. Yet they seem to have a torrent of love to dispose of.

Ber. They have so: But 'tis like the river of a modern philosopher, whose works, tho' a woman, I have read: it sets out with a violent stream, splits in a thousand branches, and is all lost in the sands.

Aman. But do you think this river of love runs all its course without doing any mischief? Do you think it overflows nothing?

Ber. O yes; 'tis true, it never breaks into any body's ground that has the least fence about it; but it overflows all the commons that lie in its way. And this is the utmost atchievement of those dreadful champions in the field of love—the beaux.

Aman. But pr'ythee, Berinthia, instruct me a little farther; for I am so great a novice, I'm almost asham'd on't. My husband's leaving me whilst I was young and fond, threw me into that depth of discontent, that ever since I have led so private and recluse a life, my ignorance is scarce conceivable. I therefore fain would be instructed: Not, heaven knows, that what you call intrigues have any charms for me: my

love and principles are too well fix'd. The practick part of all unlawful love is——

Ber. O 'tis abominable: But for the speculative—that we must all confess is entertaining. The conversation of all the virtuous women in the town turns upon that and new clothes.

Aman. Pray be so just then to me, to believe, 'tis with a world of innocency I wou'd enquire, whether you think those women we call women of reputation, do really 'scape all other men, as they do those shadows of 'em, the beaux.

Ber. O no, Amanda; there are a sort of men make dreadful work amongst 'em: Men that may be call'd the beaux antipathy; for they agree in nothing but walking upon two legs.

These have brains: The beau has none.

These are in love with their mistress: The beau with himself.

They take care of her reputation: He's industrious to destroy it.

They are decent: He's a fop.

They are sound: He's rotten.

They are men: He's an ass.

Aman. If this be their character, I fancy we had here e'en now a pattern of 'em both.

Ber. His lordship and Mr. Worthy?

Aman. The same.

Ber. As for the lord, he's eminently so: And for the other, I can assure you, there's not a man in town who has a better interest with the women, that are worth having an interest with. But 'tis all private: He's like a back-stair minister at Court, who, whilst the reputed favourites are sauntering in the bed-chamber, is ruling the roast in the closet.

Aman. He answers then the opinion I had ever of him. Heavens! What a difference there is between a man like him, and that vain nauseous fop, Sir Novelty! [*Taking her hand.*] I must acquaint you with a secret, cousin. 'Tis not that fool alone has talked to me of love, Worthy has been tampering too: 'Tis true, he has done it in vain: Not all his charms or art have power to shake me. My love, my duty, and my virtue, are such faithful guards, I need not fear my heart shou'd e'er betray me. But what I wonder at is this: I find I did not start at his proposal, as when it came from one whom I contemn'd. I therefore mention this attempt, that I may learn from you whence it proceeds, that vice, which cannot change its nature, shou'd so far change at least its shape, as that the self-same crime propos'd from one shall seem a monster gaping at your ruin, when from another it shall look so kind, as tho' it were your friend, and never meant to harm you. Whence, think you, can this difference proceed? For 'tis not love, heaven knows.

Ber. O no; I wou'd not for the world believe it were. But possibly, shou'd there a dreadful sentence pass upon you, to undergo the rage of both their passions; the pain you apprehend from one might seem so trivial to the other, the danger wou'd not quite so much alarm you.

Aman. Fy, fy, Berinthia! you wou'd indeed alarm me, cou'd you incline me to a thought, that all the merit of mankind combin'd, cou'd shake that tender love I bear my husband: No, he sits triumphant in my heart, and nothing can dethrone him.

Ber. But shou'd he abdicate again, do you think you shou'd preserve the vacant throne ten tedious winters more, in hopes of his return?

Aman. Indeed I think I shou'd. Tho' I confess, after those obligations he has to me, shou'd he abandon me once more, my heart wou'd grow extremely urgent with me to root him thence, and cast him out for ever.

Ber. Were I that thing they call a slighted wife, some body shou'd run the risque of being that thing they call—a husband.

Aman. O fy, Berinthia! No revenge shou'd ever be taken against a husband: But to wrong his bed is a vengeance, which of all vengeance——

Ber. Is the sweetest—ha, ha, ha! Don't I talk madly?

Aman. Madly indeed.

Ber. Yet I'm very innocent.

Aman. That I dare swear you are. I know how to make allowances for your humour: You were always very entertaining company; but I find since marriage and widowhood have shewn you the world a little, you are very much improv'd.

Ber. [*aside*]. Alack a-day, there has gone more than that to improve me, if she knew all.

Aman. For heaven's sake, Berinthia, tell me what way I shall take to persuade you to come and live with me?

Ber. Why, one way in the world there is——and but one.

Aman. Pray which is that?

Ber. It is to assure me—I shall be very welcome.

Aman. If that be all, you shall e'en lie here to-night.

Ber. To-night?

Aman. Yes, to-night.

Ber. Why, the people where I lodge will think me mad.

Aman. Let 'em think what they please.

Ber. Say you so, Amanda? Why then they shall think what they please: For I'm a young widow, and I care not what any body thinks. Ah, Amanda, it's a delicious thing to be a young widow.

Aman. You'll hardly make me think so.

Ber. Phu, because you are in love with your husband: but that is not every woman's case.

Aman. I hope 'twas yours, at least.

Ber. Mine, say ye? Now I have a great mind to tell you a lye, but I shou'd do it so awkwardly, you'd find me out.

Aman. Then e'en speak the truth.

Ber. Shall I?——Then after all, I did love him, Amanda——as a nun does penance.

Aman. Why did not you refuse to marry him, then?

Ber. Because my mother wou'd have whipt me.

Aman. How did you live together?

Ber. Like man and wife—asunder;
He lov'd the country, I the town.
He hawks and hounds, I coaches and equipage.
He eating and drinking, I carding and playing.
He the sound of a horn, I the squeak of a fiddle.
We were dull company at table, worse a-bed.
Whenever we met, we gave one another the spleen.
And never agreed but once, which was about lying alone.

Aman. But tell me one thing truly and sincerely.

Ber. What's that?

Aman. Notwithstanding all these jars, did not his death at last extremely trouble you?

Ber. O yes: Not that my present pangs were so very violent, but the after-pains were intolerable. I

was forc'd to wear a beastly widow's band[1] a twelvemonth for't.

Aman. Women, I find, have different inclinations.

Ber. Women, I find, keep different company. When your husband ran away from you, if you had fallen into some of my acquaintance, 'twou'd have sav'd you many a tear. But you go and live with a grandmother, a bishop, and an old nurse, which was enough to make any woman break her heart for her husband. Pray, Amanda, if ever you are a widow again, keep yourself so as I do.

Aman. Why, do you then resolve you'll never marry?

Ber. O, no; I resolve I will.

Aman. How so?

Ber. That I never may.

Aman. You banter me.

Ber. Indeed I don't. But I consider I'm a woman, and form my resolutions accordingly.

Aman. Well, my opinion is, form what resolution you will, matrimony will be the end on't.

Ber. Faith it won't.

Aman. How do you know?

Ber. I'm sure on't.

Aman. Why, do you think 'tis impossible for you to fall in love?

Ber. No.

Aman. Nay, but to grow so passionately fond, that nothing but the man you love can give you rest?

Ber. Well, what then?

Aman. Why, then you'll marry him.

Ber. How do you know that?

Aman. Why, what can you do else?

[1] A collar or ruff.

Ber. Nothing—but sit and cry.

Aman. Psha.

Ber. Ah, poor Amanda, you have led a country life: But if you'll consult the widows of this town, they'll tell you, you shou'd never take a lease of a house you can hire for a quarter's warning. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.[1]

Enter Lord FOPPINGTON *and servant.*

LORD FOP. Hey, fellow, let the coach come to the door.

Serv. Will your lordship venture so soon to expose yourself to the weather?

Lord Fop. Sir, I will venture as soon as I can, to expose myself to the ladies: tho' give me my cloke, however; for in that side-bax, what between the air that comes in at the door on one side, and the intolerable warmth of the masks on t'other, a man gets so many heats and colds, 'twou'd destroy the canstitution of a harse.

Serv. [*putting on his cloke*]. I wish your lordship wou'd please to keep house a little longer, I'm afraid your honour does not well consider your wound.

Lord Fop. My wound!——I wou'd not be in eclipse another day, tho' I had as many wounds in my guts as I have had in my heart.

[1] Hunt: *A Room in* Lord Foppington's *House.*

Enter YOUNG FASHION.

Young Fash. Brother, your servant. How do you find yourself to-day?

Lord Fop. So well, that I have arder'd my coach to the door: So there's no great danger of death this baut, Tam.

Young Fash. I'm very glad of it.

Lord Fop. [*aside*]. That I believe's a lye. Pr'ythee, Tam, tell me one thing: Did not your heart cut a caper up to your mauth, when you heard I was run thro' the bady?

Young Fash. Why do you think it shou'd?

Lord Fop. Because I remember mine did so, when heard my father was shat thro' the head?

Young Fash. It then did very ill.

Lord Fop. Pr'ythee, why so?

Young Fash. Because he us'd you very well.

Lord Fop. Well?——naw strike me dumb, he starv'd me He has let me want a thausand women for want of a thausand paund.

Young Fash. Then he hindered you from making a great many ill bargains; for I think no woman is worth money, that will take money.

Lord Fop. If I were a younger brother, I shou'd think so too.

Young Fash. Why, is it possible you can value a woman that's to be bought?

Lord Fop. Pr'ythee, why not as well as a pad-nag?

Young Fash. Because a woman has a heart to dispose of; a horse has none.

Lord Fop. Look you, Tam, of all things that belang to a woman, I have an aversion to her heart; far when once a woman has given you her heart——you can never get rid of the rest of her bady.

Young Fash. This is strange doctrine: But pray in your amours how is it with your own heart?

Lord Fop. Why, my heart in my amours——is like ——my heart aut of my amours; *à la glace.* My bady, Tam, is a watch; and my heart is the pendulum to it; whilst the finger runs raund to every hour in the circle, that still beats the same time.

Young Fash. Then you are seldom much in love?

Lord Fop. Never, stap my vitals.

Young Fash. Why then did you make all this bustle about Amanda?

Lord Fop. Because she was a woman of an insolent virtue, and I thought myself piqu'd in honour to debauch her.

Young Fash. Very well. [*Aside.*] Here's a rare fellow for you, to have the spending of five thousand pounds a-year. But now for my business with him. [*To* Lord FOP.] Brother, tho' I know to talk of business (especially of money) is a theme not quite so entertaining to you as that of the ladies, my necessities are such, I hope you'll have patience to hear me.

Lord Fop. The greatness of your necessities, Tam, is the worst argument in the warld far your being patiently heard. I do believe you are going to make a very good speech, but, strike me dumb, it has the worst beginning of any speech I have heard this twelvemonth.

Young Fash. I'm very sorry you think so.

Lord Fop. I do believe thou art. But come, let's know thy affair quickly; for 'tis a new play, and I shall be so rumpled and squeezed with pressing thro' the crawd, to get to my servant, the women will think I have lain all night in my clothes.

Young Fash. Why then (that I may not be the

author of so great a misfortune) my case in a word is this: The necessary expences of my travels have s much exceeded the wretched income of my annuity, that I have been forced to mortgage it for five hundred pounds, which is spent; so that unless you are so kind to assist me in redeeming it, I know no remedy but to take a purse.

Lord Fop. Why, faith, Tam——to give you my sense of the thing, I do think taking a purse the best remedy in the warld; for if you succeed, you are reliev'd that way; if you are taken——you are reliev'd t'other.

Young Fash. I'm glad to see you are in so pleasant a humour, I hope I shall find the effects on't.

Lord Fop. Why, do you then really think it a reasonable thing I should give you five hundred paunds?

Young Fash. I do not ask it as a due, brother, I am willing to receive it as a favour.

Lord Fop. Thau art willing to receive it any haw, strike me speechless. But these are damn'd times to give money in: Taxes are so great, repairs so exorbitant, tenants such rogues, and perriwigs so dear, that the devil take me, I'm reduc'd to that extremity in my cash, I have been farc'd to retrench in that one article of sweet pawder, till I have braught it dawn to five guineas a manth. Naw judge, Tam, whether I can spare you five hundred paunds?

Young Fash. If you can't, I must starve, that's all. [*Aside.*] Damn him.

Lord Fop. All I can say is, you should have been a better husband.

Young Fash. 'Oons, if you can't live upon five

thousand a-year, how do you think I should do't upon two hundred?

Lord Fop. Don't be in a passion, Tam; for passion is the most unbecoming thing in the warld——to the face. Look you, I don't love to say any thing to you to make you melancholy; but upon this occasion I must take leave to put you in mind, that a running horse does require more attendance, than a coach-horse. Nature has made some difference 'twixt you and I.

Young Fash. Yes, she has made you older. [*Aside.*] Pox take her.

Lord Fop. That is nat all, Tam.

Young Fash. Why, what is there else?

Lord Fop. [*looking first upon himself, then upon his brother*].——Ask the ladies.

Young Fash. Why, thou essence bottle, thou musk-cat, dost thou then think thou hast any advantage over me, but what fortune has given thee?

Lord Fop. I do——stap my vitals.

Young Fash. Now, by all that's great and powerful, thou art the prince of coxcombs.

Lord Fop. Sir——I am praud of being at the head of so prevailing a party.

Young Fash. Will nothing then provoke thee?——Draw, coward.

Lord Fop. Look you, Tam, you know I have always taken you for a mighty dull fellow, and here is one of the foolishest plats broke out, that I have seen a long time. Your paverty makes your life so burdensome to you, you would provoke me to a quarrel, in hopes either to slip thro' my lungs into my estate, or to get yourself run thro' the guts, to put an end to your pain. But I will disappoint you in both your designs; far

with the temper of a philasapher, and the discretion of a statesman——I will go to the play with my sword in my scabbard. [*Exit* Lord Fop.

Young Fash. So! Farewell, snuff-box. And now conscience, I defy thee. Lory!

Enter Lory.

Lory. Sir.

Young Fash. Here's rare news, Lory; his lordship has given me a pill has purg'd off all my scruples.

Lory. Then my heart's at ease again: For I have been in a lamentable fright, sir, ever since your conscience had the impudence to intrude into your company.

Young Fash. Be at peace, it will come there no more: My brother has given it a wring by the nose, and I have kick'd it down stairs. So run away to the inn; get the horses ready quickly, and bring them to old Coupler's, without a moment's delay.

Lory. Then, sir, you are going straight about the fortune.

Young Fash. I am: away; fly, Lory.

Lory. The happiest day I ever saw. I'm upon the wing already. [*Exeunt several ways.*

SCENE II.—*A Garden.*[1]

Enter Loveless *and* Servant.

Lov. Is my wife within?

Ser. No, sir, she has been gone out this half-hour.

Lov. 'Tis well; leave me.

[1] Hunt adds: *adjoining* Loveless's *lodgings.*

Solus.[1]

Sure fate has yet some business to be done,
Before Amanda's heart and mine must rest;
Else, why amongst those legions of her sex,
Which throng the world,
Shou'd she pick out for her companion
The only one on earth
Whom nature has endow'd for her undoing?
Undoing was't, I said——Who shall undo her?
Is not her empire fix'd? Am I not hers?
Did she not rescue me, a groveling slave,
When, chain'd and bound by that black tyrant Vice,
I labour'd in his vilest drudgery?
Did she not ransom me, and set me free?
Nay, more:
When by my follies sunk
To a poor tatter'd, despicable beggar,
Did she not lift me up to envy'd fortune?
Give me herself, and all that she possest?
Without a thought of more return,
Than what a poor repenting heart might make her,
Han't she done this? And if she has,
Am I not strongly bound to love her for it?
To love her—Why, do I not love her then?
By earth and heaven, I do!
Nay, I have demonstration that I do:
For I would sacrifice my life to serve her.
Yet hold——If laying down my life
Be demonstration of my love,
What is't I feel in favour of Berinthia?

[1] In Hunt's edition this is printed as poetry down to: "For shou'd she be," &c., and again from "check'd" to "*Enter* BERINTHIA.

For shou'd she be in danger, methinks, I cou'd incline
To risk it for her service too ; and yet I do not love her.
How then subsists my proof ?——
——O, I have found it out.
What I would do for one, is demonstration of my love ;
And if I'd do as much for t'other : it there is demonstration of my friendship——Ay——it must be so. I find I'm very much her friend.—Yet let me ask myself one puzzling question more : Whence springs this mighty friendship all at once ? For our acquaintance is of a later date. Now friendship's said to be a plant of tedious growth, its root compos'd of tender fibres, nice in their taste, cautious in spreading, check'd with the least corruption in the soil, long ere it take, and longer still ere it appear to do so ; whilst mine is in a moment shot so high, and fix'd so fast, it seems beyond the power of storms to shake it. I doubt it thrives too fast. [*Musing.*

Enter BERINTHIA.

—Ah, she here !—Nay, then take heed, my heart, for there are dangers towards.

Ber. What makes you look so thoughtful, sir ? I hope you are not ill.

Lov. I was debating, madam, whether I was so or not ; and that was it which made me look so thoughtful.

Ber. Is it then so hard a matter to decide ? I thought all people had been acquainted with their own bodies, tho' few people know their own minds.

Lov. What if the distemper, I suspect, be in the mind ?

Ber. Why then I'll undertake to prescribe you a cure.

Lov. Alas, you undertake you know not what.

Ber. So far at least then allow me to be a physician.

Lov. Nay, I'll allow you so yet farther: For I have reason to believe, shou'd I put myself into your hands, you wou'd increase my distemper.

Ber. Perhaps I might have reasons from the college not to be too quick in your cure; but 'tis possible, I might find ways to give you often ease, sir.

Lov. Were I but sure of that, I'd quickly lay my case before you.

Ber. Whether you are sure of it or no, what risk do you run in trying?

Lov. O, a very great one.

Ber. How?

Lov. You might betray my distemper to my wife.

Ber. And so lose all my practice.

Lov. Will you then keep my secret?

Ber. I will, if it don't burst me.

Lov. Swear.

Ber. I do.

Lov. By what?

Ber. By woman.

Lov. That's swearing by my deity. Do it by your own, or I shan't believe you.

Ber. By man then.

Lov. I'm satisfy'd. Now hear my symptoms, and give me your advice. The first were these:

When 'twas my chance to see you at the play,
A random glance you threw, at first alarm'd me,
I cou'd not turn my eyes from whence the danger came:
I gaz'd upon you, till you shot again,

And then my fears came on me.
My heart began to pant, my limbs to tremble,
My blood grew thin, my pulse beat quick,
My eyes grew hot and dim, and all the frame of nature
Shook with apprehension.
'Tis true, some small recruits of resolution
My manhood brought to my assistance,
And by their help I made a stand a while,
But found at last your arrows flew so thick,
They cou'd not fail to pierce me;
So left the field,
And fled for shelter to Amanda's arms.
What think you of these symptoms, pray?

Ber. Feverish every one of 'em.
But what relief pray did your wife afford you?

Lov. Why, instantly she let me blood, which for the present much assuag'd my flame. But when I saw you, out it burst again, and rag'd with greater fury than before. Nay, since you now appear, 'tis so increas'd, that in a moment, if you do not help me, I shall, whilst you look on, consume to ashes.[1]

[*Taking hold of her hand.*

Ber. [*breaking from him*]. O Lard, let me go: 'Tis the plague, and we shall all be infected.

Lov. [*catching her in his arms, and kissing her*]. Then we'll die together, my charming angel.

Ber. O Ged—the devil's in you.
Lard, let me go, here's somebody coming.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, my lady's come home, and desires to speak with you: She's in her chamber.

[1] Printed as poetry in Hunt's edition.

Lov. Tell her I'm coming. [*Exit* Serv.
[*To* BER.] But before I go, one glass of nectar more to drink her health.

Ber. Stand off, or I shall hate you, by heavens!

Lov. [*kissing her*]. In matters of love, a woman's oath is no more to be minded than a man's.

Ber. Um——

Enter WORTHY.

Wor. Ha! What's here? my old mistress, and so close, i'faith! I wou'd not spoil her sport for the universe. [*He retires.*

Ber. O Ged——Now do I pray to heaven, [*Exit* LOVELESS *running*] with all my heart and soul, that the devil in hell may take me, if ever——I was better pleas'd in my life——This man has bewitch'd me, that's certain. [*Sighing.*] Well, I am condemn'd, but, thanks to heaven, I feel myself each moment more and more prepar'd for my execution—Nay, to that degree, I don't perceive I have the least fear of dying. No, I find, let the executioner be but a man, and there's nothing will suffer with more resolution than a woman. Well, I never had but one intrigue yet: But I confess I long to have another. Pray heaven it end as the first did tho', that we may both grow weary at a time; for 'tis a melancholy thing for lovers to outlive one another.

Enter WORTHY.

Wor. [*aside*]. This discovery's a lucky one, I hope to make a happy use on't. That gentlewoman there is no fool; so I shall be able to make her understand her interest. [*To* BER.] Your servant, madam; I need not ask you how you do, you have got so good a colour.

Ber. No better than I us'd to have, I suppose.

Wor. A little more blood in your cheeks.

Ber. The weather's hot.

Wor. If it were not, a woman may have a colour.

Ber. What do you mean by that?

Wor. Nothing.

Ber. Why do you smile then?

Wor. Because the weather's hot.

Ber. You'll never leave roguing, I see that.

Wor. [*putting his finger to his nose*]. You'll never leave——I see that.

Ber. Well, I can't imagine what you drive at. Pray tell me what you mean?

Wor. Do you tell me, it's the same thing.

Ber. I can't.

Wor. Guess!

Ber. I shall guess wrong.

Wor. Indeed you won't.

Ber. Psha! either tell, or let it alone.

Wor. Nay, rather than let it alone, I will tell. But first I must put you in mind that, after what has past 'twixt you and I, very few things ought to be secrets between us.

Ber. Why what secrets do we hide? I know of none.

Wor. Yes, there are two; one I have hid from you, and t'other you wou'd hide from me. You are fond of Loveless, which I have discover'd; and I am fond of his wife——

Ber. Which I have discover'd.

Wor. Very well; now I confess your discovery to be true, what do you say to mine?

Ber. Why, I confess——I wou'd swear 'twere false, if I thought you were fool enough to believe me.

Wor. Now am I almost in love with you again. Nay, I don't know but I might be quite so, had I made one short campaign with Amanda. Therefore, if you find 'twou'd tickle your vanity, to bring me down once more to your lure, e'en help me quickly to dispatch her business, that I may have nothing else to do, but to apply myself to yours.

Ber. Do you then think, sir, I am old enough to be a bawd?

Wor. No, but I think you are wise enough to——

Ber. To do what?

Wor. To hoodwink Amanda with a gallant, that she mayn't see who is her husband's mistress.

Ber. [*aside*]. He has reason: The hint's a good one.

Wor. Well, madam, what think you on't?

Ber. I think you are so much a deeper politician in these affairs than I am, that I ought to have a very great regard to your advice.

Wor. Then give me leave to put you in mind, that the most easy, safe, and pleasant situation for your own amour, is the house in which you now are; provided you keep Amanda from any sort of suspicion. That the way to do that, is to engage her in an intrigue of her own, making yourself her confidante. And the way to bring her to intrigue, is to make her jealous of her husband in a wrong place; which the more you foment, the less you'll be suspected. This is my scheme, in short; which if you follow as you shou'd do (my dear Berinthia) we may all four pass the winter very pleasantly.

Ber. Well, I could be glad to have nobody's sins to answer for but my own. But where there is a necessity——

Wor. Right! as you say, where there is a necessity,

a Christian is bound to help his neighbour. So, good Berinthia, lose no time, but let us begin the dance as fast as we can.

Ber. Not till the fiddles are in tune, pray, sir. Your lady's strings will be very apt to fly, I can tell you that, if they are wound up too hastily. But if you'll have patience to skrew them to a pitch by degrees, I don't doubt but she may endure to be play'd upon.

Wor. Ay, and will make admirable musick too, or I'm mistaken; but have you had no private closet discourse with her yet about males and females, and so forth, which may give you hopes in her constitution; for I know her morals are the devil against us.

Ber. I have had so much discourse with her, that I believe were she once cur'd of her fondness to her husband, the fortress of her virtue wou'd not be so impregnable as she fancies.

Wor. What! she runs, I'll warrant you, into that common mistake of fond wives, who conclude themselves virtuous, because they can refuse a man they don't like, when they have got one they do.

Ber. True, and there I think 'tis a presumptuous thing in a woman to assume the name of virtuous, till she has heartily hated her husband, and been soundly in love with somebody else. Whom if she has withstood—then—much good may it do her!

Wor. Well, so much for her virtue. Now, one word of her inclinations, and every one to their post. What opinion do you find she has of me?

Ber. What you cou'd wish; she thinks you handsome and discreet.

Wor. Good, that's thinking half seas over. One tide more brings us into port.

Ber. Perhaps it may, tho' still remember, there's a difficult bar to pass.

Wor. I know there is, but I don't question I shall get well over it, by the help of such a pilot.

Ber. You may depend upon your pilot, she'll do the best she can; so weigh anchor, and be gone as soon as you please.

Wor. I'm under sail already. Adieu. [*Exit* WOR.

Ber. Bon voyage.

Sola.

So, here's fine work. What a business have I undertaken! I'm a very pretty gentlewoman, truly; but there was no avoiding it: He'd have ruin'd me, if I had refus'd him. Besides, faith, I begin to fancy there may be as much pleasure in carrying on another body's intrigue, as one's own. This at least is certain, it exercises almost all the entertaining faculties of a woman: For there's employment for hypocrisy, invention, deceit, flattery, mischief, and lying.

Enter AMANDA, *her* Woman *following her.*

Wom. If you please, madam, only to say, whether you'll have me to buy 'em or not.

Aman. Yes, no, go fiddle; I care not what you do. Pr'ythee leave me.

Wom. I have done. [*Exit* Woman.

Ber. What in the name of Jove's the matter with you?

Aman. The matter, Berinthia! I'm almost mad, I'm plagu'd to death.

Ber. Who is it that plagues you?

Aman. Who do you think shou'd plague a wife, but her husband?

Ber. O ho, is it come to that? We shall have you with yourself a widow by and by.

Aman. Wou'd I were anything but what I am! A base ungrateful man, after what I have done for him, to use me thus!

Ber. What, he has been ogling now, I'll warrant you?

Aman. Yes, he has been ogling.

Ber. And so you are jealous? Is that all?

Aman. That all! Is jealousy then nothing?

Ber. It shou'd be nothing, if I were in your case.

Aman. Why, what wou'd you do?

Ber. I'd cure myself.

Aman. How?

Ber. Let blood in the fond vein: Care as little for my husband as he did for me.

Aman. That would not stop his course.

Ber. Nor nothing else, when the wind's in the warm corner. Look you, Amanda, you may build castles in the air, and fume, and fret, and grow thin and lean, and pale and ugly, if you please. But I tell you, no man worth having is true to his wife, or can be true to his wife, or ever was, or ever will be so.

Aman. Do you then really think he's false to me? for I did but suspect him.

Ber. Think so? I know he's so.

Aman. Is it possible? Pray tell me what you know.

Ber. Don't press me then to name names; for that I have sworn I won't do.

Aman. Well, I won't; but let me know all you can without perjury.

Ber. I'll let you know enough to prevent any wise woman's dying of the pip; and I hope you'll pluck

up your spirits, and shew, upon occasion, you can be as good a wife as the best of 'em.

Aman. Well, what a woman can do I'll endeavour.

Ber. O, a woman can do a great deal, if once she sets her mind to it. Therefore pray don't stand trifling any longer, and teasing yourself with this and that, and your love and your virtue, and I know not what: But resolve to hold up your head, get a tiptoe, and look over them all; for to my certain knowledge your husband is a pickering[1] elsewhere.

Aman. You are sure on't?

Ber. Positively, he fell in love at the play.

Aman. Right, the very same; do you know the ugly thing?

Ber. Yes, I know her well enough; but she's no such ugly thing, neither.

Aman. Is she very handsome?

Ber. Truly I think so.

Aman. Hey-ho!

Ber. What do you sigh for now?

Aman. Oh my heart!

Ber. [*aside*]. Only the pangs of nature! she's in labour of her love; heaven send her a quick delivery! I'm sure she has a good midwife.

Aman. I'm very ill, I must go to my chamber; Dear Berinthia, don't leave me a moment.

Ber. No, don't fear. [*Aside.*] I'll see you safe brought-to-bed, I'll warrant you.

[*Exeunt*, AMANDA *leaning upon* BERINTHIA.

[1] To pickeer = to pillage, to skirmish.

SCENE III.—*A Country House.*[1]

Enter YOUNG FASHION *and* LORY.

Young Fash. So, here's our inheritance, Lory, if we can but get into possession. But, methinks, the seat of our family looks like Noah's Ark, as if the chief parts on't were design'd for the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the field.

Lory. Pray, sir, don't let your head run upon the orders of building here; get but the heiress, let the devil take the house.

Young Fash. Get but the house, let the devil take the heiress, I say; at least if she be as old Coupler describes her. But come, we have no time to squander. Knock at the door. [LORY *knocks two or three times.*] What the devil, have they got no ears in this house? Knock harder.

Lory. I'gad, sir, this will prove some inchanted castle; we shall have the giant come out by and by with his club, and beat our brains out.

[*Knocks again.*

Young Fash. Hush! they come.

From within. Who is there?

Lory. Open the door and see: Is that your country breeding?

Within. Ay, but two words to a bargain: Tummus, is the blunderbuss prim'd?

Young Fash. 'Oons, give 'em good words, Lory; we shall be shot here a fortune-catching.

Lory. I'gad, sir, I think y'are in the right on't. Ho, Mr. What d'ye-call-um.—[Servant *appears at the window with a blunderbuss.*]

[1] Hunt: Sir Tunbelly Clumsey's *Country House.*

Ser. Weal naw, what's yar business?

Young Fash. Nothing, sir, but to wait upon Sir Tunbelly, with your leave.

Ser. To weat upon Sir Tunbelly? Why, you'll find that's just as Sir Tunbelly pleases.

Young Fash. But will you do me the favour, sir, to know whether Sir Tunbelly pleases or not?

Ser. Why, look you, do you see, with good words much may be done. Ralph, go thy weas, and ask Sir Tunbelly if he pleases to be waited upon. And, do'st hear, call to nurse, that she may lock up Miss Hoyden before the gates open.

Young Fash. D'ye hear that, Lory?

Lory. Ay, sir, I'm afraid we shall find a difficult job on't. Pray heaven that old rogue Coupler han't sent us to fetch milk out of the gunroom!

Young Fash. I'll warrant thee all will go well: See, the door opens.

Enter SIR TUNBELLY, *with his* Servants *arm'd with Guns, Clubs, Pitchforks, Scythes, &c.*

Lory [*running behind his master*]. O Lord, O Lord, O Lord, we are both dead men!

Young Fash. Take heed, fool, thy fear will ruin us.

Lory. My fear, sir—'sdeath, sir, I fear nothing. [*Aside.*] Wou'd I were well up to the chin in a horse-pond!

Sir Tun. Who is it here has any business with me?

Young Fash. Sir, 'tis I, if your name be Sir Tunbelly Clumsey.

Sir Tun. Sir, my name is Sir Tunbelly Clumsey,

whether you have any business with me or not. So you see I am not asham'd of my name—nor my face —neither.

Young Fash. Sir, you have no cause, that I know of.

Sir Tun. Sir, if you have no cause neither, I desire to know who you are; for till I know your name, I shall not ask you to come into my house; and when I know your name—'tis six to four I don't ask you neither.

Young Fash. [*giving him a letter*]. Sir, I hope you'll find this letter an authentick passport.

Sir Tun. God's my life, I ask your lordship's pardon ten thousand times. [*To his* Servant.] Here, run in a-doors quickly: Get a Scotch-coal fire in the great parlour; set all the Turkey-work-chairs in their places; get the great brass candlesticks out, and be sure stick the sockets full of laurel; run. [*Turning to* YOUNG FASH.] My lord, I ask your lordship's pardon. [*To other* Servants.] And do you hear, run away to nurse, bid her let Miss Hoyden loose again, and if it was not shifting day, let her put on a clean tucker—quick! [*Exeunt* Servants *confusedly*.] [*To* YOUNG FASH.] I hope your honour will excuse the disorder of my family; we are not us'd to receive men of your lordship's great quality every day; pray where are your coaches and servants, my lord?

Young Fash. Sir, that I might give you and your fair daughter a proof how impatient I am to be nearer akin to you, I left my equipage to follow me, and came away post with only one servant.

Sir Tun. Your lordship does me too much honour. It was exposing your person to too much fatigue and danger, I protest it was; but my daughter shall

endeavour to make you what amends she can; and tho' I say it, that shou'd not say it—Hoyden has charms.

Young Fash. Sir, I am not a stranger to them, tho' I am to her. Common fame has done her justice.

Sir Tun. My lord, I am common fame's very grateful humble servant. My lord—my girl's young: Hoyden is young, my lord; but this I must say for her, what she wants in art, she has by nature; what she wants in experience, she has in breeding; and what's wanting in her age, is made good in her constitution. So pray, my lord, walk in; pray, my lord, walk in.

Young Fash. Sir, I wait upon you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Miss HOYDEN *sola.*

Sure never no body was us'd as I am. I know well enough what other girls do, for all they think to make a fool of me: It's well I have a husband a coming, or i'cod, I'd marry the baker, I wou'd so. No body can knock at the gate, but presently I must be lockt up; and here's the young greyhound bitch can run loose about the house all the day long, she can; 'tis very well.

Nurse [*without, opening the door*]. Miss Hoyden! Miss, Miss, Miss, Miss Hoyden!

Enter Nurse.

Miss. Well, what do you make such a noise for, ha!

What do you din a body's ears for? Can't one be at quiet for you!

Nurse. What do I din your ears for? Here's one come will din your ears for you.

Miss. What care I who's come? I care not a fig who comes, nor who goes, as long as I must be lockt up like the ale-cellar.

Nurse. That, miss, is for fear you shou'd be drank before you are ripe.

Miss. O, don't you trouble your head about that; I'm as ripe as you, tho' not so mellow.

Nurse. Very well; now I have a good mind to lock you up again, and not let you see my lord to-night.

Miss. My lord! Why, is my husband come?

Nurse. Yes, marry is he, and a goodly person too.

Miss [*hugging Nurse*]. O my dear nurse, forgive me this once, and I'll never misuse you again; no, if I do, you shall give me three thumps on the back, and a great pinch by the cheek.

Nurse. Ah the poor thing, see how it melts; it's as full of good-nature as an egg's full of meat.

Miss. But, my dear nurse, don't lie now; is he come, by my troth?

Nurse. Yes, by my truly, is he.

Miss. O Lord! I'll go and put on my lac'd smock, tho' I am whipt till the blood run down my heels for't. [*Exit running.*

Nurse. Eh———the Lord succour thee, how thou art delighted! [*Exit after her.*

Enter Sir TUNBELLY *and* YOUNG FASHION. *A* Servant *with Wine.*

Sir Tun. My lord, I'm proud of the honour to

see your lordship within my doors: and I humbly crave leave to bid you welcome in a cup of sack wine.

Young Fash. Sir, to your daughter's health.

[*Drinks.*

Sir Tun. Ah poor girl, she'll be scar'd out of her wits on her wedding night; for, honestly speaking, she does not know a man from a woman, but by his beard, and his breeches.

Young Fash. Sir, I don't doubt she has had a virtuous education, which, with the rest of her merit, makes me long to see her mine. I wish you wou'd dispense with the canonical hour, and let it be this very night.

Sir Tun. O not so soon, neither; that's shooting my girl before you bid her stand. No, give her fair warning, we'll sign and seal to-night if you please; and this day seven-night—let the jade look to her quarters.

Young Fash. This day seven-night——Why, what do you take me for a ghost, sir? 'Slife, sir, I'm made of flesh and blood, and bones and sinews, and can no more live a week without your daughter—than I can live a month with her. [*Aside.*

Sir Tun. Oh, I'll warrant you, my hero; young men are hot, I know, but they don't boil over at that rate, neither; besides, my wench's wedding gown is not come home yet.

Young Fash. O, no matter, sir, I'll take her in her shift. [*Aside.*] A pox of this old fellow, he'll delay the business till my damn'd star finds me out, and discovers me. [*To* Sir TUN.] Pray, sir, let it be done without ceremony; twill save money.

Sir Tun. Money——save money when Hoyden's to

be marry'd? Udswoons, I'll give my wench a wedding dinner, tho' I go to grass with the King of Assyria for't; and such a dinner it shall be, as is not to be cook'd in the poaching of an egg. Therefore, my noble lord, have a little patience, we'll go and look over our deeds and settlements immediately; and as for your bride, tho' you may be sharp-set before she's quite ready, I'll engage for my girl, she stays your stomach at last. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.—*Enter* Miss HOYDEN *and* Nurse.

NURSE. Well, miss, how do you like your husband that is to be?

Miss. O Lord, nurse, I'm so over-joy'd, I can scarce contain myself.

Nurse. O, but you must have a care of being too fond; for men now a days hate a woman that loves 'em.

Miss. Love him! Why do you think I love him, nurse? I'cod, I would not care if he were hang'd, so I were but once married to him——No——that which pleases me, is to think what work I'll make when I get to London; for when I am a wife and a lady both, nurse, i'cod, I'll flant it with the best of 'em.

Nurse. Look, look, if his honour be not a coming to you; now if I were sure you wou'd behave yourself handsomely, and not disgrace me that have brought you up, I'd leave you alone together.

Miss. That's my best nurse, do as you wou'd be done by; trust us together this once; and if I don't

shew my breeding from the head to the foot of me, may I be twice married, and die a maid!

Nurse. Well, this once I'll venture you; but if you disparage me——

Miss. Never fear, I'll shew him my parts. I'll warrant him. [*Exit* Nurse.

Sola.

These old women are so wise when they get a poor girl into their clutches; but ere it be long, I shall know what's what, as well as the best of 'em.

Enter YOUNG FASHION.

Young Fash. Your servant, madam, I'm glad to find you alone; for I have something of importance to speak to you about.

Miss. Sir (my lord, I meant) you may speak to me about what you please, I shall give you a civil answer.

Young Fash. You give me so obliging a one, it encourages me to tell you in few words, what I think both for your interest and mine. Your father, I suppose you know, has resolv'd to make me happy in being your husband, and I hope I may depend upon your consent, to perform what he desires.

Miss. Sir, I never disobey my father in any thing but eating of green gooseberries.

Young Fash. So good a daughter must needs be an admirable wife; I am therefore impatient till you are mine, and hope you will so far consider the violence of my love, that you won't have the cruelty to defer my happiness so long as your father designs it.

Miss. Pray, my lord, how long is it?

Young Fash. Madam, a thousand year—a whole week.

Miss. A week!—why, I shall be an old woman by that time.

Young Fash. And I an old man, which you'll find a greater misfortune than t'other.

Miss. Why I thought it was to be to-morrow morning, as soon as I was up; I'm sure nurse told me so.

Young Fash. And it shall be to-morrow morning still, if you'll consent.

Miss. If I'll consent! Why I thought I was to obey you as my husband.

Young Fash. That's when we are married; till then, I am to obey you.

Miss. Why then if we are to take it by turns, it's the same thing: I'll obey you now, and when we are married, you shall obey me.

Young Fash. With all my heart; but I doubt we must get nurse on our side, or we shall hardly prevail with the chaplain.

Miss. No more we shan't indeed, for he loves her better than he loves his pulpit, and wou'd always be a preaching to her, by his good will.

Young Fash. Why then, my dear little bedfellow, if you'll call her hither, we'll try to persuade her presently.

Miss. O Lord, I can tell you a way how to persuade her to any thing.

Young Fash. How's that?

Miss. Why tell her she's a wholesome, comely woman—and give her half a crown.

Young Fash. Nay, if that will do, she shall have half a score of 'em.

Miss. O Gemini, for half that she'd marry you herself: I'll run and call her. [*Exit* Miss.

YOUNG FASHION *solus.*

So, matters go swimmingly; this is a rare girl, i'faith; I shall have a fine time of it with her at London. I'm much mistaken if she don't prove a March hare all the year round. What a scampering chace will she make on't, when she finds the whole kennel of Ceaux at her tail! Hey to the park and the play, and the church, and the devil; she'll shew them sport, I'll warrant 'em. But no matter, she brings an estate will afford me a separate maintenance.

Enter Miss *and* Nurse.

Young Fash. How do you do, good Mistress Nurse? I desir'd your young lady would give me leave to see you, that I might thank you for your extraordinary care and conduct in her education; pray accept of this small acknowledgement for it at present, and depend upon my farther kindness, when I shall be that happy thing her husband.

Nurse [*aside*]. Gold by mackins! Your honour's goodness is too great: alas! all I can boast of is, I gave her poor good milk, and so your honour wou'd have said, an you had seen how the poor thing suck't it—— Eh, God's blessing on the sweet face on't! how it us'd to hang at this poor teat, and suck and squeeze, and kick and sprawl it wou'd, till the belly on't was so full, it wou'd drop off like a leech.

Miss [*to* Nurse, *taking her angrily aside*]. Pray one word with you; pr'ythee, nurse, don't stand ripping up old stories, to make one asham'd before one's love: do you think such a fine proper gentleman as he is, cares for a fiddlecome [1] tale of a draggle-tail'd

[1] Nonsensical. Short for "fiddle-cum-faddle."

girl; if you have a mind to make him have a good opinion of a woman, don't tell him what one did then, tell him what one can do now. [*To* YOUNG FASH.] I hope your honour will excuse my mismanners to whisper before you, it was only to give some orders about the family.

Young Fash. O every thing, madam, is to give way to business; besides, good housewifery is a very commendable quality in a young lady.

Miss. Pray, sir, are the young ladies good housewives at London town? Do they darn their own linen?

Young Fash. O no, they study how to spend money, not to save it.

Miss. I'cod, I don't know but that may be better sport than t'other, ha, nurse!

Young Fash. Well, you shall have your choice when you come there.

Miss. Shall I——then by my troth I'll get there as fast as I can. [*To* Nurse.] His honour desires you'll be so kind, as to let us be marry'd to-morrow.

Nurse. To-morrow, my dear madam?

Young Fash. Yes, to-morrow, sweet nurse, privately; young folks, you know, are impatient, and Sir Tunbelly wou'd make us stay a week for a wedding-dinner. Now all things being sign'd and seal'd, and agreed, I fancy there cou'd be no great harm in practising a scene or two of matrimony in private, if it were only to give us the better assurance when we come to play it in publick.

Nurse. Nay, I must confess stolen pleasures are sweet; but if you shou'd be married now, what will you do when Sir Tunbelly calls for you to be wedded?

Miss. Why then we will be married again.

Nurse. What, twice, my child?

Miss. I'cod, I don't care how often I'm married, not I.

Young Fash. Pray, nurse, don't you be against your young lady's good; for by this means she'll have the pleasure of two wedding-days.

Miss [*to* Nurse *softly*]. And of two wedding-nights, too, nurse.

Nurse. Well, I'm such a tender-hearted fool, I find I can refuse you nothing; so you shall e'en follow your own inventions.

Miss. Shall I? [*Aside.*] O Lord, I could leap over the moon.

Young Fash. Dear nurse, this goodness of yours shan't go unrewarded; but now you must employ your power with Mr. Bull the chaplain, that he may do his friendly office too, and then we shall be all happy; do you think you can prevail with him?

Nurse. Prevail with him——or he shall never prevail with me, I can tell him that.

Miss. My lord, she has had him upon the hip this seven year.

Young Fash. I'm glad to hear it; however, to strengthen your interest with him, you may let him know I have several fat livings in my gift, and that the first that falls shall be in your disposal.

Nurse. Nay, then I'll make him marry more folks than one, I'll promise him.

Miss. Faith, do, nurse, make him marry you too; I'm sure he'll do't for a fat living; for he loves eating more than he loves his Bible; and I have often heard him say, a fat living was the best meat in the world.

Nurse. Ay, and I'll make him commend the sauce too, or I'll bring his gown to a cassock, I will so.

Young Fash. Well, nurse, whilst you go and settle

matters with him, your lady and I will go and take a walk in the garden.

Nurse. I'll do your honour's business in the catching up of a garter. [*Exit* Nurse.

Young Fash. [*giving her his hand*] Come, madam, dare you venture yourself alone with me?

Miss. O dear, yes, sir; I don't think you'll do any thing to me I need be afraid on.

SCENE II.[1]

Enter AMANDA *and* BERINTHIA.

A SONG.

1.

I SMILE at love, and all its arts,
The charming Cynthia cry'd;
Take heed, for Love has piercing darts,
A wounded swain reply'd.
Once free and blest as you are now,
I trifled with his charms;
I pointed at his little bow,
And sported with his arms:
Till urg'd too far, revenge he cries,
A fated shaft he drew;
It took its passage thro' your eyes,
And to my heart it flew.

[1] Hunt: Loveless's *Lodgings.*

II.

To tear it thence I try'd in vain;
To strive I quickly found
Was only to increase the pain,
And to enlarge the wound.
Ah! much too well, I fear, you know
What pain I'm to endure,
Since what your eyes alone cou'd do,
Your heart alone can cure.
And that (grant heaven I may mistake)
I doubt is doom'd to bear
A burden for another's sake,
Who ill rewards its care.

Aman. Well, now, Berinthia, I'm at leisure to hear what 'twas you had to say to me.

Ber. What I had to say, was only to echo the sighs and groans of a dying lover.

Aman. Phu, will you never learn to talk in earnest of any thing?

Ber. Why this shall be in earnest, if you please; for my part, I only tell you matter of fact—you may take it which way you like best; but if you'll follow the women of the town, you'll take it both ways; for when a man offers himself to one of them, first she takes him in jest, and then she takes him in earnest.

Aman. I'm sure there's so much jest and earnest in what you say to me, I scarce know how to take it; but I think you have bewitched me, for I don't find it possible to be angry with you, say what you will.

Ber. I'm very glad to hear it, for I have no mind to quarrel with you, for some reasons that I'll not brag of; but quarrel or not, smile or frown, I must tell you what I have suffer'd upon your account.

Aman. Upon my account!

Ber. Yes, upon yours; I have been forc'd to sit still and hear you commended for two hours together, without one compliment to myself; now don't you think a woman has a blessed time of that?

Aman. Alas! I shou'd have been unconcern'd at it; I never knew where the pleasure lay of being prais'd by the men: but pray who was this that commended me so?

Ber. One you have a mortal aversion to—Mr. Worthy: he us'd you like a text, he took you all to pieces, but spoke so learnedly upon every point, one might see the spirit of the Church was in him: if you are a woman, you'd have been in an extasy to have heard how feelingly he handled your hair, your eyes, your nose, your mouth, your teeth, your tongue, your chin, your neck, and so forth. Thus he preach'd for an hour; but when he came to use an application, he observ'd that all these, without a gallant, were nothing—Now consider of what has been said, and heaven give you grace to put it in practice!

Aman. Alas! Berinthia, did I incline to a gallant, (which you know I do not), do you think a man so nice as he, cou'd have the least concern for such a plain unpolish'd thing as I am? It is impossible!

Ber. Now have you a great mind to put me upon commending you.

Aman. Indeed that was not my design.

Ber. Nay, if it were, it's all one, for I won't do't, I'll leave that to your looking-glass. But to shew you I have some good-nature left, I'll commend him, and may be that may do as well.

Aman. You have a great mind to persuade me I am in love with him.

Ber. I have a great mind to persuade you, you don't know what you are in love with.

Aman. I am sure I am not in love with him, nor never shall be; so let that pass: but you were saying something you wou'd commend him for.

Ber. O, you'd be glad to hear a good character of him, however.

Aman. Psha.

Ber. Psha——Well, 'tis a foolish undertaking for women in these kind of matters, to pretend to deceive one another—Have not I been bred a woman as well as you?

Aman. What then?

Ber. Why then I understand my trade so well, that whenever I am told of a man I like, I cry, Psha! But that I may spare you the pains of putting me a second time in mind to commend him, I'll proceed, and give you this account of him: That tho' 'tis possible he may have had women with as good faces as your ladyship's (no discredit to it neither) yet you must know your cautious behaviour, with that reserve in your humour, has given him his death's wound; he mortally hates a coquette; he says 'tis impossible to love where he cannot esteem; and that no woman can be esteemed by a man who has sense, if she makes herself cheap in the eye of a fool. That pride to a woman, is as necessary as humility to a divine; and that far-fetch'd, and dear bought, is meat for gentlemen, as well as for ladies—In short, that every woman who has beauty may set a price upon herself, and that by under-selling the market they ruin the trade. This is his doctrine, how do you like it?

Aman. So well that, since I never intend to have a gallant for myself, if I were to recommend one to a friend, he shou'd be the man.

Enter WORTHY.

Bless me, he's here! pray heaven he did not hear me!

Ber. If he did, it won't hurt your reputation; your thoughts are as safe in his heart as in your own.

Wor. I venture in at an unseasonable time of night, ladies; I hope if I am troublesome, you'll use the same freedom in turning me out again.

Aman. I believe it can't be late, for Mr. Loveless is not come home yet, and he usually keeps good hours.

Wor. Madam, I'm afraid he'll transgress a little to-night; for he told me about half an hour ago, he was going to sup with some company, he doubted would keep him out till three or four o'clock in the morning, and desir'd I would let my servant acquaint you with it, that you might not expect him: But my fellow's a blunder-head; so, lest he should make some mistake, I thought it my duty to deliver the message myself.

Aman. I'm very sorry he shou'd give you that trouble, sir: But——

Ber. But since he has, will you give me leave, madam, to keep him to play at ombre with us?

Aman. Cousin, you know you can command my house.

Wor. [*to* BER.] And, madam, you know you command me, tho' I'm a very wretched gamester.

Ber. Oh, you play well enough to lose your money, and that's all the ladies require; so without any more ceremony, let us go into the next room and call for the cards.

Aman. With all my heart.

[*Exit* WOR. *leading* AMAN.

Ber. [*sola.*] Well, how this business will end, heaven knows; but she seems to me to be in as fair a way——

as a boy is to be a rogue, when he's put clerk to an attorney. [*Exit* BERINTHIA.

SCENE III.—BERINTHIA'S *Chamber.*

Enter LOVELESS *cautiously in the dark.*

Lov. So, thus far all's well. I'm got into her bed-chamber, and I think nobody has perceiv'd me steal into the house; my wife don't expect me home till four o'clock; so if Berinthia comes to bed by eleven, I shall have a chace of five hours. Let me see, where shall I hide myself? Under her bed? No; we shall have her maid searching there for something or other; her closet's a better place, and I have a master key will open it: I'll e'en in there, and attack her just when she comes to her prayers, that's the most like to prove her critical minute; for then the devil will be there to assist me.

[*He opens the closet, goes in, and shuts the door after him.*

Enter BERINTHIA *with a candle in her hand.*

Ber. Well, sure I am the best-natur'd woman in the world. I that love cards so well (there is but one thing upon the earth I love better) have pretended letters to write, to give my friends a *tête-à-tête;* however, I'm innocent, for picquet is the game I set 'em to: at her own peril be it, if she ventures to play with him at any other. But now what shall I do with myself? I don't know how in the world to pass my time; wou'd Loveless were here to *badiner* a little. Well, he's a charming fellow, I don't wonder his wife's so fond of

him. What if I shou'd set down and think of him till I fall asleep, and dream of the Lord knows what? Oh, but then if I shou'd dream we were married, I shou'd be frighted out of my wits. [*Seeing a book.*] What's this book? I think I had best go read. O, *splénétique!* 'tis a sermon. Well, I'll go into my closet, and read the "Plotting Sisters." [*She opens the closet, sees* LOVELESS, *and shrieks out.*] O Lord, a ghost, a ghost, a ghost, a ghost!

Enter LOVELESS, *running to her.*

Lov. Peace, my dear; it's no ghost, take it in your arms, you'll find 'tis worth a hundred of 'em.

Ber. Run in again; here's somebody coming.

Enter Maid.

Maid. O Lord, madam, what's the matter?

Ber. O heav'ns! I'm almost frighted out of my wits. I thought verily I had seen a ghost, and 'twas nothing but the white curtain, with a black hood pinn'd up against it; you may be gone again, I am the fearfullest fool.—— [*Exit* Maid.

Re-enter LOVELESS.

Lov. Is the coast clear?

Ber. The coast clear! I suppose you are clear, you'd never play such a trick as this else.

Lov. I am very well pleas'd with my trick thus far, and shall be so till I have play'd it out, if it ben't your fault: where's my wife?

Ber. At cards.

Lov. With whom?

Ber. With Worthy.

Lov. Then we are safe enough.

Ber. You are so! Some husbands wou'd be of another mind, if he were at cards with their wives.

Lov. And they'd be in the right on't too. But I dare trust mine:——Besides, I know he's in love in another place, and he's not one of those who court half a dozen at a time.

Ber. Nay, the truth on't is, you'd pity him if you saw how uneasy he is at being engag'd with us; but 'twas my malice. I fancy'd he was to meet his mistress some where else, so did it to have the pleasure of seeing him fret.

Lov. What says Amanda to my staying abroad so late?

Ber. Why she's as much out of humour as he, I believe they wish one another at the devil.

Lov. Then I'm afraid they'll quarrel at play, and soon throw up the cards: [*Offering to pull her into her closet.*] Therefore, my dear charming angel, let us make good use of our time.

Ber. Heavens! what do you mean?

Lov. Pray what do you think I mean?

Ber. I don't know.

Lov. I'll shew you.

Ber. You may as well tell me.

Lov. No, that wou'd make you blush worse than t'other.

Ber. Why, do you intend to make me blush?

Lov. Faith, I can't tell that; but if I do, it shall be in the dark. [*Pulling her.*

Ber. O heavens! I wou'd not be in the dark with you for all the world.

Lov. I'll try that. [*Puts out the candles*

Ber. O Lord! are you mad? What shall I do for light?

Lov. You'll do as well without it.

Ber. Why, one can't find a chair to sit down?

Lov. Come into the closet, madam, there's moonshine upon the couch.

Ber. Nay, never pull, for I will not go.

Lov. Then you must be carried. [*Carrying her.*

Ber. Help, help, I'm ravish'd, ruin'd, undone. O Lord, I shall never be able to bear it. [*Very softly.*

SCENE IV.—Sir TUNBELLY'S *House.*

Enter Miss HOYDEN, Nurse, YOUNG FASHION, *and* BULL.

Young Fash. This quick dispatch of yours, Mr. Bull, I take so kindly, it shall give you a claim to my favour as long as I live, I do assure you.

Miss. And to mine too, I promise you.

Bull. I must humbly thank your honours; and I hope, since it has been my lot to join you in the holy bands of wedlock, you will so well cultivate the soil which I have crav'd a blessing on, that your children may swarm about you like bees about a honey-comb.

Miss. I'cod with all my heart, the more the merrier, I say; ha, nurse.

Enter LORY *taking his master hastily aside.*

Lo. One word with you, for heaven's sake.

Young Fash. What the devil's the matter?

Lo. Sir, your fortune's ruin'd, and I don't think your life's worth a quarter of an hour's purchase: Yonder's your brother arriv'd with two coaches and six horses, twenty footmen and pages, a coat worth

fourscore pound, and a perriwig down to his knees: So judge what will become of your lady's heart.

Young Fash. Death and furies! 'tis impossible.

Lo. Fiends and spectres! Sir, 'tis true.

Lord Fash. Is he in the house yet?

Lo. No, they are capitulating with him at the gate; the porter tells him, he's come to run away with Miss Hoyden, and has cock'd the blunderbuss at him; your brother swears Gad damme, they are a parcel of clawns, and he had a good mind to break off the match; but they have given the word for Sir Tunbelly, so I doubt all will come out presently. Pray, sir, resolve what you'll do this moment, for i'gad they'll maul you.

Young Fash. Stay a little. [*To* Miss.] My dear, here's a troublesome business my man tells me of; but don't be frighten'd, we shall be too hard for the rogue. Here's an impudent fellow at the gate (not knowing I was come hither *incognito*) has taken my name upon him, in hopes to run away with you.

Miss. O the brazen-fac'd varlet, it's well we are married, or may be we might never have been so.

Young Fash. [*aside*]. I'gad, like enough: Pr'ythee, dear doctor, run to Sir Tunbelly, and stop him from going to the gate, before I speak with him.

Bull. I fly, my good lord—— [*Exit* BULL.

Nurse. An't please your honour, my lady and I had best lock ourselves up till the danger be over.

Young Fash. Ay, by all means.

Miss. Not so fast, I won't be lock'd up any more. I'm marry'd.

Young Fash. Yes, pray my dear do, till we have seiz'd this rascal.

Miss. Nay, if you pray me, I'll do any thing.

[*Exeunt* Miss *and* Nurse.

Young Fash. O! here's Sir Tunbelly coming. [*To* Lo.] Hark you, sirrah, things are better than you imagine; the wedding's over.

Lo. The devil it is, sir.

Young Fash. Not a word, all's safe: But Sir Tunbelly don't know it, nor must not yet; so I am resolv'd to brazen the business out, and have the pleasure of turning the impostor upon his lordship, which I believe may easily be done

Enter Sir TUNBELLY, Chap. *and* Servants *arm'd.*

Young Fash. Did you ever hear, sir, of so impudent an undertaking?

Sir Tun. Never, by the mass, but we'll tickle him, I'll warrant him.

Young Fash. They tell me, sir, he has a great many people with him disguis'd like servants.

Sir Tun. Ay, ay, rogues enow; but I'll soon raise the posse upon 'em.

Young Fash. Sir, if you'll take my advice, we'll go a shorter way to work; I find, whoever this spark is, he knows nothing of my being privately here; so if you pretend to receive him civilly, he'll enter without suspicion; and as soon as he is within the gate, we'll whip up the drawbridge upon his back, let fly the blunderbuss to disperse the crew, and so commit him to gaol.

Sir Tun. I'gad, your lordship is an ingenious person, and a very great general; but shall we kill any of 'em, or not?

Young Fash. No, no, fire over their heads only to fright them; I'll warrant the regiment scours when the colonel's a prisoner.

Sir Tun. Then come along, my boys, and let your courage be great——for your danger is but small.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The Gate.*

Enter Lord FOPPINGTON *and* Followers.

Lord Fop. A pax of these bumkinly people, will they open the gate, or do they desire I shou'd grow at their moat-side like a willow? [*To the* Porter.] Hey, fellow—pr'ythee do me the favour, in as few words as thou canst find to express thyself, to tell me whether thy master will admit me or not, that I may turn about my coach, and be gone.

Por. Here's my master himself now at hand, he's of age, he'll give you his answer.

Enter Sir TUNBELLY, *and his* Servants.

Sir Tun. My most noble lord, I crave your pardon for making your honour wait so long; but my orders to my servants have been to admit no body without my knowledge, for fear of some attempts upon my daughter, the times being full of plots and roguery.

Lord Fop. Much caution, I must confess, is a sign of great wisdom: But, stap my vitals, I have got a cold enough to destroy a porter——He, hem——

Sir Tun. I am very sorry for't, indeed, my lord; but if your lordship please to walk in, we'll help you to some brown sugar-candy. My lord, I'll shew you the way.

Lord Fop. Sir, I follow you with pleasure.

[*Exeunt.*

[*As* Lord FOPPINGTON'S Servants *go to follow him in, they clap the door against* LA VEROLE.

Servants [*within*]. Nay, hold you me there, sir.

La Ver. Fernie, qu'est ce que veut dire ça?

Sir Tun [*within*].——Fire, Porter.

Porter [*fires*]. Have among you, my masters.

La Ver. Ah je suis mort——

[*The servants all run off.*

Port. Not one soldier left, by the mass.

SCENE VI.—*Changes into a Hall.*

Enter Sir TUNBELLY, *the* Chaplain *and* Servants, *with* Lord FOPPINGTON *disarm'd.*

Sir Tun. Come, bring him along, bring him along.

Lord Fop. What the pax do you mean, gentlemen, is it fair time, that you are all drunk before dinner?

Sir Tun. Drunk, sirrah! Here's an impudent rogue for you! Drunk or sober, bully, I'm a Justice of the Peace, and know how to deal with strolers.

Lord Fop. Strolers!

Sir Tun. Ay, strolers; come, give an account of yourself; what's your name? where do you live? Do you pay scot and lot? Are you a Williamite, or a Jacobite? Come.

Lord Fop. And why dost thou ask me so many impertinent questions?

Sir Tun. Because I'll make you answer 'em before I have done with you, you rascal you.

Lord Fop. Before Gad, all the answer I can make thee to 'em, is, that thou art a very extraordinary old fellow; stap my vitals——

Sir Tun. Nay, if you are for joaking with deputy-lieutenants, we know how to deal with you: Here, draw a warrant for him immediately.

Lord Fop. A warrant——what the devil is't thou wou'dst be at, old gentleman?

Sir Tun. I wou'd be at you, sirrah, (if my hands were not ty'd as a magistrate) and with these two double fists beat your teeth down your throat, you dog you.

Lord Fop. And why would'st thou spoil my face at that rate?

Sir Tun. For your design to rob me of my daughter, villain.

Lord Fop. Rab thee of thy daughter——Now I do begin to believe I am a-bed and a-sleep, and that all this is but a dream——If it be, t'will be an agreeable surprize enough, to waken by and by; and instead of the impertinent company of a nasty country justice, find my self perhaps in the arms of a woman of quality. [*To* SIR TUN.] Pr'ythee, old father, wilt thou give me leave to ask thee one question?

Sir Tun. I can't tell whether I will or not, till I know what it is.

Lord Fop. Why, then, it is, whether thou didst not write to my Lord Foppington to come down and marry thy daughter?

Sir Tun. Yes, marry did I, and my Lord Foppington is come down, and shall marry my daughter before she's a day older.

Lord Fop. Now give me thy hand, dear dad, I thought we should understand one another at last.

Sir Tun. This fellow's mad——here bind him hand and foot. [*They bind him down.*

Lord Fop. Nay, pr'ythee, knight, leave fooling, thy jest begins to grow dull.

Sir Tun. Bind him, I say, he's mad——Bread and water, a dark room, and a whip, may bring him to his senses again.

Lord Fop. [*aside*]. I'gad, if I don't waken quickly, by all that I can see, this is like to prove one of the most impertinent dreams that ever I dreamt in my life.

Enter Miss *and* Nurse. [Miss *going up to him.*]

Miss. Is this he that wou'd have run away with me? Fough, how he stinks of sweets! Pray, father, let him be dragg'd through the horse-pond.

Lord Fop. [*aside*]. This must be my wife by her natural inclination to her husband.

Miss. Pray, father, what do you intend to do with him? hang him?

Sir Tun. That at least, child.

Nurse. Ay, and it's e'en too good for him too.

Lord Fop. [*aside*]. *Madame la Gouvernante*, I presume, hitherto this appears to me to be one of the most extraordinary families that ever man of quality match'd into.

Sir Tun. What's become of my lord, daughter?

Miss. He's just coming, sir.

Lord Fop. [*aside*]. My lord——What does he mean by that now?

Enter YOUNG FASHION *and* LORY.

[*Seeing him.*] Stap my vitals, Tam, now the dream's out,

Young Fash. Is this the fellow, sir, that design'd to trick me of your daughter?

Sir Tun. This is he, my lord, how do you like him? Is not he a pretty fellow to get a fortune?

Young Fash. I find by his dress, he thought your daughter might be taken with a beau.

Miss. O Gemini! Is this a beau? let me see him again——ha! I find a beau is no such ugly thing, neither.

Young Fash. I'gad, she'll be in love with him presently; I'll e'en have him sent away to gaol. [*To* LORD FOP.] Sir, tho' your undertaking shews you are a person of no extraordinary modesty, I suppose you han't confidence enough to expect much favour from me?

Lord Fop. Strike me dumb, Tam, thou art a very impudent fellow.

Nurse. Look if the varlet has not the frontery to call his lordship plain Thomas.

Bull. The business is, he wou'd feign himself mad, to avoid going to gaol.

Lord Fop. [*aside*]. That must be the chaplain, by his unfolding of mysteries.

Sir Tun. Come, is the warrant writ?

Cler. Yes, sir.

Sir Tun. Give me the pen, I'll sign it——So now, constable, away with him.

Lord Fop. Hold one moment——Pray, gentlemen; my Lord Foppington, shall I beg one word with your lordship?

Nurse. O ho, it's my lord with him now; see how afflictions will humble folks.

Miss. Pray, my lord, don't let him whisper too close, lest he bite your ear off.

Lord Fop. I am not altogether so hungry, as your ladyship is pleased to imagine. [*To* YOUNG FASH.] Look you, Tam, I am sensible I have not been so kind to you as I ought, but I hope you'll forget what's past, and accept of the five thousand pounds I offer; thou may'st live in extreme splendor with it; stap my vitals.

Young Fash. It's a much easier matter to prevent a disease than to cure it; a quarter of that sum would have secur'd your mistress; twice as much won't redeem her. [*Leaving him.*

Sir Tun. Well, what says he?

Young Fash. Only the rascal offer'd me a bribe to let him go.

Sir Tun. Ay, he shall go, with a pox to him: Lead on, constable.

Lord Fop. One word more, and I've done.

Sir Tun. Before Gad, thou art an impudent fellow, to trouble the court at this rate, after thou art condemned; but speak once for all.

Lord Fop. Why then once for all; I have at last luckily call'd to mind, that there is a gentleman of this country, who I believe cannot live far from this place, if he were here, would satisfy you, I am Navelty, Baron of Foppington, with five thousand pounds a-year, and that fellow there a rascal not worth a groat.

Sir Tun. Very well; now who is this honest gentleman you are so well acquainted with? [*To* YOUNG FASH.] Come, sir, we shall hamper him.

Lord Fop. 'Tis Sir John Friendly.

Sir Tun. So, he lives within half a mile, and came down into the country but last night; this bold-fac'd fellow thought he had been at London still, and so quoted him; now we shall display him in his colours:

I'll send for Sir John immediately. Here, fellow, away presently, and desire my neighbour he'll do me the favour to step over, upon an extraordinary occasion; and in the mean while you had best secure this sharper in the Gate-House.

Const. An't please your worship, he may chance to give us the slip thence: If I were worthy to advise, I think the dog-kennel's a surer place.

Sir Tun. With all my heart, any where.

Lord Fop. Nay, for heaven's sake, sir, do me the favour to put me in a clean room, that I mayn't daub my clothes.

Sir Tun. O when you have married my daughter, her estate will afford you new ones: Away with him.

Lord Fop. A dirty country justice is a barbarous magistrate, stap my vitals——

[*Exit* Constable *with* Lord FOPPINGTON.

Young Fash. [*aside*]. I'gad I must prevent this knight's coming, or the house will grow soon too hot to hold me. [*To* Sir TUN.] Sir, I fancy 'tis not worth while to trouble Sir John upon this impertinent fellow's desire: I'll send and call the messenger back——

Sir Tun. Nay, with all my heart; for to be sure he thought he was far enough off, or the rogue wou'd never have nam'd him.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, I met Sir John just lighting at the gate; he's come to wait upon you.

Sir Tun. Nay, then it happens as one cou'd wish.

Young Fash [*aside*]. The devil it does! Lory, you see how things are, here will be a discovery presently, and we shall have our brains beat out: For

my brother will be sure to swear he don't know me: Therefore run into the stable, take the two first horses you can light on, I'll slip out at the back-door, and we'll away immediately.

Lo. What, and leave your lady, sir?

Young Fash. There's no danger in that, as long as I have taken possession; I shall know how to treat with them well enough, if once I am out of their reach. Away, I'll steal after thee.

[*Exit* LORY, *his master follows him out at one door, as* Sir JOHN *enters at t'other.*

Enter Sir JOHN.

Sir Tun. Sir John, you are the welcom'st man alive; I had just sent a messenger to desire you'd step over, upon a very extraordinary occasion——we are all in arms here.

Sir John. How so?

Sir Tun. Why, you must know——a finical sort of a tawdry fellow here (I don't know who the devil he is, not I) hearing, I suppose, that the match was concluded between my Lord Foppington and my girl Hoyden, comes impudently to the gate, and with a whole pack of rogues in liveries, wou'd have pass'd upon me for his lordship: But what does I? I comes up to him boldly at the head of his guards, takes him by the throat, strikes up his heels, binds him hand and foot, dispatches a warrant, and commits him prisoner to the dog-kennel.

Sir John. So, but how do you know but this was my lord? for I was told he set out from London the day before me, with a very fine retinue, and intended to come directly hither.

Sir Tun. Why now to shew you how many lies people raise in that damn'd town, he came two nights ago post, with only one servant, and is now in the house with me: But you don't know the cream of the jest yet; this same rogue, (that lies yonder neck and heels among the hounds) thinking you were out of the country, quotes you for his acquaintance, and said, if you were here, you'd justify him to be Lord Foppington, and I know not what.

Sir John. Pray will you let me see him?

Sir Tun. Ay, that you shall presently——here, fetch the prisoner. [*Exit* Servant.

Sir John. I wish there ben't some mistake in the business; where's my lord? I know him very well.

Sir Tun. He was here just now; see for him, doctor, tell him Sir John is here to wait upon him.

[*Exit* Chaplain.

Sir John. I hope, Sir Tunbelly, the young lady is not married yet.

Sir Tun. No, things won't be ready this week; but why do you say, you hope she is not married?

Sir John. Some foolish fancies only, perhaps I'm mistaken.

Re-enter Chaplain.

Bull. Sir, his lordship is just rid out to take the air.

Sir Tun. To take the air! Is that his London breeding, to go to take the air, when gentlemen come to visit him?

Sir John. 'Tis possible he might want it, he might not be well, some sudden qualm perhaps.

Enter Constable, &c., *with* Lord FOPPINGTON.

Lord Fop. Stap my vitals, I'll have satisfaction.

Sir John [*running to him*]. My dear Lord Foppington!

Lord Fop. Dear Friendly, thou art come in the critical minute, strike me dumb.

Sir John. Why, I little thought to have found you in fetters.

Lord Fop. Why truly the world must do me the justice to confess, I do use to appear a little more *dégagé:* But this old gentleman, not liking the freedom of my air, has been pleased to skewer down my arms like a rabbit.

Sir Tun. Is it then possible that this shou'd be the true Lord Foppington at last?

Lord Fop. Why what do you see in his face to make you doubt of it? Sir, without presuming to have any extraordinary opinion of my figure, give me leave to tell you, if you had seen as many lords as I have done, you would not think it impossible a person of a worse taille than mine, might be a modern man of quality.

Sir Tun. Unbind him, slaves: my lord, I'm struck dumb, I can only beg pardon by signs; but if a sacrifice will appease you, you shall have it. Here, pursue this Tartar, bring him back——Away, I say, a dog, oons——I'll cut off his ears and his tail, I'll draw out all his teeth, pull his skin over his head——and——what shall I do more?

Sir John. He does indeed deserve to be made an example of.

Lord Fop. He does deserve to be *chatrè*,[1] stap my vitals.

[1] Stands for *châtré*, past participle of *châtrer*, *i.e.*, to castrate. The French words and passages in the old editions are full of mistakes. Probably the *r* got in by a kind of phonetic mistake, in an attempt to represent the pronunciation of French *é* by English *ar*. That this is the meaning of the word is clear from the letter to Coupler, on p. 164. Cp. No. 3419 of the *Athenæum*, p. 581 (1893).

Sir Tun. May I then hope I have your honour's pardon?

Lord Fop. Sir, we courtiers do nothing without a bribe; that fair young lady might do miracles.

Sir Tun. Hoyden, come hither, Hoyden.

Lord Fop. Hoyden is her name, sir?

Sir Tun. Yes, m'lord.

Lord Fop. The prettiest name for a song I ever heard.

Sir Tun. My lord——here's my girl, she's yours, she has a wholesome body, and virtuous mind; she's a woman complete, both in flesh and in spirit; she has a bag of mill'd crowns, as scarce as they are, and fifteen hundred a-year stitch'd fast to her tail: so go thy ways, Hoyden.

Lord Fop. Sir, I do receive her like a gentleman.

Sir Tun. Then I'm a happy man, I bless heaven, and if your lordship will give me leave, I will, like a good Christian at Christmas, be very drunk by way of thanksgiving. Come, my noble peer, I believe dinner's ready; if your honour pleases to follow me, I'll lead you on to the attack of a venison pasty.

[*Exit* Sir TUN.

Lord Fop. Sir, I wait upon you: Will your ladyship do me the favour of your little finger, madam?

Miss. My lord, I'll follow you presently. I have a little business with my nurse.

Lord Fop. Your ladyship's most humble servant; come, Sir John, the ladies have *des Affaires.*

[*Exeunt* Lord FOP. *and* Sir JOHN.

Miss. So, nurse, we are finely brought to bed! What shall we do now?

Nurse. Ah, dear miss, we are all undone! Mr. Bull, you were us'd to help a woman to a remedy.

 [*Crying.*

Bull. A lack a-day, but it's past my skill now, I can do nothing.

Nurse. Who wou'd have thought that ever your invention shou'd have been drain'd so dry?

Miss. Well, I have often thought old folks fools, and now I'm sure they are so; I have found a way myself to secure us all.

Nurse. Dear lady, what's that?

Miss. Why, if you two will be sure to hold your tongues, and not say a word of what's past, I'll e'en marry this lord too.

Nurse. What! two husbands, my dear?

Miss. Why you had three, good nurse, you may hold your tongue.

Nurse. Ay, but not all together, sweet child.

Miss. Psha, if you had, you'd ne'er thought much on't.

Nurse. O but 'tis a sin—sweeting.

Bull. Nay, that's my business to speak to, nurse: I do confess, to take two husbands for the satisfaction of the flesh, is to commit the sin of exorbitancy; but to do it for the peace of the spirit, is no more than to be drunk by way of physick: Besides, to prevent a parent's wrath, is to avoid the sin of disobedience; for when the parent's angry the child is froward. So that upon the whole matter, I do think, tho' miss shou'd marry again, she may be sav'd.

Miss. I-cod, and I will marry again then, and so there is an end of the story. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.—*London.*[1]

Enter COUPLER, YOUNG FASHION, *and* LORY.

COUP. Well, and so Sir John coming in——

Young Fash. And so Sir John coming in, I thought it might be manners in me to go out, which I did, and getting on horseback as fast as I cou'd, rid away as if the devil had been at the rear of me; what has happen'd since, heav'n knows.

Coup. I'gad, sirrah, I know as well as heaven.

Young Fash. What do you know?

Coup. That you are a cuckold.

Young Fash. The devil I am! by who?

Coup. By your brother.

Young Fash. My brother! which way?

Coup. The old way, he has lain with your wife.

Young Fash. Hell and furies, what dost thou mean?

Coup. I mean plainly, I speak no parable.

Young Fash. Plainly! Thou dost not speak common sense, I cannot understand one word thou sayst.

[1] Hunt: Tom Fashion's *lodgings.*

Coup. You will do soon, youngster. In short, you left your wife a widow, and she married again.

Young Fash. It's a lye.

Coup. ——I'cod, if I were a young fellow, I'd break your head, sirrah.

Young Fash. Dear dad, don't be angry, for I'm as mad as Tom of Bedlam.[1]

Coup. When I had fitted you with a wife, you shou'd have kept her.

Young Fash. But is it possible the young strumpet cou'd play such a trick?

Coup. A young strumpet, sir——can play twenty tricks.

Young Fash. But pr'ythee instruct me a little farther; whence comes thy intelligence!

Coup. From your brother, in this letter; there, you may read it.

YOUNG FASHION *reads.*

"DEAR COUPLER [*pulling off his hat*], I have only time to tell thee in three lines, or thereabouts, that here has been the devil! That rascal Tam, having stole the letter thou hadst formerly writ for me to bring to Sir Tunbelly, form'd a damnable design upon my mistress, and was in a fair way of success when I arriv'd. But after having suffer'd some indignities in which I have all daub'd my embroider'd coat) I put him to flight. I sent out a party of horse after him, in hopes to have made him my prisoner, which if I had done, I would have qualified him for the seraglio,[2] stap my vitals. The danger I have thus narrowly 'scap'd, has made me fortify myself against

[1] Tom or Jack of Bedlam; a madman. Cp. *King Lear*, ed. by W. L. Wright, i. 2, 119.

[2] Cp. note on p. 160.

further attempts, by entering immediately into an association with the young lady, by which we engage to stand by one another, as long as we both shall live. In short, the papers are seal'd, and the contract is sign'd, so the business of the lawyer is *achevé;* but I defer the divine part of the thing till I arrive at London, not being willing to consummate in any other bed but my own.

"POSTSCRIPT,—'Tis possible I may be in the tawn as soon as this letter; for I find the lady is so violently in love with me, I have determin'd to make her happy with all the dispatch that is practicable, without disardering my coach harses."

So, here's rare work, i'faith!

Lo. I'gad, Miss Hoyden has laid about her bravely.

Coup. I think my country-girl has play'd her part, as well as if she had been born and bred in St. James's parish.

Young Fash.——That rogue the chaplain.

Lo. And then that jade the nurse, sir.

Young Fash. And then that drunken sot, Lory, sir; that cou'd not keep himself sober to be a witness to the marriage.

Lo. Sir—with respect—I know very few drunken sots that do keep themselves sober.

Young Fash. Hold your prating, sirrah, or I'll break your head; dear Coupler, what's to be done?

Coup. Nothing's to be done till the bride and bridegroom come to town.

Young Fash. Bride and bridegroom! Death and furies! I can't bear that thou shouldst call them so.

Coup. Why, what shall I call them, dog and cat?

Young Fash. Not for the world, that sounds more like man and wife than t'other.

Coup. Well, if you'll hear of them in no language, we'll leave them for the nurse and the chaplain.

Young Fash. The devil and the witch.

Coup. When they come to town——

Lo. We shall have stormy weather.

Coup. Will you hold your tongues, gentlemen, or not?

Lo. Mum.

Coup. I say when they come, we must find what stuff they are made of, whether the churchman be chiefly compos'd of the flesh, or the spirit; I presume the former—— For as Chaplains now go, 'tis probable he eats three pound of beef to the reading one chapter ——. This gives him carnal desires, he wants money, preferment, wine, a whore; therefore we must invite him to supper, give him fat capons, sack and sugar, a purse of gold, and a plump sister. Let this be done, and I'll warrant thee, my boy, he speaks truth like an oracle.

Young Fash. Thou art a profound statesman, I allow it; but how shall we gain the nurse?

Coup. O never fear the nurse, if once you have got the priest, for the devil always rides the hag. Well, there's nothing more to be said of the matter at this time, that I know of; so let us go and enquire, if there's any news of our people yet, perhaps they may be come. But let me tell you one thing by the way, sirrah, I doubt you have been an idle fellow; if thou hadst behav'd thyself as thou shoud'st have done, the girl wou'd never have left thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—BERINTHIA'S *Apartment.*

Enter her Maid, *passing the Stage, follow'd by* WORTHY.

Wor. Hem, Mrs. Abigail, is your mistress to be spoken with?

Ab. By you, sir, I believe she may.

Wor. Why 'tis by me I wou'd have her spoken with.

Ab. I'll acquaint her, sir. [*Exit* Ab.

WORTHY *solus.*

One lift more I must persuade her to give me, and then I'm mounted. Well, a young bawd, and a handsome one for my money, 'tis they do the execution; I'll never go to an old one, but when I have occasion for a witch. Lewdness looks heavenly to a woman, when an angel appears in its cause; but when a hag is advocate, she thinks it comes from the devil. An old woman has something so terrible in her looks, that whilst she is persuading your mistress to forget she has a soul, she stares hell and damnation full in her face.

Enter BERINTHIA.

Ber. Well, sir, what news bring you?

Wor. No news, madam, there's a woman going to cuckold her husband.

Ber. Amanda?

Wor. I hope so.

Ber. Speed her well.

Wor. Ay, but there must be a more than a God-speed, or your charity won't be worth a farthing.

Ber. Why, han't I done enough already?

Wor. Not quite.

Ber. What's the matter?

Wor. The lady has a scruple still which you must remove.

Ber. What's that?

Wor. Her virtue——she says.

Ber. And do you believe her?

Wor. No, but I believe it's what she takes for her virtue; it's some relicks of lawful love: she is not yet fully satisfy'd her husband has got another mistress, which unless I can convince her of, I have opened the trenches in vain; for the breach must be wider, before I dare storm the town.

Ber. And so I'm to be your engineer!

Wor. I'm sure you know best how to manage the battery.

Ber. What think you of springing a mine? I have a thought just now come into my head, how to blow her up at once.

Wor. That would be a thought, indeed!

Ber.——Faith, I'll do't, and thus the execution of it shall be. We are all invited to my Lord Foppington's to-night to supper, he's come to town with his bride, and maketh a ball, with an entertainment of musick. Now you must know, my undoer here, Loveless, says he must needs meet me about some private business (I don't know what 'tis) before we go to the company. To which end he has told his wife one lye, and I have told her another. But to make her amends, I'll go immediately, and tell her a solemn truth.

Wor. What's that?

Ber. Why, I'll tell her, that to my certain knowledge her husband has a rendezvous with his mistress

this afternoon ; and that if she'll give me her word, she will be satisfy'd with the discovery, without making any violent inquiry after the woman, I'll direct her to a place where she shall see them meet. —Now, friend, this I fancy may help you to a critical minute. For home she must go again to dress. You, with your good-breeding, come to wait upon us to the ball, find her all alone, her spirit enflam'd against her husband for his treason, and her flesh in a heat from some contemplations upon the treachery, her blood on a fire, her conscience in ice ; a lover to draw, and the devil to drive—— Ah, poor Amanda !

Wor. [*kneeling*]. Thou angel of light, let me fall down and adore thee !

Ber. Thou minister of darkness, get up again, for I hate to see the devil at his devotions.

Wor. Well, my incomparable Berinthia—— How shall I requite you——

Ber. O ne'er trouble yourself about that : Virtue is its own reward ; There's a pleasure in doing good, which sufficiently pays itself. Adieu.

Wor. Farewel, thou best of women.

[*Exeunt several ways.*

Enter AMANDA, *meeting* BERINTHIA

Aman. Who was that went from you ?

Ber. A friend of yours.

Aman. What does he want ?

Ber. Something you might spare him, and be ne'er the poorer.

Aman. I can spare him nothing but my friendship ; my love already's all dispos'd of : Tho', I confess, to one ungrateful to my bounty.

Ber. Why, there's the mystery ! You have been

so bountiful, you have cloy'd him. Fond wives do by their husbands, as barren wives do by their lap-dogs; cram them with sweetmeats till they spoil their stomachs.

Aman. Alas! Had you but seen how passionately fond he has been since our last reconciliation, you wou'd have thought it were impossible he ever should have breath'd an hour without me.

Ber. Ay but there you thought wrong again, Amanda; you shou'd consider, that in matters of love men's eyes are always bigger than their bellies. They have violent appetites, 'tis true, but they have soon din'd.

Aman. Well; there's nothing upon earth astonishes me more than men's inconstancy.

Ber. Now there's nothing upon earth astonishes me less, when I consider what they and we are compos'd of. For nature has made them children, and us babies. Now, Amanda, how we us'd our babies, you may remember. We were mad to have them, as soon as we saw them; kiss'd them to pieces, as soon as we got them; then pull'd off their clothes, saw them naked, and so threw them away.

Aman. But do you think all men are of this temper?

Ber. All but one.

Aman. Who's that?

Ber. Worthy.

Aman. Why, he's weary of his wife too, you see.

Ber. Ay, that's no proof.

Aman. What can be a greater?

Ber. Being weary of his mistress.

Aman. Don't you think 'twere possible he might give you that too?

Ber. Perhaps he might, if he were my gallant; not if he were your's.

Aman. Why do you think he shou'd be more constant to me, than he wou'd to you? I'm sure I'm not so handsome.

Ber. Kissing goes by favour; he likes you best.

Aman. Suppose he does; that's no demonstration he wou'd be constant to me.

Ber. No, that I'll grant you: But there are other reasons to expect it; for you must know after all, Amanda, the inconstancy we commonly see in men of brains, does not so much proceed from the uncertainty of their temper, as from the misfortunes of their love. A man sees, perhaps, an hundred women he likes well enough for an intrigue, and away; but possibly, thro' the whole course of his life, does not find above one, who is exactly what he could wish her: now her, 'tis a thousand to one, he never gets. Either she is not to be had at all (tho' that seldom happens, you'll say) or he wants those opportunities that are necessary to gain her; either she likes somebody else much better than him, or uses him like a dog, because he likes no body so well as her. Still something or other Fate claps in the way between them and the woman they are capable of being fond of. And this makes them wander about from mistress to mistress, like a pilgrim from town to town, who every night must have a fresh lodging, and 's in haste to be gone in the morning.

Aman. 'Tis possible there may be something in what you say; but what do you infer from it, as to the man we were talking of?

Ber. Why, I infer, that you being the woman in the world the most to his humour, 'tis not likely he would quit you for one that is less.

Aman. That is not to be depended upon, for you see Mr. Loveless does so.

Ber. What does Mr. Loveless do?

Aman. Why, he runs after something for variety, I'm sure he does not like so well as he does me.

Ber. That's more than you know, madam.

Aman. No, I'm sure on't: I am not very vain, Berinthia; and yet I'll lay my life, if I could look into his heart, he thinks I deserve to be prefer'd to a thousand of her.

Ber. Don't be too positive in that neither: A million to one, but she has the same opinion of you. What wou'd you give to see her?

Aman. Hang her, dirty trull; tho' I really believe she's so ugly, she'd cure me of my jealousy.

Ber. All the men of sense about town say she's handsome.

Aman. They are as often out in those things as any people.

Ber. Then I'll give you further proof——all the women about town say, she's a fool: Now I hope you are convinc'd?

Aman. Whate'er she be, I'm satisfy'd he does not like her well enough to bestow any thing more than a little outward gallantry upon her.

Ber. Outward gallantry!——[*Aside.*] I can't bear this. [*To* AMAN.] Don't you think she's a woman to be fobb'd off so. Come, I'm too much your friend, to suffer you should be thus grosly impos'd upon, by a man who does not deserve the least part about you, unless he knew how to set a greater value upon it. Therefore in one word, to my certain knowledge, he is to meet her now, within a quarter of an hour, somewhere about that Babylon of wickedness, Whitehall.

And if you'll give me your word that you'll be content with seeing her mask'd in his hand, without pulling her headclothes off, I'll step immediately to the person, from whom I have my intelligence, and send you word whereabouts you may stand to see 'em meet. My friend and I'll watch 'em from another place, and dodge 'em to their private lodging: But don't you offer to follow 'em, lest you do it awkwardly, and spoil all. I'll come home to you again, as soon as I have earth'd 'em, and give you an account in what corner of the house the scene of their lewdness lies.

Aman. If you can do this, Berinthia, he's a villain.

Ber. I can't help that, men will be so.

Aman. Well! I'll follow your directions; for I shall never rest till I know the worst of this matter.

Ber. Pray, go immediately, and get yourself ready then. Put on some of your woman's clothes, a great scarf and a mask, and you shall presently receive orders. [*Calls within.*] Here, who's there? get me a chair quickly.

Serv. There are chairs at the door, madam.

Ber. 'Tis well, I'm coming.

Aman. But pray, Berinthia, before you go, tell me how I may know this filthy thing, if she should be so forward (as I suppose she will) to come to the rendezvous first; for, methinks, I would fain view her a little.

Ber. Why, she's about my heighth; and very well shap'd.

Aman. I thought she had been a little crooked?

Ber. O no, she's as straight as I am. But we lose time, come away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.[1]

Enter YOUNG FASHION, *meeting* LORY.

Young Fash. Well, will the doctor come?

Lo. Sir, I sent a porter to him as you order'd me. He found him with a pipe of tobacco and a great tankard of ale, which he said he wou'd dispatch while I cou'd tell three, and be here.

Young Fash. He does not suspect 'twas I that sent for him?

Lo. Not a jot, sir, he divines as little for himself, as he does for other folks.

Young Fash. Will he bring Nurse with him?

Lo. Yes.

Young Fash. That's well; where's Coupler?

Lo. He's half way up the stairs taking breath; he must play his bellows a little, before he can get to the top.

Enter COUPLER.

Young Fash. O here he is. Well, old Phthisick, the doctor's coming.

Coup. Wou'd the pox had the doctor——I'm quite out of wind. [*To* LO.] Set me a chair, sirrah. Ah—— [*sits down. To* YOUNG FASH.] Why the plague can'st not thou lodge upon the ground-floor?

Young Fash. Because I love to lie as near heaven as I can.

Coup. Pr'ythee let heaven alone; ne'er affect tending that way: Thy center's downwards.

Young Fash. That's impossible. I have too much ill luck in this world, to be damn'd in the next.

[1] Hunt: Tom Fashion's *Lodgings.*

Coup. Thou art out in thy logick. Thy major is true, but thy minor is false; for thou art the luckiest fellow in the universe.

Young Fash. Make out that.

Coup. I'll do't: Last night the devil ran away with the parson of Fatgoose living.

Young. Fash. If he had run away with the parish too, what's that to me?

Coup. I'll tell thee what it's to thee. This living is worth five hundred pound a-year, and the presentation of it is thine, if thou can'st prove thyself a lawful husband to Miss Hoyden.

Young Fash. Say'st thou so, my protector! then i'gad I shall have a brace of evidences here presently.

Coup. The nurse and the doctor?

Young Fash. The same: The devil himself won't have interest enough to make them withstand it.

Coup. That we shall see presently: Here they come.

Enter Nurse *and* Chaplain; *they start back, seeing* YOUNG FASHION.

Nurse. Ah goodness, Roger, we are betray'd.

Young Fash. [*laying hold on them*]. Nay, nay, ne'er flinch for the matter; for I have you safe. Come to your trials immediately; I have no time to give you copies of your indictment. There sits your judge.——

Both kneeling. Pray, sir, have compassion on us.

Nurse. I hope, sir, my years will move your pity; am an aged woman.

Coup. That is a moving argument, indeed!

Coup. [*to* BULL]. Are not you a rogue of sanctity?

Bull. Sir, with respect to my function, I do wear a

gown. I hope, sir, my character will be consider'd; I am heaven's ambassador.

Coup. Did not you marry this vigorous young fellow to a plump young buxom wench?

Nurse. [*to* BULL]. Don't confess, Roger, unless you are hard put to it, indeed?

Coup. Come, out with't—now is he chewing the cud of his roguery, and grinding a lye between his teeth.

Bull. Sir,——I cannot positively say——I say, sir ——positively I cannot say——

Coup. Come, no equivocation, no Roman turns upon us. Consider thou stand'st upon Protestant ground, which will slip from under thee like a Tyburn car; for in this country we have always ten hangmen for one Jesuit.

Bull. [*to* YOUNG FASH]. Pray, sir, then will you but permit me to speak one word in private with nurse?

Young Fash. Thou art always for doing something in private with nurse.

Coup. But pray let his betters be serv'd before him for once. I would do something in private with her myself; Lory, take care of this reverend gownman in the next room a little. Retire, priest. [*Exit* LO. *with* BULL.]—Now, virgin, I must put the matter home to you a little: Do you think it might not be possible to make you speak truth?

Nurse. Alas! sir, I don't know what you mean by truth.

Coup. Nay, 'tis possible thou may'st be a stranger to it.

Young Fash. Come, nurse, you and I were better friends when we saw one another last; and I still

believe you are a very good woman in the bottom. I did deceive you and your young lady, 'tis true, but I always design'd to make a very good husband to her, and to be a very good friend to you. And 'tis possible in the end, she might have found herself happier and you richer, than ever my brother will make you.

Nurse. Brother! Why is your worship then his lordship's brother!

Young Fash. I am; which you should have known, if I durst have staid to have told you; but I was forc'd to take horse a little in haste, you know.

Nurse. You were, indeed, sir: poor young man, how he was bound to scaure for't. Now won't your worship be angry, if I confess the truth to you; when I found you were a cheat (with respect be it spoken) I verily believ'd miss had got some pitiful skip-jack varlet or other to her husband, or I had ne'er let her think of marrying again.

Coup. But where was your conscience all this while, woman? Did not that stare you in the face with huge saucer-eyes, and a great horn upon the forehead? Did not you think you should be damn'd for such a sin? Ha!

Young Fash. Well said, divinity, press that home upon her.

Nurse. Why, in good truly, sir, I had some fearful thoughts on't, and cou'd never be brought to consent, till Mr. Bull said it was a *peckadilla*, and he'd secure my soul for a tythe-pig.

Young Fash. There was a rogue for you.

Coup. And he shall thrive accordingly: He shall have a good living. Come, honest nurse, I see you have butter in your compound; you can melt. Some

compassion you can have of this handsome young fellow.

Nurse. I have, indeed, sir.

Young Fash. Why, then, I'll tell you what you shall do for me. You know what a warm living here is fallen; and that it must be in the disposal of him who has the disposal of Miss. Now if you and the doctor will agree to prove my marriage, I'll present him to it, upon condition he makes you his bride.

Nurse. Naw the blessing of the Lord follow your good worship both by night and by day! Let him be fetch'd in by the ears; I'll soon bring his nose to the grindstone.

Coup. [*aside*]. Well said, old whit-leather. Hey; bring in the prisoner there.

Enter LORY *with* BULL.

Coup. Come, advance, holy man! Here's your duck does not think fit to retire with you into the chancel at this time; but she has a proposal to make to you in the face of the congregation. Come, nurse, speak for yourself; you are of age.

Nurse. Roger, are not you a wicked man, Roger, to set your strength against a weak woman, and persuade her it was no sin to conceal miss's nuptials? My conscience flies in my face for it, thou priest of Baal; and I find by woful experience, thy absolution is not worth an old cassock: therefore I am resolved to confess the truth to the whole world, tho' I die a beggar for it. But his worship overflows with his mercy, and his bounty; He is not only pleas'd to forgive us our sins, but designs thou sha't squat thee down in Fat-goose living; and, which is more than

all, has prevail'd with me to become the wife of thy bosom.

Young Fash. All this I intend for you, doctor. What you are to do for me, I need not tell you.

Bull. Your worship's goodness is unspeakable: Yet there is one thing seems a point of conscience; and conscience is a tender babe. If I shou'd bind myself, for the sake of this living, to marry nurse, and maintain her afterwards, I doubt it might be look'd on as a kind of simony.

Coup. [*rising up*]. If it were sacrilege, the living's worth it: Therefore no more words, good doctor; but with the [*giving* NURSE *to him*] parish——here——take the parsonage-house. 'Tis true, 'tis a little out of repair; some dilapidations there are to be made good; the windows are broke, the wainscot is warp'd, the ceilings are peel'd, and the walls are crack'd; but a little glasing, painting, white-wash, and plaster, will make it last thy time.

Bull. Well, sir, if it must be so, I shan't contend; What Providence orders, I submit to.

Nurse. And so do I, with all humility.

Coup. Why, that now was spoke like good people. Come, my turtle-doves, let us go help this poor pigeon to his wandering mate again: and after institution and induction, you shall all go a-cooing together.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter AMANDA, *in a scarf, &c., as just returned, her Woman following her.*

Aman. Pr'ythee, what care I who has been here?[2]

Wom. Madam, 'twas my Lady Bridle, and my Lady Tiptoe.

Aman. My Lady Fiddle, and my Lady Faddle. What dost stand troubling me with the visits of a parcel of impertinent women? When they are well seam'd with the small pox, they won't be so fond of shewing their faces——there are more coquettes about this town——

Wom. Madam, I suppose, they only came to return your ladyship's visit, according to the custom of the world.

Aman. Wou'd the world were on fire, and you in the middle on't! Be gone: leave me. [*Exit* Wom.

AMANDA *sola.*

At last I am convinc'd. My eyes are testimonies
of his falshood.
The base, ungrateful, perjur'd villain——
Good gods—what slippery stuff are men compos'd of!
Sure the account of their creation's false,
And 'twas the woman's rib that they were form'd of.
But why am I thus angry?
This poor relapse shou'd only move my scorn.
'Tis true, the roving flights of his unfinish'd youth
Had strong excuses from the plea of Nature:

[1] Hunt: Loveless's *Lodgings.*

[2] The whole of this scene from "Good Gods" onward is printed as poetry in Hunt's edition.

Reason had thrown the reins loose on his neck,
And slipt him to unlimited desire.
If therefore he went wrong, he had a claim
To my forgiveness, and I did him right.
But since the years of manhood rein him in,
And reason, well digested into thought,
Has pointed out the course he ought to run;
If now he strays,
'Twou'd be as weak and mean in me to pardon
As it has been in him t' offend. But hold:
'Tis an ill cause indeed, where nothing's to be said for't.
My beauty possibly is in the wain:
Perhaps sixteen has greater charms for
Yes, there's the secret. But let him know,
My quiver's not entirely empty'd yet,
I still have darts, and I can shoot 'em too;
They're not so blunt, but they can enter still;
The want's not in my power, but in my will.
Virtue's his friend; or, thro' another's heart,
I yet cou'd find the way to make his smart.
[*Going off, she meets* WORTHY.
Ha! He here? Protect me, Heaven, for this looks ominous.

Wor. You seem disorder'd, madam; I hope there's no misfortune happen'd to you?

Aman. None that will long disorder me, I hope.

Wor. Whate'er it be disturbs you, I wou'd to heaven 'twere in my power to bear the pain, till I were able to remove the cause.

Aman. I hope ere long it will remove itself. At least, I have given it warning to be gone.

Wor. Wou'd I durst ask, where 'tis the thorn torments you?

Forgive me, if I grow inquisitive;
'Tis only with desire to give you ease.

Aman. Alas! 'tis in a tender part. It can't be drawn without a world of pain: Yet out it must; for it begins to fester in my heart.

Wor. If 'tis the sting of unrequited love, remove it instantly: I have a balm will quickly heal the wound.

Aman. You'll find the undertaking difficult: The surgeon who already has attempted it, has much tormented me.

Wor. I'll aid him with a gentler hand—if you will give me leave.

Aman. How soft soe'er the hand may be, there still is terror in the operation.

Wor. Some few preparatives would make it easy, could I persuade you to apply 'em. Make home reflections, madam, on your slighted love: Weigh well the strength and beauty of your charms: Rouse up that spirit women ought to bear, and slight your god, if he neglects his angel. With arms of ice receive his cold embraces, and keep your fire for those who come in flames. Behold a burning lover at your feet, his fever raging in his veins. See how he trembles, how he pants! See how he glows, how he consumes! Extend the arms of mercy to his aid: his zeal may give him title to your pity, altho' his merit cannot claim your love.

Aman. Of all my feeble sex, sure I must be the weakest, shou'd I again presume to think on love. [*Sighing*]——Alas! my heart has been too roughly treated.

Wor. 'Twill find the greater bliss in softer usage.

Aman. But where's that usage to be found?

Wor. 'Tis here, within this faithful breast; which

if you doubt, I'll rip it up before your eyes; lay all its secrets open to your view; and then you'll see 'twas sound.

Aman. With just such honest words as these, the worst of men deceiv'd me.

Wor. He therefore merits all revenge can do: his fault is such, the extent and stretch of vengeance cannot reach it. O make me but your instrument of justice; you'll find me execute it with such zeal, as shall convince you I abhor the crime.

Aman. The rigour of an executioner has more the face of cruelty than justice: And he who puts the cord about the wretch's neck, is seldom known to exceed him in his morals.

Wor. What proof then can I give you of my truth?

Aman. There is on earth but one.

Wor. And is that in my power?

Aman. It is: And one that would so thoroughly convince me, I should be apt to rate your heart so high, I possibly might purchase't with a part of mine.

Wor. Then, Heav'n, thou art my friend, and I am blest; for if 'tis in my power, my will I'm sure will reach it. No matter what the terms may be, when such a recompence is offer'd. O tell me quickly what this proof must be! What is it will convince you of my love?

Aman. I shall believe you love me as you ought, if from this moment, you forbear to ask whatever is unfit for me to grant.——You pause upon it, sir——I doubt on such hard terms, a woman's heart is scarcely worth the having.

Wor. A heart like yours, on any terms is worth it; 'twas not on that I paus'd: But I was thinking [*drawing nearer to her.*] whether some things there

may not be, which women cannot grant without a blush, and yet which men may take without offence. [*Taking her hand.*] Your hand I fancy may be of the number: O pardon me, if I commit a rape upon it, [*kissing it eagerly*] and thus devour it with my kisses!

Aman. O heavens! let me go.

Wor. Never, whilst I have strength to hold you here. [*Forcing her to sit down on a couch.*] My life, my soul, my goddess——O forgive me!

Aman. O whither am I going? Help, heaven, or I am lost.

Wor. Stand neuter, Gods, this once I do invoke you.

Aman. Then, save me, Virtue, and the glory's thine.

Wor. Nay, never strive.

Aman. I will; and conquer too. My forces rally bravely to my aid, [*breaking from him*] and thus I gain the day.

Wor. Then mine as bravely double their attack. [*Seizing her again.*] And thus I wrest it from you. Nay, struggle not; for all's in vain: Or death or victory; I am determin'd.

Aman. And so am I. [*Rushing from him.*] Now keep your distance, or we part for ever.

Wor. [*offering again*]. For heaven's sake——

Aman. [*going*]. Nay then, farewel.

Wor. [*kneeling and holding by her clothes*]. O stay, and see the magick force of love: Behold this raging lion at your feet, struck dead with fear, and tame as charms can make him. What must I do to be forgiven by you?

Aman. Repent, and never more offend.

Wor. Repentance for past crimes is just and easy; but sin no more's a task too hard for mortals.

Aman. Yet those who hope for heaven, must use their best endeavours to perform it.

Wor. Endeavours we may use, but flesh and blood are got in t'other scale; and they are pond'rous things.

Aman. Whate'er they are, there is a weight in resolution sufficient for their balance. The soul, I do confess, is usually so careless of its charge, so soft, and so indulgent to desire, it leaves the reins in the wild hand of Nature, who, like a Phaeton, drives the fiery chariot, and sets the world on flame. Yet still the sovereignty is in the mind, whene'er it pleases to exert its force. Perhaps you may not think it worth your while to take such mighty pains for my esteem; but that I leave to you.

> You see the price I set upon my heart;
> Perhaps 'tis dear: But spite of all your art,
> You'll find on cheaper terms we ne'er shall part.

[*Exit* AMANDA.

WORTHY *solus.*

Sure there's divinity about her; and she'as dispens'd some portion on't to me. For what but now was the wild flame of love, or (to dissect that specious term) the vile, the gross desires of flesh and blood, is in a moment turn'd to adoration. The coarser appetite of Nature's gone, and 'tis, methinks, the food of angels I require: how long this influence may last, heaven knows. But in this moment of my purity, I cou'd on her own terms accept her heart. Yes, lovely woman, I can accept it. For now 'tis doubly worth my care. Your charms are much increas'd, since thus adorn'd. When truth's extorted from us, then we own the robe of virtue is a graceful habit.

Cou'd women but our secret counsels scan,
Cou'd they but reach the deep reserves of man,
They'd wear it on, that that of love might last;
For when they throw off one, we soon the other cast.
Their sympathy is such——
The fate of one, the other scarce can fly—
They live together, and together die. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.[1]

Enter Miss *and* Nurse.

Miss. But is it sure and certain, say you, he's my lord's own brother?

Nurse. As sure, as he's your lawful husband.

Miss. I'cod, if I had known that in time, I don't know but I might have kept him; for, between you and I, nurse, he'd have made a husband worth two of this I have. But which do you think you shou'd fancy most, nurse?

Nurse. Why, truly, in my poor fancy, madam, your first husband is the prettier gentleman.

Miss. I don't like my lord's shapes, nurse.

Nurse. Why in good truly, as a body may say, he is but a slam.

Miss. What do you think now he puts me in mind of? Don't you remember a long, loose, shambling sort of a horse my father call'd Washy?

Nurse. As like as two twin-brothers.

Miss. I'cod, I have thought so a hundred times; 'Faith, I'm tired of him.

[1] Hunt: *A Room in* Lord Foppington's *House.*

Nurse. Indeed, madam, I think you had e'en as good stand to your first bargain.

Miss. O but, nurse, we han't considered the main thing yet. If I leave my lord, I must leave my lady too: and when I rattle about the streets in my coach, they'll only say, there goes Mistress—Mistress—Mistress what? What's this man's name, I have married, nurse?

Nurse. 'Squire Fashion.

Miss. 'Squire Fashion is it?——Well, 'Squire, that's better than nothing: Do you think one cou'd not get him made a knight, nurse?

Nurse. I don't know but one might, madam, when the king's in a good humour.

Miss. I'cod, that wou'd do rarely. For then he'd be as good a man as my father, you know.

Nurse. By'r Lady, and that's as good as the best of 'em.

Miss. So 'tis, faith; for then I shall be my lady, and your ladyship at every word, that's all I have to care for. Ha, nurse! But hark you me, one thing more, and then I have done. I'm afraid, if I change my husband again, I shan't have so much money to throw about, nurse.

Nurse. O, enough's as good as a feast: Besides, madam, one don't know, but as much may fall to your share with the younger brother, as with the elder. For tho' these lords have a power of wealth, indeed; yet as I have heard say, they give it all to their sluts and their trulls, who joggle it about in their coaches, with a murrain to 'em, whilst poor madam sits sighing and wishing, and knotting and crying, and has not a spare half-crown to buy her a *Practice of Piety.*

Miss. O, but for that, don't deceive yourself, nurse. For this I must [*snapping her fingers*] say for my lord, and a—for him; He's as free as an open house at Christmas. For this very morning he told me, I shou'd have two hundred a-year to buy pins. Now, nurse, if he gives me two hundred a-year to buy pins, what do you think he'll give me to buy fine petticoats?

Nurse. Ah, my dearest, he deceives thee faully, and he's no better than a rogue for his pains. These Londoners have got a gibberidge with them, would confound a gipsey. That which they call pin-money, is to buy their wives every thing in the varsal world, down to their very shoe-tyes? Nay, I have heard folks say, that some ladies, if they will have gallants, as they call 'em, are forc'd to find them out of their pin-money too.

Miss. Has he serv'd me so, say ye?——Then I'll be his wife no longer, that's fixt. Look, here he comes, with all the fine folks at 's heels. I'cod, nurse, these London ladies will laugh till they crack again, to see me slip my collar, and run away from my husband. But, d'ye hear? Pray take care of one thing: When the business comes to break out, be sure you get between me and my father, for you know his tricks; he'll knock me down.

Nurse. I'll mind him, ne'er fear, madam.

Enter Lord FOPPINGTON, LOVELESS, WORTHY, AMANDA, *and* BERINTHIA.

Lord Fop. Ladies and gentlemen, you are all welcome. [*To* LOV.] Loveless—that's my wife; pr'ythee do me the favour to salute her: And do'st hear, [*aside*

to him] if thau hast a mind to try thy fartune, to be reveng'd of me, I won't take it ill, stap my vitals.

Lov. You need not fear, sir, I'm too fond of my own wife, to have the least inclination for yours.

[*All salute* Miss.

Lord Fop. [*aside*]. I'd give a thausand paund he wou'd make love to her, that he may see she has sense enough to prefer me to him, tho' his own wife has not: [*viewing him.*]—He's a very beastly fellow, in my opinion.

Miss [*aside*]. What a power of fine men there are in this London! He that kist me first, is a goodly gentleman, I promise you: Sure those wives have a rare time on't, that live here always.

Enter Sir TUNBELLY, *with* Musicians, Dancers, *&c.*

Sir Tun. Come, come in, good people, come in; come, tune your fiddles, tune your fiddles. [*To the* Hautboys.] Bag-pipes, make ready there. Come, strike up. [*Sings.*

For this is Hoyden's wedding-day
And therefore we keep holy-day,
And come to be merry.

Ha! there's my wench, i'faith: Touch and take, I'll warrant her; she'll breed like a tame rabbit.

Miss [*aside*]. I'cod, I think my father's gotten drunk before supper.

Sir Tun. [*to* LOV. *and* WOR.]. Gentlemen, you are welcome. [*Saluting* AMAN. *and* BER.] Ladies, by your leave. Ha——They bill like turtles. Udsookers, they set my old blood a-fire; I shall cuckold some body before morning.

Lord Fop. [*to* Sir TUN.] Sir, you being master of the entertainment, will you desire the company to sit?

Sir Tun. Oons, sir,——I'm the happiest man on this side the Ganges.

Lord Fop. [*aside*]. This is a mighty unaccountable old fellow. [*To* Sir TUN.] I said, sir, it wou'd be convenient to ask the company to sit.

Sir Tun. Sit——with all my heart: Come, take your places, ladies; take your places, gentlemen: Come, sit down, sit down; a pox of ceremony, take your places. [*They sit, and the Mask begins.*

DIALOGUE BETWEEN CUPID AND HYMEN.

Cupid.

Thou bane to my empire, thou spring of contest,
Thou source of all discord, thou period to rest;
Instruct me what wretches in bondage can see,
That the aim of their life is still pointed to thee.

Hymen.

Instruct me, thou little impertinent god,
From whence all thy subjects have taken the mode
To grow fond of a change, to whatever it be,
And I'll tell thee why those wou'd be bound, who are free.

Chorus.

For change, we're for change, to whatever it be,
We are neither contented with freedom nor thee.
Constancy's an empty sound.
Heaven, and earth, and all go round,
All the works of nature move,
And the joys of life and love
Are in variety.

Cupid. 3.

Were love the reward of a pains-taking life,
Had a husband the art to be fond of his wife;
Were virtue so plenty, a wife cou'd afford,
These very hard times, to be true to her lord;
Some specious account might be given of those
Who are ty'd by the tail, to be led by the nose.

Hymen. 4.

But since 'tis the fate of a man and his wife,
To consume all their days in contention and strife:
Since whatever the bounty of heaven may create her,
He's morally sure he shall heartily hate her;
I think 'twere much wiser to ramble at large,
And the volleys of love on the herd to discharge.

Hymen. 5.

Some colour of reason thy counsel might bear,
Cou'd a man have no more than his wife to his share:
Or were I a monarch so cruelly just,
To oblige a poor wife to be true to her trust;
But I have not pretended, for many years past,
By marrying of people, to make 'em grow chaste.

I therefore advise thee to let me go on,
Thou'd find I'm the strength and support of thy throne;
For hadst thou but eyes, thou wouldst quickly perceive it,
How smoothly the dart
Slips into the heart
Of a woman that's wed;
Whilst the shivering maid
Stands trembling, and wishing, but dare not receive it.

Chorus.

For change, *&c.*

The Mask ended, enter YOUNG FASH., COUPLET *and* BULL.

Sir Tun. So, very fine, very fine, i'faith; this is something like a wedding; now if supper were but ready, I'd say a short grace; and if I had such a bed-fellow as Hoyden to night——I'd say as short prayers. [*Seeing* YOUNG FASH.] How now——what have we got here? A ghost? Nay, it must be so; for his flesh and blood cou'd never have dar'd to appear before me. [*To him.*] Ah, rogue——

Lord Fop. Stap my vitals, Tam again?

Sir Tun. My lord, will you cut his throat? Or shall I?

Lord Fop. Leave him to me, sir, if you please. Pr'ythee, Tam, be so ingenuous now, as to tell me what thy business is here?

Young Fash. 'Tis with your bride.

Lord Fop. Thau art the impudent'st fellow that Nature has yet spawn'd into the warld, strike me speechless.

Young Fash. Why you know my modesty wou'd have starv'd me; I sent it a-begging to you, and you wou'd not give it a groat.

Lord Fop. And dost thau expect by an excess of assurance to extart a maintenance fram me?

Young Fash. [*taking* Miss *by the hand*]. I do intend to extort your mistress from you, and that I hope will prove one.

Lord Fop. I ever thaught Newgate or Bedlam wou'd be his fartune, and naw his fate's decided. Pr'ythee, Loveless, dost knaw of ever a mad doctor hard by?

Young Fash. There's one at your elbow will cure

you presently. [*To* BULL.] Pr'ythee, doctor, take him in hand quickly.

Lord Fop. Shall I beg the favour of you, sir, to pull your fingers out of my wife's hand?

Young Fash. His wife! Look you there; now I hope you are all satisfy'd he's mad.

Lord Fop. Naw is it not impassible far me to penetrate what species of fally it is thou art driving at?

Sir Tun. Here, here, here, let me beat out his brains, and that will decide all.

Lord Fop. No, pray, sir, hold, we'll destray him presently according to law.

Young Fash. [*to* BULL]. Nay, then advance, doctor: come, you are a man of conscience, answer boldly to the questions I shall ask: Did not you marry me to this young lady, before ever that gentleman there saw her face?

Bull. Since the truth must out, I did.

Young Fash. Nurse, sweet nurse, were not you a witness to it?

Nurse. Since my conscience bids me speak—I was.

Young Fash. [*to* Miss]. Madam, am not I your lawful husband?

Miss. Truly I can't tell, but you married me first.

Young Fash. Now I hope you are all satisfy'd?

Sir Tun. [*offering to strike him, is held by* LOV. *and* WOR.] Oons and thunder, you lye.

Lord Fop. Pray, sir, be calm, the battle is in disarder, but requires more canduct than courage to rally our forces. Pray, dactar, one word with you. [*To* BULL *aside.*] Look you, sir, tho' I will not presume to calculate your notions of damnation, fram the description you give us of hell, yet since there is at

least a passibility you may have a pitchfark thrust in your backside, methinks, it shou'd not be worth your while to risk your saul in the next warld, for the sake of a beggarly yaunger brather, who is nat able to make your bady happy in this.

Bull. Alas! my lord, I have no worldly ends; I speak the truth, heaven knows.

Lord Fop. Nay, pr'ythee, never engage heaven in the matter; far, by all I can see, 'tis like to prove a business for the devil.

Young Fash. Come, pray, sir, all above-board, no corrupting of evidences; if you please, this young lady is my lawful wife, and I'll justify it in all the courts of England; so your lordship (who always had a passion for variety) may go seek a new mistress, if you think fit.

Lord Fop. I am struck dumb with his impudence, and cannot passitively tell whether ever I shall speak again, or nat.

Sir Tun. Then let me come and examine the business a little, I'll jerk the truth out of 'em presently; here, give me my dog-whip.

Young Fash. Look you, old gentleman, 'tis in vain to make a noise; if you grow mutinous, I have some friends within call, have swords by their sides, above four foot long; therefore be calm, hear the evidence patiently, and when the jury have given their verdict, pass sentence according to law: Here's honest Coupler shall be foremen, and ask as many questions as he pleases.

Coup. All I have to ask is, whether nurse persists in her evidence? The parson, I dare swear, will never flinch from his.

Nurse [*to* Sir TUN. *kneeling*]. I hope in heaven your

worship will pardon me; I have served you long and faithfully, but in this thing I was over-reach'd; your worship, however, was deceiv'd as well as I; and if the wedding-dinner had been ready, you had put madam to bed with him with your own hands.

Sir Tun. But how durst you do this, without acquainting of me?

Nurse. Alas! if your worship had seen how the poor thing begg'd, and pray'd, and clung, and twin'd about me, like ivy to an old wall, you wou'd say, I who had suckled it, and swaddled it, and nurst it both wet and dry, must have had a heart of adamant to refuse it.

Sir Tun. Very well.

Young Fash. Foreman, I expect your verdict.

Coup. Ladies and gentlemen, what's your opinions?

All. A clear case, a clear case.

Coup. Then, my young folks, I wish you joy.

Sir Tun. [*to* YOUNG FASH.] Come hither, stripling; if it be true, then, that thou hast marry'd my daughter, pr'ythee tell me who thou art?

Young Fash. Sir, the best of my condition is, I am your son-in-law; and the worst of it is, I am brother to that noble peer there.

Sir Tun. Art thou brother to that noble peer—— Why then, that noble peer, and thee, and thy wife, and the nurse, and the priest——may all go and be damn'd together. [*Exit* Sir TUN.

Lord Fop. [*aside*]. Naw, for my part, I think the wisest thing a man can do with an aking heart, is to put on a serene countenance; for a philosaphical air is the most becoming thing in the warld to the face of a person of quality; I will therefore bear my disgrace like a great man, and let the people see I am above an

affrant. [*To* YOUNG FASH.] Dear Tam, since things are thus fallen aut, pr'ythee give me leave to wish thee jay. I do it *de bon cœur*, strike me dumb: you have marry'd a woman beautiful in her person, charming in her airs, prudent in her canduct, canstant in her inclinations, and of a nice marality, split my windpipe.

Young Fash. Your lardship may keep up your spirits with your grimace, if you please; I shall support mine with this lady, and two thousand pound a-year.

[*Taking* Miss.] Come, madam:
We once again, you see, are man and wife,
And now, perhaps, the bargain's struck for life:
If I mistake, and we shou'd part again,
At least you see you may have choice of men:
Nay, shou'd the war at length such havock make,
That lovers shou'd grow scarce, yet for your sake,
Kind heaven always will preserve a beau——

[*Pointing to* LORD FOP.] You'll find his lordship ready to come to.

Lord Fop. Her ladyship shall stap my vitals, if I do.

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY LORD FOPPINGTON.

GENTLEMEN and ladies,
These people have regal'd you here to-day
(In my opinion) with a saucy play;
In which the author does presume to shew,
That coxcomb, *ab origine* — was beau.
Truly I think the thing of so much weight,
That if some sharp chastisement ben't his fate,
Gad's curse, it may in time destroy the state.
I hold no one its friend, I must confess,
Who wou'd discauntenance you men of dress.
Far, give me leave t'observe, good clothes are things
Have ever been of great support to kings:
All treasons come fram slovens; it is nat
Within the reach of gentle beaux to plat;
They have no gall; no spleen, no teeth, no stings,
Of all Gad's creatures, the most harmless things.
Thro' all recard, no prince was ever slain
By one who had a feather in his brain.

They're men of too refin'd an education,
To squabble with a court—for a vile dirty nation.
I'm very pasitive, you never saw
A tho'ro' republican a finish'd beau.
Nor truly shall you very often see
A *Jacobite* much better drest than he:
In shart, thro' all the Courts that I have been in,
Your men of mischief—still are in faul linen.
Did ever one yet dance the *Tyburn* jigg,
With a free air, or a well pawder'd Wig?
Did ever highway-man yet bid you stand,
With a sweet bawdy snuff-bax in his hand?
Ar do you ever find they ask your purse
As men of breeding do?—Ladies, Gad's curse,
This author is a dag, and 'tis not fit
You shou'd allow him e'en one grain of wit:
To which, that his pretence may ne'er be nam'd,
My humble motion is——he may be damn'd.

THE PROVOK'D WIFE:

A Comedy as it is acted at the New Theatre, in Little Lincolns-Inn-Fields.

By the Author of a New Comedy call'd *The Relapse; or, Virtue in Danger.*

THE *PROVOK'D WIFE* was produced at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields by Betterton's company at the end of April or beginning of May, 1697. The success of *The Relapse* at Drury Lane had been so great that Montague, afterwards Lord Halifax, asked Vanbrugh for his new play for the theatre in which he was interested. The triumph was complete, and the piece enjoyed great popularity. And deservedly so, for, as Hazlitt remarks: "He has a masterly eye to the advantages which certain accidental situations of character present to him on the spot, and he executes the most difficult and rapid theatrical movements at a moment's warning. Of this kind are the inimitable scenes, in *The Provok'd Wife*, between Razor and Mademoiselle, where they repeat and act over again the rencontre in the Mulberry-walk between *Constant* and his mistress, than which nothing was ever more happily conceived, or done to more absolute perfection." Further on the same critic, in speaking of Sir John Brute, says: "He has a spice of the demon mixed up with the brute; is mischievous as well as stupid; has improved his natural parts by a town education and example; opposes the fine-lady airs and graces of his wife by brawling oaths, impenetrable surliness, and pothouse valour; overpowers any tendency she might have to vapours or hysterics by the fumes of tobacco and strong beer, and thinks to be master in his own house by roaring in taverns, reeling home drunk every night, breaking lamps, and beating the watch. He does not, however, find

this lordly method answer. He turns out to be a coward as well as a bully, and dares not resent the injuries he has provoked by his unmanly behaviour. This was Garrick's favourite part; and I have heard that his acting in the drunken scene, in which he was disguised, not as a clergyman, but as a woman of the town, which was an alteration of his own to suit the delicacy of the time, was irresistible. The ironical conversations in this play between *Belinda* and *Lady Brute*, as well as those in *The Relapse* between Amanda and her cousin Berinthia, will do to compare with Congreve in the way of wit and studied raillery, but they will not stand the comparison."

Though we admit that the character of the play under consideration is immoral, we cannot agree with Leigh Hunt in calling it "one of the coarsest of Vanbrugh's plays." On the contrary, when compared with either *The Relapse* or *The Confederacy*, *The Provok'd Wife* may be called—relatively speaking of course!—more moral than either of these two comedies. The scene in the arbour is risky to say the least of it, but what about the third scene of the fourth Act of *The Relapse* where Berinthia succumbs to temptation, and is carried off by Loveless without any sincere remonstrance on her part? And are not in reality Araminta and Clarissa, more depraved than Lady Brute and Belinda? "Bawdy" is talked in all these plays, but in *The Provok'd Wife* there is less of it than in any of the comedies of the four Comic dramatists. Nor should we forget that the tone of our play is more earnest, and contains this line:

"*To be capable of loving one, is better than to possess a thousand.*"

PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MRS. BRACEGIRDLE.[1]

SINCE 'tis th' intent and business of the stage,
To copy out the follies of the age;
To hold to every man a faithful glass,
And shew him of what species he's an ass:
I hope the next that teaches in the school,
Will shew our author he's a scribbling fool.
And that the satire may be sure to bite,

[1] Mrs. Bracegirdle was one of the first actresses of the day, and a great favourite with the public. She was born in 1674, and died in 1748. "Of all Congreve's attachments, that to Mrs. Bracegirdle lasted the longest and was the most celebrated. This charming actress, who was, during many years, the idol of all London, whose face caused the fearful broil in which Mountfort fell, and for which Lord Mohun was tried by the Peers, and to whom the Earl of Scarsdale was said to have made honourable addresses, had conducted herself, in very trying circumstances, with extraordinary discretion. Congreve, at length became her confidential friend." (Macaulay, *The Comic Dramatists of the Restoration*). "Never," says Colley Cibber, "any woman was in such general favour of her spectators, which to the last scene of her dramatic life she maintained by not being unguarded in her private character"

Kind Heav'n! inspire some venom'd priest[1] to write,
And grant some ugly lady may indite.
For I wou'd have him lash'd, by heavens! I wou'd,
Till his presumption swam away in blood.
Three plays[2] at once proclaim a face of brass,
No matter what they are; that's not the case—
To write three plays, e'en that's to be an ass.
But what I least forgive, he knows it too,
For to his cost he lately has known you—
Experience shews, to many a writer's smart,
You hold a court where mercy ne'er had part;
So much of the old serpent's sting you have,
You love to damn, as heaven delights to save.
In foreign parts, let a bold volunteer,
For public good, upon the stage appear,
He meets ten thousand smiles to dissipate his fear.
All tickle on th' adventuring young beginner,
And only scourge th' incorrigible sinner;
They touch indeed his faults, but with a hand
So gentle, that his merit still may stand;
Kindly they buoy the follies of his pen,
That he may shun 'em when he writes again.
But 'tis not so in this good-natur'd town,
All's one, an ox, a poet, or a crown;
Old *England's* play was always knocking down.

[1] This cannot refer to Collier whose *Short View of the Profaneness and Immorality of the English Stage* was published in March, 1698, whereas *The Provok'd Wife* was published in 4to, without the author's name, as early as the 11th of May, 1697 This edition contains the Prologue.

[2] Viz., *The Relapse*, *Esop* (*January*, 1697), and *Provok'd Wife*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

CONSTANT ... ... *Mr. Verbruggen.*
HEARTFREE ... ... *Mr. Hudson.*
Sir JOHN BRUTE ... ... *Mr. Betterton.*
TREBLE, a Singing Master ... *Mr. Bowman.*
RASOR, Vallet de Chambre to Sir John Brute ... ... *Mr. Bowen.*
Justice of the Peace ... ... *Mr. Bright.*
Lord RAKE, Col. BULLY, } Companions to Sir John Brute
Constable and Watch.

WOMEN.

Lady BRUTE ... ... *Mrs. Barry.*
BELLINDA, her Niece ... ... *Mrs. Bracegirdle.*
Lady FANCYFULL ... ... *Mrs. Bowman.*
Madamoiselle ... ... *Mrs. Willis.*
CORNET and PIPE, Servants to Lady Fancyfull.

The Dramatis Personæ as given on page 205 are those of the 1697 edition. Leigh Hunt made some additions and alterations, the result being the following list :—

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CONSTANT, HEARTFREE, } Gentlemen of the Town.
Sir JOHN BRUTE.
Lord RAKE, Colonel BULLY, } Companions to Sir John Brute.
TREBLE, a Singing-Master.
RASOR, Valet-de-Chambre to Sir John Brute.
LOVEWELL, Page to Lady Brute.
JOE, a Porter.
Justice of the Peace.
Page to Lord Rake.

Lady BRUTE, Wife to Sir John Brute.
BELINDA, her Niece.
Lady FANCYFUL.
Mademoiselle, Fille-de-Chambre to Lady Fancyful.
CORNET, PIPE, } Maids to Lady Fancyful.

Tailor, Constable, Watchmen, Footmen, &c

SCENE.—*London.*

THE PROVOK'D WIFE.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.—Sir JOHN BRUTE'S *House.*

Enter Sir JOHN, *solus.*

WHAT cloying meat is love——when matrimony's the sauce to it! Two years marriage has debauch'd my five senses. Every thing I see, every thing I hear, every thing I feel, everything I smell, and every thing I taste—methinks has wife in't. No boy was ever so weary of his tutor, no girl of her bib, no nun of doing penance, or old maid of being chaste, as I am of being married. Sure there's a secret curse entail'd upon the very name of wife. My lady is a young lady, a fine lady, a witty lady, a virtuous lady,—and yet I hate her. There is but one thing on earth I loath beyond her: That's fighting. Would my courage come up to a fourth part of my ill-nature, I'd stand buff to her relations, and thrust her out of doors. But marriage has sunk me down to

such an ebb of resolution, I dare not draw my sword, tho' even to get rid of my wife. But here she comes.

Enter Lady BRUTE.

Lady Brute. Do you dine at home to-day, Sir John?

Sir John. Why, do you expect I should tell you what I don't know myself?

Lady Brute. I thought there was no harm in asking you.

Sir John. If thinking wrong were an excuse for impertinence, women might be justify'd in most things they say or do.

Lady Brute. I'm sorry I have said any thing to displease you.

Sir John. Sorrow for things past is of as little importance to me, as my dining at home or abroad ought to be to you.

Lady Brute. My enquiry was only that I might have provided what you lik'd.

Sir John. Six to four you had been in the wrong there again; for what I lik'd yesterday I don't like to-day; and what I like to-day, 'tis odds I mayn't like to-morrow.

Lady Brute. But if I had ask'd you what you lik'd?

Sir John. Why then there wou'd have been more asking about it than the thing was worth.

Lady Brute. I wish I did but know how I might please you.

Sir John. Ay, but that sort of knowledge is not a wife's talent.

Lady Brute. Whate'er my talent is, I'm sure my will has ever been to make you easy.

Sir John. If women were to have their wills, the world wou'd be finely govern'd.

Lady Brute. What reason have I given you to use me as you do of late? It once was otherwise: You marry'd me for love.

Sir John. And you me for money: So you have your reward, and I have mine.

Lady Brute. What is it that disturbs you?

Sir John. A parson.

Lady Brute. Why, what has he done to you?

Sir John. He has married me. [*Exit* Sir JOHN.

Lady BRUTE *sola.*

The devil's in the fellow, I think——I was told before I married him, that thus 'twou'd be: But I thought I had charms enough to govern him; and that where there was an estate, a woman must needs be happy; so my vanity has deceiv'd me, and my ambition has made me uneasy. But there's some comfort still; if one wou'd be reveng'd of him, these are good times; a woman may have a gallant, and a separate maintenance too——The surly puppy—yet he's a fool for't: for hitherto he has been no monster: But who knows how far he may provoke me? I never lov'd him, yet I have been ever true to him; and that, in spite of all the attacks of art and nature upon a poor weak woman's heart, in favour of a tempting lover. Methinks so noble a defence as I have made, shou'd be rewarded with a better usage——Or who can tell?——Perhaps a good part of what I suffer from my husband, may be a judgment upon me for my cruelty to my lover.——Lord, with what pleasure could I indulge that thought, were there but a possi-

bility of finding arguments to make it good!——And how do I know but there may?——Let me see——What opposes?—My matrimonial vow——Why, what did I vow? I think I promis'd to be true to my husband. Well; and he promis'd to be kind to me. But he han't kept his word——Why then I'm absolv'd from mine—Ay, that seems clear to me. The argument's good between the king and the people, why not between the husband and the wife? O, but that condition was not exprest—no matter, 'twas understood. Well, by all I see, if I argue the matter a little longer with myself, I shan't find so many bugbears in the way as I thought I shou'd. Lord, what fine notions of virtue do we women take up upon the credit of old foolish philosophers! Virtue's its own reward, virtue's this, virtue's that——Virtue's an ass, and a gallant's worth forty on't.

Enter BELINDA.

Lady Brute. Good-morrow, dear cousin.

Bel. Good-morrow, madam; you look pleas'd this morning.

Lady Brute. I am so.

Bel. With what, pray?

Lady Brute. With my husband.

Bel. Drown husbands; for your's is a provoking fellow; As he went out just now, I pray'd him to tell me what time of day 'twas; and he ask'd me if I took him for the church-clock, that was oblig'd to tell all the parish.

Lady Brute. He has been saying some good obliging things to me too. In short, Belinda, he has us'd me so barbarously of late, that I cou'd almost resolve to play the downright wife——and cuckold him.

Bel. That would be downright indeed.

Lady Brute. Why, after all, there's more to be said for't than you'd imagine, child. I know, according to the strict Statute-law of religion, I shou'd do wrong: But if there were a Court of Chancery in heav'n, I'm sure I shou'd cast him.

Bel. If there were a House of Lords, you might.

Lady Brute. In either I should infallibly carry my cause. Why, he is the first aggressor, not I.

Bel. Ay, but you know we must return good for evil.

Lady Brute. That may be a mistake in the translation—Pr'ythee be of my opinion, Belinda; for I'm positive I'm in the right; and if you'll keep up the prerogative of a woman, you'll likewise be positive you are in the right, whenever you do any thing you have a mind to. But I shall play the fool, and jest on, till I make you begin to think I'm in earnest.

Bel. I shan't take the liberty, madam, to think of any thing that you desire to keep a secret from me.

Lady Brute. Alas, my dear, I have no secrets. My heart cou'd never yet confine my tongue.

Bel. Your eyes, you mean; for I'm sure I have seen them gadding, when your tongue has been lock'd up safe enough.

Lady Brute. My eyes gadding! Pr'ythee after who, child?

Bel. Why, after one that thinks you hate him, as much as I know you love him.

Lady Brute. Constant you mean.

Bel. I do so.

Lady Brute. Lord, what shou'd put such a thing into your head?

Bel. That which put things into most people's heads, observation.

Lady Brute. Why what have you observ'd, in the name of wonder?

Bel. I have observed you blush when you met him; force yourself away from him; and then be out of humour with every thing about you: In a word, never was poor creature so spurr'd on by desire, and so rein'd in with fear.

Lady Brute. How strong is fancy!

Bel. How weak is woman!

Lady Brute. Pr'ythee, niece, have a better opinion of your aunt's inclination.

Bel. Dear aunt, have a better opinion of your niece's understanding.

Lady Brute. You'll make me angry.

Bel. You'll make me laugh.

Lady Brute. Then you are resolv'd to persist?

Bel. Positively.

Lady Brute. And all I can say——

Bel. Will signify nothing.

Lady Brute. Tho' I should swear 'twere false——

Bel. I should think it true.

Lady Brute. Then let us both forgive; [*kissing her*] for we have both offended: I, in making a secret; you, in discovering it.

Bel. Good-nature may do much: But you have more reason to forgive one, than I have to pardon t'other.

Lady Brute. 'Tis true, Belinda, you have given me so many proofs of your friendship, that my reserve has been indeed a crime: But that you may more easily forgive me, remember, child, that when our nature prompts us to a thing our honour and religion have forbid us; we wou'd (wer't possible) conceal even from the soul itself, the knowledge of the body's weakness.

Bel. Well, I hope, to make your friend amends, you'll hide nothing from her for the future, tho' the body shou'd still grow weaker and weaker.

Lady Brute. No, from this moment I have no more reserve; and for a proof of my repentance, I own, Belinda, I'm in danger. Merit and wit assault me from without; nature and love sollicit me within; my husband's barbarous usage piques me to revenge; and Satan, catching at the fair occasion, throws in my way that vengeance, which of all vengeance pleases women best.

Bel. 'Tis well Constant don't know the weakness of the fortification; for o' my conscience he'd soon come on to the assault.

Lady Brute. Ay, and I'm afraid carry the town too. But whatever you may have observ'd, I have dissembled so well as to keep him ignorant. So you see I'm no coquette, Belinda: And if you follow my advice, you'll never be one neither. 'Tis true, coquetry is one of the main ingredients in the natural composition of a woman; and I, as well as others, cou'd be well enough pleas'd to see a crowd of young fellows ogling, and glancing, and watching all occasions to do forty foolish officious things: Nay, shou'd some of 'em push on, even to hanging or drowning, why——'faith ——if I shou'd let pure woman alone, I shou'd e'en be but too well pleas'd with it.

Bel. I'll swear 'twould tickle me strangely.

Lady Brute. But after all, 'tis a vicious practice in us, to give the least encouragement but where we design to come to a conclusion. For 'tis an unreasonable thing to engage a man in a disease, which we before-hand resolve we never will apply a cure to.

Bel. 'Tis true; but then a woman must abandon

one of the supreme blessings of her life. For I am fully convinc'd, no man has half that pleasure in possessing a mistress, as a woman has in jilting a gallant.

Lady Brute. The happiest woman then on earth must be our neighbour.

Bel. O the impertinent composition! She has vanity and affectation enough to make her a ridiculous original, in spite of all that art and nature ever furnish'd to any of her sex before her.

Lady Brute. She concludes all men her captives; and whatever course they take, it serves to confirm her in that opinion.

Bel. If they shun her, she thinks 'tis modesty, and takes it for a proof of their passion.

Lady Brute. And if they are rude to her, 'tis conduct, and done to prevent town-talk.

Bel. When her folly makes 'em laugh, she thinks they are pleased with her wit.

Lady Brute. And when her impertinence makes 'em dull, concludes they are jealous of her favours.

Bel. All their actions and their words, she takes for granted, aim at her.

Lady Brute. And pities all other women, because she thinks they envy her.

Bel. Pray, out of pity to ourselves, let us find a better subject; for I'm weary of this. Do you think your husband inclined to jealousy?

Lady Brute. O, no; he does not love me well enough for that. Lord, how wrong men's maxims are! They are seldom jealous of their wives, unless they are very fond of 'em; whereas they ought to consider the women's inclinations; for there depends their fate. Well, men may talk: But they are not so wise as we——that's certain.

Bel. At least in our affairs.

Lady Brute. Nay, I believe we shou'd out-do 'em in the business of the state too: For, methinks, they do and undo, and make but bad work on't.

Bel. Why then don't we get into the intrigues of government as well as they?

Lady Brute. Because we have intrigues of our own, that make us more sport, child. And so let's in and consider of 'em. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Dressing-room.*

Enter Lady FANCYFULL, Madamoiselle, *and* CORNET.

Lady Fan. How do I look this morning?

Cor. Your ladyship looks very ill, truly.

Lady Fan. Lard, how ill-natur'd thou art, Cornet, to tell me so, tho' the thing shou'd be true! Don't you know that I have humility enough to be but too easily out of conceit with myself? Hold the glass; I dare swear that will have more manners than you have. Madamoiselle, let me have your opinion too.

Madam. My opinion pe, matam, dat your latyship never look so well in your life.

Lady Fan. Well, the French are the prettiest, obliging people; they say the most acceptable, well-manner'd things—and never flatter.

Madam. Your latyship say great justice inteed.

Lady Fan. Nay, every thing's just in my house but Cornet. The very looking-glass gives her the *dementi.* But I'm almost afraid it flatters me, it makes me look so very engaging. [*Looking affectedly in the glass.*

Madam. Inteed, matam, your face pe handsomer den all de looking-glass in de world, *croyez-moy.*

Lady Fan. But is it possible my eyes can be so languishing—and so very full of fire?

Madam. Matam, if de glass was burning-glass, I believe your eyes set de fire in de house.

Lady Fan. You may take that night-gown, madamoiselle; get out of the room, Cornet; I can't endure you. This wench, methinks, does look so unsufferably ugly.

Madam. Every ting look ugly, matam, dat stand by your latyship.

Lady Fan. No really, madamoiselle, methinks you look mighty pretty.

Madam. Ah matam! de moon have no eclat ven de sun appear.

Lady Fan. O pretty expression! Have you ever been in love, madamoiselle?

Madam. Ouy, matame. [*Sighing.*]

Lady Fan. And were you belov'd again?

Madam. Non, matame.

Lady Fan. O ye gods! What an unfortunate creature shou'd I be in such a case! But Nature has made me nice, for my own defence: I'm nice, strangely nice, madamoiselle; I believe were the merit of whole mankind bestow'd upon one single person, I shou'd still think the fellow wanted something to make it worth my while to take notice of him; and yet I could love; nay, fondly love, were it possible to have a thing made on purpose for me: For I'm not cruel, madamoiselle; I'm only nice.

Madam. Ah matam, I wish I was fine gentleman for your sake. I do all de ting in de world to get leetel way into your heart. I make song, I make

verse, I give you de serenade, I give great many present to madamoiselle ; I no eat, I no sleep, I be lean, I be mad, I hang myself, I drown myself. *Ah ma chère dame, que je vous aimerois !* [*Embracing her.*

Lady Fan. Well, the French have strange obliging ways with 'em ; you may take those two pair of gloves, madamoiselle.

Madam. Me humbly tanke my sweet lady.

Enter CORNET.

Cor. Madam, here's a letter for your ladyship by the penny post.

Lady Fan. Some new conquest, I'll warrant you. For without vanity, I look'd extremely clear last night when I went to the park.—O agreeable ! Here's a new song made of me : And ready set too. O thou welcome thing ! [*Kissing it.*] Call Pipe hither, she shall sing it instantly.

Enter PIPE.

Here, sing me this new song, Pipe.

SONG.

I.

Fly, fly, you happy shepherds, fly ;
Avoid *Philira's* charms ;
The rigour of her heart denies
The heaven that's in her arms.
Ne'er hope to gaze, and then retire,
Nor yielding, to be blest ;
Nature, who form'd her eyes of fire,
Of ice compos'd her breast.

II.

Yet, lovely maid, this once believe
A slave whose zeal you move;
The gods, alas! your youth deceive,
Their heav'n consists in love.
In spite of all the thanks you owe,
You may reproach 'em this;
That where they did their form bestow,
They have deny'd their bliss.

Lady Fan. Well, there may be faults, madamoiselle, but the design is so very obliging, 'twou'd be a matchless ingratitude in me to discover 'em.

Madam. Ma foy, madame, I tink de gentleman's song tell you de trute. If you never love, you never be happy——Ah——*que j'aime l'amour moy!* [1]

Enter Servant *with another letter.*

Ser. Madam, here's another letter for your ladyship.

Lady Fan. 'Tis this way I am importun'd every morning, madamoiselle. Pray how do the French ladies when they are thus *accablées?*

Madam. Matam, dey never complain. *Au contraire,* when one Frense laty have got hundred lover —den she do all she can—to get a hundred more.

Lady Fan. Well, strike me dead, I think they have *le goût bon.* For 'tis an unutterable pleasure to be ador'd by all the men, and envy'd by all the women ——Yet I'll swear I'm concern'd at the torture I give 'em. Lard, why was I form'd to make the whole creation uneasy? But let me read my letter.

[*Reads.*]

[1] The French passages are faulty in the old editions of this play; I have corrected the mistakes but retained the old spelling.

"If you have a mind to hear of your faults, instead of being prais'd for your virtues, take the pains to walk in the Green-walk in St. James's[1] with your woman an hour hence. You'll there meet one, who hates you for some things, as he cou'd love you for others, and therefore is willing to endeavour your reformation.——If you come to the place I mention, you'll know who I am: If you don't, you never shall: so take your choice."

This is strangely familiar, madamoiselle; now have I a provoking fancy to know who this impudent fellow is.

Madam. Den take your scarf and your mask, and go to de rendezvous. De Frense laty do *justement comme ça.*

Lady Fan. Rendezvous! What, rendezvous with a man, madamoiselle!

Madam. Eh, pourquoy non?

Lady Fan. What, and a man perhaps I never saw in my life?

Madam. Tant mieux: c'est donc quelque chose de nouveau.

Lady Fan. Why, how do I know what designs he may have? He may intend to ravish me, for aught I know.

Madam. Ravish!—*Bagatelle.* I would fain see one impudent rogue ravish madamoiselle: *Ouy, je le voudrois.*

Lady Fan. O, but my reputation, madamoiselle! my reputation! *Ah ma chère réputation!*

[1] St. James's Park was at that period a common rendezvous for lovers, and the favourite resort of "men and women of the town." One of Wycherley's plays is called *Love in a wood; or, St. James's Park.*

Madam. Madame—Quand on l'a une fois perdue—O n'en est plus embarassée.

Lady Fan. Fe, madamoiselle, fe! Reputation is a jewel.

Madam. Qui coûte bien chère, madame.

Lady Fan. Why sure you would not sacrifice your honour to your pleasure?

Madam. Je suis philosophe.

Lady Fan. Bless me, how you talk! Why, what if honour be a burden, madamoiselle, must it not be borne?

Madam. Chaqu'un a sa façon—Quand quelque chose m'incommode moy—je m'en défais vite.

Lady Fan. Get you gone, you little naughty French-woman, you; I vow and swear I must turn you out of doors, if you talk thus.

Madam. Turn me out of doors!——Turn yourself out of doors, and go see what de gentleman have to say to you—*Tenez. Voilà* [*Giving her her things hastily.*] *vostre écharpe, voilà vostre quoife, voilà vostre masque, voilà tout. Hey, Mercure, Coquin:* Call one chair for matam, and one oder [*calling within*] for me: *Va-t'en vite.* [*Turning to her lady, and helping her on hastily with her things.*] *Allons, madame, dépechez-vous donc. Mon Dieu, quelles scrupules!*

Lady Fan. Well, for once, madamoiselle, I'll follow your advice, out of the intemperate desire I have to know who this ill-bred fellow is. But I have too much *délicatesse*, to make a practice on't.

Madam. Belle chose vrayment que la délicatesse, lors qu'il s'agit de se dévertir——à ça——Vous voilà équipée, partons.—Hé bien!—qu'avez vous donc?

Lady Fan. J'ay peur.

Madam. Je n'en ay point moy.

Lady Fan. I dare not go.

Madam. Demeurez donc.

Lady Fan. Je suis poltrone.

Madam. Tant pis pour vous.

Lady Fan. Curiosity's a wicked devil.

Madam. C'est une charmante sainte.

Lady Fan. It ruined our first parents.

Madam. Elle a bien diverti leurs enfans.

Lady Fan. L'honneur est contre.

Madam. Le plaisir est pour.

Lady Fan. Must I then go?

Madam. Must you go?—Must you eat, must you drink, must you sleep, must you live? De nature bid you do one, de nature bid you do toder. *Vous me ferez enrager.*

Lady Fan. But when reason corrects nature, madamoiselle——

Madam. Elle est donc bien insolente, c'est sa sœur aisnée.

Lady Fan. Do you then prefer your nature to your reason, madamoiselle?

Madam. Ouy da.

Lady Fan. Pourquoy?

Madam. Because my nature make me merry, my reason make me mad.

Lady Fan. Ah la méchante Françoise!

Madam. Ah la belle Angloise!

[*Forcing her lady off.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.—*St. James's Park.*

Enter Lady FANCYFULL *and* Madamoiselle.

LADY FAN. Well, I vow, madamoiselle, I'm strangely impatient to know who this confident fellow is.

Enter HEARTFREE.

Look, there's Heartfree. But sure it can't be him; he's a profess'd woman-hater. Yet who knows what my wicked eyes may have done?

Madam. Il nous approche, madame.

Lady Fan. Yes, 'tis he: now will he be most intolerably cavalier, tho' he should be in love with me.

Heart. Madam, I'm your humble servant; I perceive you have more humility and good-nature than I thought you had.

Lady Fan. What you attribute to humility and good-nature, sir, may perhaps be only due to curiosity. I had a mind to know who 'twas had ill manners enough to write that letter.

Throwing him his letter.

Heart. Well, and now I hope you are satisfy'd.

Lady Fan. I am so, sir: Good by t'ye.

Heart. Nay, hold there; tho' you have done your business, I han't done mine: By your ladyship's leave, we must have one moment's prattle together. Have you a mind to be the prettiest woman about town, or not? How she stares upon me! What! this passes for an impertinent question with you now, because you think you are so already?

Lady Fan. Pray, sir, let me ask you a question in my turn: By what right do you pretend to examine me?

Heart. By the same right that the strong govern the weak, because I have you in my power; for you cannot get so quickly to your coach, but I shall have time enough to make you hear every thing I have to say to you.

Lady Fan. These are strange liberties you take, Mr. Heartfree.

Heart. They are so, madam, but there's no help for it; for know that I have a design upon you.

Lady Fan. Upon me, sir!

Heart. Yes; and one that will turn to your glory, and my comfort, if you will but be a little wiser than you use to be.

Lady Fan. Very well, sir.

Heart. Let me see——Your vanity, madam, I take to be about some eight degrees higher than any woman's in the town, let t'other be who she will; and my indifference is naturally about the same pitch. Now, could you find the way to turn this indifference into fire and flames, methinks your vanity ought to be satisfy'd; and this, perhaps, you might bring about upon pretty reasonable terms.

Lady Fan. And pray at what rate would this indifference be bought off, if one shou'd have so depraved an appetite to desire it?

Heart. Why, madam, to drive a Quaker's bargain, and make but one word with you, if I do part with it—you must lay me down—your affectation.

Lady Fan. My affectation, sir!

Heart. Why, I ask you nothing but what you may very well spare.

Lady Fan. You grow rude, sir. Come, madamoiselle, 'tis high time to be gone.

Madam. Allons, allons, allons.

Heart. [*stopping them*]. Nay, you may as well stand still; for hear me you shall, walk which way you please.

Lady Fan. What mean you, sir?

Heart. I mean to tell you, that you are the most ungrateful woman upon earth.

Lady Fan. Ungrateful! To whom?

Heart. To nature.

Lady Fan. Why, what has nature done for me?

Heart. What you have undone by art! It made you handsome; it gave you beauty to a miracle, a shape without a fault, wit enough to make them relish, and so turn'd you loose to your own discretion; which has made such work with you, that you are become the pity of our sex, and the jest of your own. There is not a feature in your face, but you have found the way to teach it some affected convulsion; your feet, your hands, your very fingers ends are directed never to move without some ridiculous air or other; and your language is a suitable trumpet, to draw people's eyes upon the raree-show.

Madam. [*aside*]. *Est ce qu'on fait l'amour en Angleterre comme ça?*

Lady Fan. [*aside*]. Now cou'd I cry for madness, but that I know he'd laugh at me for it.

Heart. Now do you hate me for telling you the truth, but that's because you don't believe it is so; for were you once convinc'd of that, you'd reform for your own sake. But 'tis as hard to persuade a woman to quit any thing that makes her ridiculous, as 'tis to prevail with a poet to see a fault in his own play.

Lady Fan. Every circumstance of nice breeding must needs appear ridiculous to one who has so natural an antipathy to good-manners.

Heart. But suppose I could find the means to convince you, that the whole world is of my opinion, and that those who flatter and commend you, do it to no other intent, but to make you persevere in your folly, that they may continue in their mirth.

Lady Fan. Sir, tho' you and all that world you talk of shou'd be so impertinently officious, as to think to persuade me I don't know how to behave myself; I shou'd still have charity enough for my own understanding, to believe myself in the right, and all you in the wrong.

Madam. Le voilà mort.

[*Exeunt* Lady FANCYFULL *and* Madamoiselle.

Heart. [*gazing after her*]. There her single clapper has publish'd the sense of the whole sex. Well, this once I have endeavour'd to wash the blackamoor white, but henceforward I'll sooner undertake to teach sincerity to a courtier, generosity to an usurer, honesty to a lawyer, nay, humility to a divine, than discretion to a woman I see has once set her heart upon playing the fool.

Enter CONSTANT.

'Morrow, Constant.

Const. Good-morrow, Jack! What are you doing here this morning?

Heart. Doing! Guess, if thou canst.——Why I have been endeavouring to persuade my Lady Fancyfull, that she's the foolishest woman about town.

Const. A pretty endeavour, truly!

Heart. I have told her in as plain English as I could speak, both what the town says of her, and what I think of her. In short, I have us'd her as an absolute king would do Magna Charta.

Const. And how does she take it?

Heart. As children do pills; bite them, but can't swallow them.

Const. But, pr'ythee, what has put it into your head, of all mankind, to turn reformer?

Heart. Why one thing was, the morning hung upon my hands, I did not know what to do with myself; and another was, that as little as I care for women, I cou'd not see with patience one that heaven had taken such wondrous pains about, be so very industrious to make herself the jack-pudding of the creation.

Const. Well, now could I almost wish to see my cruel mistress make the self-same use of what heaven has done for her, that so I might be cur'd of a disease that makes me so very uneasy; for love, love is the devil, Heartfree.

Heart. And why do you let the devil govern you?

Const. Because I have more flesh and blood than grace and self-denial. My dear, dear mistress! 'Sdeath! that so genteel a woman should be a saint, when religion's out of fashion!

Heart. Nay, she's much in the wrong, truly; but who knows how far time and good example may prevail?

Const. O! they have play'd their parts in vain already: 'Tis now two years since that damned fellow her husband invited me to his wedding; and there was the first time I saw that charming woman, whom I have lov'd ever since, more than e'er a martyr did his soul; but she is cold, my friend, still cold as the northern star.

Heart. So are all women by nature, which makes them so willing to be warm'd.

Const. O don't prophane the sex! Pr'ythee, think them all angels for her sake; for she's virtuous even to a fault.

Heart. A lover's head is a good accountable thing truly; he adores his mistress for being virtuous, and yet is very angry with her because she won't be lewd.

Const. Well, the only relief I expect in my misery, is to see thee some day or other as deeply engag'd as myself, which will force me to be merry in the midst of all my misfortunes.

Heart. That day will never come, be assur'd, Ned. Not but that I can pass a night with a woman, and for the time, perhaps, make myself as good sport as you can do. Nay, I can court a woman too, call her nymph, angel, goddess, what you please: But here's the difference 'twixt you and I; I persuade a woman she's an angel, and she persuades you she's one. Pr'ythee, let me tell you how I avoid falling in love; that which serves me for prevention, may chance to serve you for a cure.

Const. Well, use the ladies moderately then, and I'll hear you.

Heart. That using them moderately undoes us all; but I'll use them justly, and that you ought to be satisfied with. I always consider a woman, not as the taylor, the shoemaker, the tire-woman, the sempstress, and (which is more than all that) the poet makes her; but I consider her as pure nature has contrived her, and that more strictly than I shou'd have done our old grandmother Eve, had I seen her naked in the garden; for I consider her turn'd inside out. Her heart well examin'd, I find there pride, vanity, covetousness, indiscretion, but above all things, malice; plots eternally a-forging to destroy one another's reputations, and as honestly to charge the levity of men's tongues with the scandal; hourly debates how to make poor gentlemen in love with them, with no other intent but to use them like dogs when they have done; a constant desire of doing more mischief, and an everlasting war wag'd against truth and good-nature.

Const. Very well, sir! An admirable composition, truly!

Heart. Then for her outside, I consider it merely as an outside; she has a thin tiffany covering over just such stuff as you and I are made on. As for her motion, her mien, her airs, and all those tricks, I know they affect you mightily. If you should see your mistress at a coronation dragging her peacock's train, with all her state and insolence about her, 'twou'd strike you with all the awful thoughts that heav'n itself could pretend to from you; whereas I turn the whole matter into a jest, and suppose her strutting in the self-same stately manner, with nothing on her but her stays and her under scanty quilted petticoat.

Const. Hold thy profane tongue; for I'll hear no more.

Heart. What, you'll love on, then?

Const. Yes, to eternity.

Heart. Yet you have no hopes at all?

Const. None.

Heart. Nay, the resolution may be discreet enough; perhaps you have found out some new philosophy, that love, like virtue, is its own reward: So you and your mistress will be as well content at a distance, as others that have less learning are in coming together.

Const. No; but if she should prove kind at last, my dear Heartfree—— [*Embracing him.*

Heart. Nay, pr'ythee, don't take me for your mistress; for lovers are very troublesome.

Const. Well, who knows what time may do?

Heart. And just now he was sure time could do nothing.

Const. Yet not one kind glance in two years, is somewhat strange.

Heart. Not strange at all; she don't like you, that's all the business.

Const. Pr'ythee, don't distract me.

Heart. Nay, you are a good handsome young fellow, she might use you better: Come, will you go see her? Perhaps she may have chang'd her mind; there's some hopes as long as she's a woman.

Const. O, 'tis in vain to visit her! Sometimes to get a sight of her, I visit that beast her husband; but she certainly finds some pretence to quit the room as soon as I enter.

Heart. 'Tis much she don't tell him you have made love to her too; for that's another good-natur'd thing usual amongst women, in which they have several

ends. Sometimes 'tis to recommend their virtue, that they may be lewd with the greater security. Sometimes 'tis to make their husbands fight, in hopes they may be kill'd, when their affairs require it should be so: but most commonly 'tis to engage two men in a quarrel, that they may have the credit of being fought for; and if the lover's kill'd in the business, they cry, Poor fellow, he had ill luck——and so they go to cards.

Const. Thy injuries to women are not to be forgiven. Look to't, if ever thou dost fall into their hands——

Heart. They can't use me worse than they do you, that speak well of 'em. O ho! here comes the knight.

Enter Sir JOHN BRUTE.

Heart. Your humble servant, Sir John.

Sir John. Servant, sir.

Heart. How does all your family?

Sir John. Pox o' my family!

Const. How does your lady? I han't seen her abroad a good while.

Sir John. Do! I don't know how she does, not I; she was well enough yesterday; I han't been at home to-night.

Const. What, were you out of town?

Sir John. Out of town! No, I was drinking.

Const. You are a true Englishman; don't know your own happiness. If I were married to such a woman, I would not be from her a night for all the wine in France.

Sir John. Not from her!——'Oons——what a time should a man have of that!

Heart. Why, there's no division, I hope.

Sir John. No; but there's a conjunction, and that's

worse; a pox of the parson——Why the plague don't you two marry? I fancy I look like the devil to you.

Heart. Why, you don't think you have horns, do you?

Sir John. No, I believe my wife's religion will keep her honest.

Heart. And what will make her keep her religion?

Sir John. Persecution; and therefore she shall have it.

Heart. Have a care, knight! Women are tender things.

Sir John. And yet, methinks, 'tis a hard matter to break their hearts.

Const. Fy, fy! You have one of the best wives in the world, and yet you seem the most uneasy husband.

Sir John. Best wives! The woman's well enough; she has no vice that I know of, but she's a wife, and ——damn a wife! If I were married to a hogshead of claret, matrimony would make me hate it.

Heart. Why did you marry, then? You were old enough to know your own mind.

Sir John. Why did I marry? I married because I had a mind to lie with her, and she would not let me.

Heart. Why did you not ravish her?

Sir John. Yes, and so have hedg'd myself into forty quarrels with her relations, besides buying my pardon: But more than all that, you must know, I was afraid of being damn'd in those days: For I kept sneaking, cowardly company, fellows that went to church, said grace to their meat, and had not the least tincture of quality about them.

Heart. But I think you are got into a better gang now?

Sir John. Zoons, sir, my Lord Rake and I are hand and glove: I believe we may get our bones broke together to-night; have you a mind to share a frolick?

Const. Not I, truly; my talent lies to softer exercises.

Sir John. What, a down-bed and a strumpet? A pox of venery, I say. Will you come and drink with me this afternoon?

Const. I can't drink to-day, but we'll come and sit an hour with you, if you will.

Sir John. Phugh, pox, sit an hour! Why can't you drink?

Const. Because I'm to see my mistress.

Sir John. Who's that.

Const. Why, do you use to tell?

Sir John. Yes.

Const. So won't I.

Sir John. Why?

Const. Because 'tis a secret.

Sir John. Would my wife knew it, 'twould be no secret long.

Const. Why, do you think she can't keep a secret?

Sir John. No more than she can keep Lent.

Heart. Pr'ythee, tell it her to try, Constant.

Sir John. No, pr'ythee, don't, that I mayn't be plagu'd with it.

Const. I'll hold you a guinea you don't make her tell it you.

Sir John. I'll hold you a guinea I do.

Const. Which way?

Sir John. Why, I'll beg her not to tell it me

Heart. Nay, if any thing does it, that will.

Const. But do you think, sir——

Sir John. Oons, sir, I think a woman and a secret are the two impertinentest themes in the universe: Therefore pray let's hear no more of my wife, nor your mistress. Damn 'em both with all my heart, and every thing else that daggles a petticoat, except four generous whores, with Betty Sands at the head of 'em, who are drunk with my Lord Rake and I ten times in a fortnight. [*Exit* Sir JOHN.

Const. Here's a dainty fellow for you! And the veriest coward too. But his usage of his wife makes me ready to stab the villain.

Heart. Lovers are short-sighted: All their senses run into that of feeling. This proceeding of his is the only thing on earth can make your fortune. If any thing can prevail with her to accept of a gallant, 'tis his ill usage of her; for women will do more for revenge, than they'll do for the Gospel. Pr'ythee, take heart, I have great hopes for you: And since I can't bring you quite off of her, I'll endeavour to bring you quite on; for a whining lover is the damn'dest companion upon earth.

Const. My dear friend, flatter me a little more with these hopes; for whilst they prevail, I have heaven within me, and could melt with joy.

Heart. Pray, no melting yet; let things go farther first. This afternoon, perhaps, we shall make some advance. In the meanwhile, let's go dine at Locket's,[1] and let hope get you a stomach. [*Exeunt.*

[1] See p. 79.

SCENE II.—Lady FANCYFULL's *House.*

Enter Lady FANCYFULL *and* Madamoiselle.

Lady Fan. Did you ever see any thing so importune, madamoiselle?

Madam. Inteed, matam, to say de trute, he wanted leetel good-breeding.

Lady Fan. Good-breeding! He wants to be caned, madamoiselle. An insolent fellow! And yet let me expose my weakness, 'tis the only man on earth I cou'd resolve to dispense my favours on, were he but a fine gentleman. Well! did men but know how deep an impression a fine gentleman makes in a lady's heart, they would reduce all their studies to that of good-breeding alone.

Enter CORNET.

Cor. Madam, here's Mr. Treble. He has brought home the verses your ladyship made, and gave him to set.

Lady Fan. O, let him come in by all means. Now, madamoiselle, am I going to be unspeakably happy.

Enter TREBLE.

So, Mr. Treble, you have set my little dialogue?

Treb. Yes, madam, and I hope your ladyship will be pleased with it.

Lady Fan. O, no doubt on't; for really, Mr. Treble, you set all things to a wonder: But your musick is in particular heavenly, when you have my words to clothe in't.

Treb. Your words themselves, madam, have so much musick in 'em, they inspire me.

Lady Fan. Nay, now you make me blush, Mr. Treble; but pray let's hear what you have done.

Treb. You shall, madam.

A SONG, TO BE SUNG BETWEEN A MAN AND A WOMAN.

M. Ah lovely nymph, the world's on fire;
Veil, veil those cruel Eyes:
W. The world may then in flames expire,
And boast that so it dies.
M. But when all mortals are destroy'd,
Who then shall sing your praise?
W. Those who are fit to be employ'd;
The gods shall altars raise.

Treb. How does your ladyship like it, madam?

Lady Fan. Rapture, rapture, Mr. Treble! I'm all rapture! O wit and art, what power have you when join'd! I must needs tell you the birth of this little dialogue, Mr. Treble. Its father was a dream, and its mother was the moon. I dream'd that by an unanimous vote, I was chosen Queen of that pale world; and that the first time I appear'd upon my throne —— all my subjects fell in love with me. Just then I wak'd, and seeing pen, ink and paper lie idle upon the table, I slid into my morning-gown, and writ this *impromptu*.

Treb. So I guess the dialogue, madam, is suppos'd to be between your Majesty and your first Minister of State.

Lady Fan. Just: He, as minister, advises me to trouble my head about the welfare of my subjects; which I, as sovereign, find a very impertinent proposal. But is the town so dull, Mr Treble, it affords us never another new song?

Treb. Madam, I have one in my pocket, came out but yesterday, if your ladyship pleases to let Mrs. Pipe sing it.

Lady Fan. By all means. Here, Pipe, make what musick you can of this song, here.

SONG.

I.

Not an angel dwells above,
Half so fair as her I love.
Heaven knows, how she'll receive me;
If she smiles, I'm blest indeed;
If she frowns, I'm quickly freed;
Heaven knows she ne'er can grieve me.

None can love her more than I,
Yet she ne'er shall make me die
If my flame can never warm
Lasting beauty I'll adore;
I shall never love her more,
Cruelty will so deform her.

Lady Fan. Very well: This is Heartfree's poetry, without question.

Treb. Won't your ladyship please to sing yourself this morning?

Lady Fan. O Lord, Mr. Treble, my cold is still so barbarous to refuse me that pleasure! He, he, hem.

Treb. I'm very sorry for it, madam: Methinks all mankind should turn physicians for the cure on't.

Lady Fan. Why, truly, to give mankind their due there's few that know me but have offer'd their remedy.

Treb. They have reason, madam; for I know no body sings so near a Cherubim as your ladyship.

Lady Fan. What I do, I owe chiefly to your skill and care, Mr. Treble. People do flatter me, indeed, that I have a voice, and a *je-ne-sçai quoy* in the conduct of it, that will make musick of any thing. And truly I begin to believe so, since what happen'd t'other night: Wou'd you think it, Mr. Treble? Walking pretty late in the Park, (for I often walk late in the park, Mr. Treble) a whim took me to sing *Chevy Chase;* and, wou'd you believe it? next morning I had three copies of verses, and six billet-doux at my levée upon it.

Treb. And without all dispute you deserv'd as many more, madam. Are there any further commands for your ladyship's humble servant?

Lady Fan. Nothing more at this time, Mr. Treble. But I shall expect you here every morning for this month, to sing my little matter there to me. I'll reward you for your pains.

Treb. O Lord, madam——

Lady Fan. Good morrow, sweet Mr. Treble.

Treb. Your ladyship's most obedient servant.

[*Exit* TREB.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Will your ladyship please to dine yet?

Lady Fan. Yes, let 'em serve. [*Exit* Servant.] Sure this Heartfree has bewitch'd me, madamoiselle. You can't imagine how oddly he mixt himself in my thoughts during my rapture e'en now. I vow 'tis a thousand pities he is not more polish'd: Don't you think so?

Madam. Matam, I tink it so great pity, dat if I was

in your ladyship place, I take him home in my house, I lock him up in my closet, and I never let him go till I teach him every ting dat fine laty expect from fine gentelman.

Lady Fan. Why, truly, I believe I shou'd soon subdue his brutality; for without doubt, he has a strange *penchant* to grow fond of me, in spite of his aversion to the sex, else he wou'd ne'er have taken so much pains about me. Lord, how proud wou'd some poor creatures be of such a conquest! But I, alas! I don't know how to receive as a favour what I take to be so infinitely my due. But what shall I do to new-mould him, madamoiselle? for till then he's my utter aversion.

Madam. Matam, you must laugh at him in all de place dat you meet him, and turn into de reticule all he say, and all he do.

Lady Fan. Why, truly, satire has ever been of wondrous use to reform ill-manners. Besides, 'tis my particular talent to ridicule folks. I can be severe, strangely severe, when I will, madamoiselle——Give me the pen and ink——I find myself whimsical——I'll write to him——Or I'll let it alone, and be severe upon him that way. [*Sitting down to write, rising up again.*]——Yet active severity is better than passive. [*Sitting down.*]——'Tis as good let it alone, too; for every lash I give him, perhaps, he'll take for a favour. [*Rising.*]——Yet 'tis a thousand pities so much satire should be lost. [*Sitting.*]——But if it shou'd have a wrong effect upon him, 'twould distract me. [*Rising.*] ——Well, I must write, tho', after all. [*Sitting.*]—— Or I'll let it alone, which is the same thing. [*Rising.*]

Madam. La voilà déterminée. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I. *opens;* Sir JOHN, Lady BRUTE, *and* BELINDA *rising from the table.*

SIR JOHN. Here, take away the things; I expect company. But first bring me a pipe; I'll smoak.

[*To a* Servant.

Lady Brute. Lord, Sir John, I wonder you won't leave that nasty custom.

Sir John. Pr'ythee, don't be impertinent.

Bel. [*to* Lady BRUTE.] I wonder who those people are he expects this afternoon?

Lady Brute. I'd give the world to know: Perhaps 'tis Constant—he comes here sometimes: if it does prove him, I'm resolv'd I'll share the visit.

Bel. We'll send for our work, and sit here.

Lady Brute. He'll choak us with his tobacco.

Bel. Nothing will choak us when we are doing what we have a mind to. Lovewell!

Enter LOVEWELL.

Lov. Madam.

Lady Brute. Here; bring my cousin's work and mine hither.

[*Exit* LOV. *and re-enters with their work.*

Sir John. Whu! Pox, can't you work somewhere else.

Lady Brute. We shall be careful not to disturb you, sir.

Bel. Your pipe would make you too thoughtful. uncle, if you were left alone; our prittle-prattle will cure your spleen.

Sir John. Will it so, Mrs. Pert? Now I believe it will so increase it, [*sitting and smoaking*] I shall take my own house for a paper-mill.

Lady Brute [*to* BEL. *aside*]. Don't let's mind him; let him say what he will.

Sir John. A woman's tongue a cure for the spleen! —Oons—[*aside.*] If a man had got the head-ach, they'd be for applying the same remedy.

Lady Brute. You have done a great deal, Belinda, since yesterday.

Bel. Yes, I have work'd very hard; how do you like it?

Lady Brute. O, 'tis the prettiest fringe in the world. Well, cousin, you have the happiest fancy: Pr'ythee, advise me about altering my crimson petticoat.

Sir John. A pox o' your petticoat! Here's such a prating, a man can't digest his own thoughts for you.

Lady Brute. Don't answer him. [*Aside.*] Well, what do you advise me?

Bel. Why, really, I would not alter it at all. Methinks 'tis very pretty as it is.

Lady Brute. Ay, that's true: But you know one grows weary of the prettiest things in the world, when one has had 'em long.

Sir John. Yes, I have taught her that.

Bel. Shall we provoke him a little?

Lady Brute. With all my heart. Belinda, don't you long to be marry'd?

Bel. Why, there are some things in it I could like well enough.

Lady Brute. What do you think you shou'd dislike?

Bel. My husband, a hundred to one else.

Lady Brute. O ye wicked wretch! Sure you don't speak as you think?

Bel. Yes, I do: especially if he smoak'd tobacco.

[*He looks earnestly at 'em.*

Lady Brute. Why, that many times takes off worse smells.

Bel. Then he must smell very ill indeed.

Lady Brute. So some men will, to keep their wives from coming near 'em.

Bel. Then those wives shou'd cuckold 'em at a distance.

[*He rises in a fury, throws his pipe at 'em, and drives 'em out. As they run off,* CONSTANT *and* HEARTFREE *enter.* Lady BRUTE *runs against* CONSTANT.

Sir John. 'Oons, get you gone up stairs, you confederating strumpets you, or I'll cuckold you, with a vengeance!

Lady Brute. O Lord, he'll beat us, he'll beat us. Dear, dear Mr. Constant, save us! [*Exeunt.*

Sir John. I'll cuckold you, with a pox.

Const. Heav'n! Sir John, what's the matter?

Sir John. Sure, if women had been ready created, the devil, instead of being kick'd down into hell, had been marry'd.

Heart. Why, what new plague have you found now?

Sir John. Why these two gentlewomen did but hear me say, I expected you here this afternoon; upon which they presently resolv'd to take up the room, o' purpose to plague me and my friends.

Const. Was that all? Why, we shou'd have been glad of their company.

Sir John. Then I should have been weary of yours; for I can't relish both together. They found fault with my smoaking tobacco, too; and said men stunk. But I have a good mind—to say something.

Const. No, nothing against the ladies, pray.

Sir John. Split the ladies! Come, will you sit down? Give us some wine, fellow: You won't smoak?

Const. No; nor drink, neither, at this time—I must ask your pardon.

Sir John. What, this mistress of yours runs in your head! I'll warrant it's some such squeamish minx as my wife, that's grown so dainty of late, she finds fault even with a dirty shirt.

Heart. That a woman may do, and not be very dainty, neither.

Sir John. Pox o' the women! let's drink. Come, you shall take one glass, tho' I send for a box of lozenges to sweeten your mouth after it.

Const. Nay, if one glass will satisfy you, I'll drink it, without putting you to that expence.

Sir John. Why, that's honest. Fill some wine, sirrah: So here's to you, gentlemen—A wife's the devil. To your being both married. [*They drink.*

Heart. O, your most humble servant, sir.

Sir John. Well, how do you like my wine?

Const. 'Tis very good, indeed.

Heart. 'Tis admirable.

Sir John. Then give us t'other glass.

Const. No, pray excuse us now: We'll come another time, and then we won't spare it.

Sir John. This one glass, and no more: Come, it shall be your mistress's health: And that's a great compliment from me, I assure you.

Const. And 'tis a very obliging one to me: So give us the glasses.

Sir John. So: let her live——

[Sir JOHN *coughs in the glass.*

Heart. And be kind.

Const. What's the matter? Does it go the wrong way?

Sir John. If I had love enough to be jealous, I shou'd take this for an ill omen: For I never drank my wife's health in my life, but I puk'd in the glass.

Const. O, she's too virtuous to make a reasonable man jealous.

Sir John. Pox of her virtue! If I cou'd but catch her adulterating, I might be divorc'd from her by law.

Heart. And so pay her a yearly pension, to be a distinguish'd cuckold.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, there's my Lord Rake, Colonel Bully, and some other gentlemen at the *Blue-Posts*,[1] desire your company.

Sir John. Cod's so, we are to consult about playing the devil to-night.

Heart. Well, we won't hinder business.

[1] A tavern also mentioned in Farquhar's *Constant Couple*, iii. 1.

Sir John. Methinks I don't know how to leave you, tho' : But for once I must make bold. Or look you ! may be the conference mayn't last long : So, if you'll wait here half an hour, or an hour ; if I don't come then——why, then——I won't come at all.

Heart. [*to* CONST.]. A good modest proposition truly ! [*Aside.*

Const. But let's accept on't, however. Who knows what may happen ?

Heart. Well, sir, to shew you how fond we are of your company, we'll expect your return as long as we can.

Sir John. Nay, may be I mayn't stay at all. But business, you know, must be done. So your servant ——Or hark you, if you have a mind to take a frisk with us, I have an interest with my lord ; I can easily introduce you.

Const. We are much beholden to you ; but for my part, I'm engag'd another way.

Sir John. What ! to your mistress, I'll warrant. Pr'ythee, leave your nasty punk to entertain herself with her own lewd thoughts, and make one with us to-night.

Const. Sir, 'tis business that is to employ me.

Heart. And me ; and business must be done, you know.

Sir John. Ay, women's business, tho' the world were consum'd for't. [*Exit* Sir JOHN.

Const. Farewell, beast ! And now, my dear friend, would my mistress be but as complaisant as some men's wives, who think it a piece of good breeding to receive the visits of their husband's friends in his absence !

Heart. Why, for your sake I could forgive her, tho'

she should be so complaisant to receive something else in his absence. But what way shall we invent to see her?

Const. O, ne'er hope it: Invention will prove as vain as wishes.

Enter Lady BRUTE *and* BELINDA.

Heart. What do you think now, friend?

Const. I think I shall swoon.

Heart. I'll speak first, then, whilst you fetch breath.

Lady Brute. We think ourselves oblig'd, gentlemen, to come and return you thanks for your knight-errantry. We were just upon being devour'd by the fiery dragon.

Bel. Did not his fumes almost knock you down, gentlemen?

Heart. Truly, ladies, we did undergo some hardships; and should have done more, if some greater heroes than ourselves, hard by, had not diverted him.

Const. Tho' I'm glad of the service you are pleas'd to say we have done you, yet I'm sorry we could do it in no other way, than by making ourselves privy to what you would perhaps have kept a secret.

Lady Brute. For Sir John's part, I suppose he design'd it no secret, since he made so much noise. And for myself, truly I'm not much concern'd, since 'tis fallen only into this gentleman's hands and yours; who, I have many reasons to believe, will neither interpret nor report any thing to my disadvantage.

Const. Your good opinion, madam, was what I fear'd I never could have merited.

Lady Brute. Your fears were vain, then, sir; for I'm just to every body.

Heart. Pr'ythee, Constant, what is't you do to get the ladies good opinions? for I'm a novice at it.

Bel. Sir, will you give me leave to instruct you?

Heart. Yes, that I will, with all my soul, madam.

Bel. Why, then, you must never be slovenly, never be out of humour, fare well and cry roast-meat, smoak tobacco, nor drink but when you are dry.

Heart. That's hard.

Const. Nay, if you take his bottle from him, you break his heart, madam.

Bel. Why, is it possible the gentleman can love drinking?

Heart. Only by way of antidote.

Bel. Against what, pray?

Heart. Against love, madam.

Lady Brute. Are you afraid of being in love, sir?

Heart. I should, if there were any danger of it.

Lady Brute. Pray why so?

Heart. Because I always had an aversion to being us'd like a dog.

Bel. Why, truly, men in love are seldom us'd better.

Lady Brute. But was you never in love, sir?

Heart. No, I thank heav'n, madam.

Bel. Pray, where got you your learning, then?

Heart. From other people's expence.

Bel. That's being a spunger, sir, which is scarce honest: If you'd buy some experience with your own money, as 'twould be fairlier got, so 'twould stick longer by you.

Enter Footman.

Foot. Madam, here's my Lady Fancyfull, to wait upon your ladyship.

Lady Brute. Shield me, kind Heaven! What an inundation of impertinence is here coming upon us!

Enter Lady FANCYFULL, *who runs first to* Lady BRUTE, *then to* BELINDA, *kissing 'em.*

Lady Fan. My dear Lady Brute, and sweet Belinda, methinks 'tis an age since I saw you.

Lady Brute. Yet 'tis but three days; sure you have pass'd your time very ill, it seems so long to you.

Lady Fan. Why, really, to confess the truth to you, I am so everlastingly fatigu'd with the addresses of unfortunate gentlemen, that, were it not for the extravagancy of the example, I shou'd e'en tear out these wicked eyes with my own fingers, to make both myself and mankind easy. What think you on't, Mr. Heartfree, for I take you to be my faithful adviser?

Heart. Why, truly, madam—I think—every project that is for the good of mankind ought to be encourag'd.

Lady Fan. Then I have your consent, sir?

Heart. To do whatever you please, madam.

Lady Fan. You had a much more limited complaisance this morning, sir. Would you believe it, ladies? The gentleman has been so exceeding generous, to tell me of above fifty faults, in less time than it was well possible for me to commit two of 'em.

Const. Why, truly, madam, my friend there is apt to be something familiar with the ladies.

Lady Fan. He is, indeed, sir; but he's wondrous charitable with it: He has had the goodness to design a reformation, even down to my fingers ends.—— 'Twas thus, I think, sir, [*Opening her fingers in an*

aukward manner,] you'd have had 'em stand.—My eyes, too, he did not like: How was't you wou'd have directed 'em? Thus, I think. [*Staring at him.*] Then there was something amiss in my gait, too: I don't know well how 'twas; but as I take it, he would have had me walk like him. Pray, sir, do me the favour to take a turn or two about the room, that the company may see you.—He's sullen, ladies, and won't. But, to make short, and give you as true an idea as I can of the matter, I think 'twas much about this figure, in general, he would have moulded me to: But I was an obstinate woman, and could not resolve to make myself mistress of his heart, by growing as aukward as his fancy.

[*She walks aukwardly about, staring and looking ungainly, then changes on a sudden to the extremity of her usual affectation.*

Heart. Just thus women do, when they think we are in love with 'em, or when they are so with us.

[*Here* CONSTANT *and* Lady BRUTE *talk together apart.*

Lady Fan. 'Twould, however, be less vanity for me to conclude the former, than you the latter, sir.

Heart. Madam, all I shall presume to conclude, is, that if I were in love, you'd find the means to make me soon weary on't.

Lady Fan. Not by over-fondness, upon my word, sir. But pray let's stop here; for you are so much govern'd by instinct, I know you'll grow brutish at last.

Bel. [*aside*]. Now am I sure she's fond of him: I'll try to make her jealous. Well, for my part, I should be glad to find some-body would be so free with me, that I might know my faults, and mend 'em.

Lady Fan. Then pray let me recommend this gentleman to you: I have known him some time, and will be surety for him, that upon a very limited encouragement on your side, you shall find an extended impudence on his.

Heart. I thank you, madam, for your recommendation: But hating idleness, I'm unwilling to enter into a place where I believe there would be nothing to do. I was fond of serving your ladyship, because I knew you'd find me constant employment.

Lady Fan. I told you he'd be rude, Belinda.

Bel. O, a little bluntness is a sign of honesty, which makes me always ready to pardon it. So, sir, if you have no other exceptions to my service, but the fear of being idle in it, you may venture to list yourself: I shall find you work, I warrant you.

Heart. Upon those terms I engage, madam; and this (with your leave) I take for earnest.

[*Offering to kiss her hand.*

Bel. Hold there, sir; I'm none of your earnest-givers. But if I'm well serv'd, I give good wages, and pay punctually.

[HEARTF. *and* BEL. *seem to continue talking familiarly.*

Lady Fan. [*aside*]. I don't like this jesting between 'em.—Methinks the fool begins to look as if he were in earnest.——But then he must be a fool, indeed.——Lard, what a difference there is between me and her! [*Looking at* BEL. *scornfully.*] How I shou'd despise such a thing, if I were a man!——What a nose she has!——What a chin.——What a neck!——Then her eyes!——And the worst kissing lips in the universe!——No, no, he can never like her, that's positive——Yet I can't suffer 'em together any longer. Mr. Heartfree, do you know that you and I must have

no quarrel for all this? I can't forbear being a little severe now and then: But women, you know, may be allowed any thing.

Heart. Up to a certain age, madam.

Lady Fan. Which I'm not yet past, I hope.

Heart. [*aside*]. Nor never will, I dare swear.

Lady Fan. [*to* Lady BRUTE]. Come, madam, will your ladyship be witness to our reconciliation?

Lady Brute. You agree, then, at last?

Heart. [*slightingly*]. We forgive.

Lady Fan. [*aside*]. That was a cold, ill-natur'd reply.

Lady Brute. Then there's no challenges sent between you?

Heart. Not from me, I promise. [*Aside to* CONSTANT.] But that's more than I'll do for her; for I know she can as well be damn'd as forbear writing to me.

Const. That I believe. But I think we had best be going, lest she should suspect something, and be malicious.

Heart. With all my heart.

Const. Ladies, we are your humble servants. I see Sir John is quite engag'd, 'twould be in vain to expect him. Come, Heartfree. [*Exit.*

Heart. Ladies, your servant. [*To* BELINDA.] I hope, madam, you won't forget our bargain; I'm to say what I please to you. [*Exit* HEARTFREE.

Bel. Liberty of speech entire, sir.

Lady Fan. [*aside*]. Very pretty truly.—But how the blockhead went out—languishing at her, and not a look toward me!—Well, Churchmen may talk, but miracles are not ceas'd. For 'tis more than natural, such a rude fellow as he, and such a little impertinent as she, should be capable of making a woman of

my sphere uneasy. But I can bear her sight no longer—methinks she's grown ten times uglier than Cornet. I must home, and study revenge. [*To* Lady BRUTE]. Madam, your humble servant; I must take my leave.

Lady Brute. What, going already, madam?

Lady Fan. I must beg you'll excuse me this once; for really I have eighteen visits to return this afternoon: So you see I'm importun'd by the women as well as the men.

Bel. [*aside*]. And she's quits with them both.

Lady Fan. [*going*]. Nay, you shan't go one step out of the room.

Lady Brute. Indeed I'll wait upon you down.

Lady Fan. No, sweet Lady Brute, you know I swoon at ceremony.

Lady Brute. Pray give me leave.

Lady Fan. You know I won't.

Lady Brute. Indeed I must.

Lady Fan. Indeed you shan't.

Lady Brute. Indeed I will.

Lady Fan. Indeed you shan't.

Lady Brute. Indeed I will.

Lady Fan. Indeed you shan't. Indeed, indeed, indeed you shan't.

[*Exit* Lady FAN, *running; they follow.*

Re-enter Lady BRUTE *sola.*

This impertinent woman has put me out of humour for a fortnight——What an agreeable moment has her foolish visit interrupted! Lord, how like a torrent love flows into the heart, when once the sluice of desire is open'd! Good gods! What a pleasure there is in doing what we should not do!

Re-enter CONSTANT.

Ha! here again?

Const. Tho' the renewing my visit may seem a little irregular, I hope I shall obtain your pardon for it, madam, when you know I only left the room, lest the lady who was here should have been as malicious in her remarks as she's foolish in her conduct.

Lady Brute. He who has discretion enough to be tender of a woman's reputation, carries a virtue about him may atone for a great many faults.

Const. If it has a title to atone for any, its pretensions must needs be strongest where the crime is love. I therefore hope I shall be forgiven the attempt I have made upon your heart, since my enterprize has been a secret to all the world but yourself.

Lady Brute. Secrecy, indeed, in sins of this kind, is an argument of weight to lessen the punishment; but nothing's a plea for a pardon entire, without a sincere repentance.

Const. If sincerity in repentance consists in sorrow for offending, no cloyster ever inclos'd so true a penitent as I should be. But I hope it cannot be reckon'd an offence to love where 'tis a duty to adore.

Lady Brute. 'Tis an offence, a great one, where it would rob a woman of all she ought to be ador'd for—her virtue.

Const. Virtue?——Virtue, alas! is no more like the thing that's call'd so, than 'tis like vice itself. Virtue consists in goodness, honour, gratitude, sincerity, and pity; and not in peevish, snarling, strait-lac'd chastity. True virtue, wheresoever it moves, still carries an intrinsick worth about it, and is in every place, and in each sex, of equal value. So is not continence, you see: That phantom of honour, which

men in every age have so contemned, they have thrown it amongst the women to scrabble for.

Lady Brute. If it be a thing of so little value, why do you so earnestly recommend it to your wives and daughters?

Const. We recommend it to our wives, madam, because we wou'd keep 'em to ourselves; and to our daughters, because we wou'd dispose of 'em to others.

Lady Brute. 'Tis, then, of some importance, it seems, since you can't dispose of them without it.

Const. That importance, madam, lies in the humour of the country, not in the nature of the thing.

Lady Brute. How do you prove that, sir?

Const. From the wisdom of a neighbouring nation in a contrary practice. In monarchies, things go by whimsy; but commonwealths weigh all things in the scale of reason.

Lady Brute. I hope we are not so very light a people, to bring up [1] fashions without some ground.

Const. Pray what does your ladyship think of a powder'd coat for deep mourning?

Lady Brute. I think, sir, your sophistry has all the effect that you can reasonably expect it should have; it puzzles, but don't convince.

Const. I'm sorry for it.

Lady Brute. I'm sorry to hear you say so.

Const. Pray why?

Lady Brute. Because, if you expected more from it, you have a worse opinion of my understanding than I desire you should have.

Const. [*aside*]. I comprehend her: She would have me set a value upon her chastity, that I might think

[1] To bring into vogue.

myself the more oblig'd to her when she makes me a present of it. [*To her.*] I beg you will believe I did but rally, madam; I know you judge too well of right and wrong, to be deceiv'd by arguments like those. I hope you'll have so favourable an opinion of my understanding too, to believe the thing call'd virtue has worth enough with me, to pass for an eternal obligation where'er 'tis sacrific'd.

Lady Brute. It is, I think, so great a one as nothing can repay.

Const. Yes; the making the man you love your everlasting debtor.

Lady Brute. When debtors once have borrow'd all we have to lend, they are very apt to grow shy of their creditors' company.

Const. That, madam, is only when they are forc'd to borrow of usurers, and not of a generous friend. Let us choose our creditors, and we are seldom so ungrateful to shun 'em.

Lady Brute. What think you of Sir John, sir? I was his free choice.

Const. I think he's married, madam.

Lady Brute. Does marriage, then, exclude men from your rule of constancy!

Const. It does. Constancy's a brave, free, haughty, generous agent, that cannot buckle to the chains of wedlock. There's a poor sordid slavery in marriage, that turns the flowing tide of honour, and sinks us to the lowest ebb of infamy. 'Tis a corrupted soil: Ill-nature, avarice, sloth, cowardice, and dirt, are all its product.

Lady Brute. Have you no exceptions to this general rule, as well as to t'other?

Const. Yes; I would, after all, be an exception to

it myself, if you were free in power and will to make me so.

Lady Brute. Compliments are well plac'd where 'tis impossible to lay hold on 'em.

Const. I wou'd to heaven 'twere possible for you to lay hold on mine, that you might see it is no compliment at all. But since you are already dispos'd of, beyond redemption, to one who does not know the value of the jewel you have put into his hands, I hope you wou'd not think him greatly wrong'd, tho' it should sometimes be look'd on by a friend, who knows how to esteem it as he ought.

Lady Brute. If looking on't alone wou'd serve his turn, the wrong, perhaps, might not be very great.

Const. Why, what if he shou'd wear it now and then a day, so he gave good security to bring it home again at night?

Lady Brute. Small security, I fancy, might serve for that. One might venture to take his word.

Const. Then, where's the injury to the owner?

Lady Brute. 'Tis an injury to him, if he think it one. For if happiness be seated in the mind, unhappiness must be so too.

Const. Here I close with you, madam, and draw my conclusive argument from your own position: If the injury lie in the fancy, there needs nothing but secrecy to prevent the wrong.

Lady Brute [*going*]. A surer way to prevent it, is to hear no arguments in its behalf.

Const. [*following her*]. But, madam——

Lady Brute. But, sir, 'tis my turn to be discreet now, and not suffer too long a visit.

Const. [*catching her hand*]. By heaven, you shall

not stir, till you give me hopes that I shall see you again at some more convenient time and place!

Lady Brute. I give you just hopes enough—— [*breaking from him,*] to get loose from you: and that's all I can afford you at this time.

[*Exit running.*

CONSTANT *solus.*

Now, by all that's great and good, she is a charming woman! In what extasy of joy she has left me! For she gave me hope, did she not say she gave me hope?—Hope! ay: what hope? Enough to make me let her go—Why, that's enough in conscience. Or, no matter how 'twas spoke: Hope was the word: it came from her, and it was said to me.

Enter HEARTFREE.

Ha, Heartfree! Thou hast done me noble service in prattling to the young gentlewoman without there; come to my arms, thou venerable bawd, and let me squeeze thee [*embracing him eagerly.*] as a new pair of stays does a fat country girl, when she's carried to Court to stand for a Maid of Honour.

Heart. Why, what the devil's all this rapture for?

Const. Rapture! There's ground for rapture, man; there's hopes, my Heartfree, hopes, my friend!

Heart. Hopes! of what?

Const. Why, hopes that my lady and I together (for 'tis more than one body's work) should make Sir John a cuckold.

Heart. Pr'ythee, what did she say to thee?

Const. Say? What did she not say? She said that—says she—she said—Zoons, I don't know what she said; but she look'd as if she said every thing I'd have her. And so, if thou'lt go to the tavern, I'll

treat thee with any thing that gold can buy; I'll give all my silver amongst the drawers, make a bonfire before the door; say the plenipo's have sign'd the peace, and the Bank of England's grown honest.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *opens;* Lord RAKE, Sir JOHN, *&c., at a table, drinking.*

All. Huzza!

Lord Rake. Come, boys, charge again——So—Confusion to all order! Here's liberty of conscience.

All. Huzza!

Lord Rake. I'll sing you a song I made this morning to this purpose.

Sir John. 'Tis wicked, I hope.

Col. Bully. Don't my lord tell you he made it?

Sir John. Well, then, let's ha't.

Lord RAKE *sings.*

I.

What a pother of late
Have they kept in the state,
About setting our consciences free!
A bottle has more
Dispensations in store,
Than the king and the state can

II.

When my head's full of wine,
I o'erflow with design,
And know no *penal-laws* that can curb me
Whate'er I devise
Seems good in my eyes,
And religion ne'er dares to disturb me.

III.

No saucy remorse
Intrudes in my course,
Nor impertinent notions of evil;
So there's claret in store,
In peace I've my whore,
And in peace I jog on to the devil.
All sing. So there's claret, &c.

Lord Rake [*rep.*]. "And in peace I jog on to the devil." Well, how do you like it, gentlemen?

All. O, admirable!

Sir John. I would not give a fig for a song that is not full of sin and impudence.

Lord Rake. Then my muse is to your taste. But drink away; the night steals upon us; we shall want time to be lewd in. Hey, page! Sally out, sirrah, and see what's doing in the camp; we'll beat up their quarters presently.

Page. I'll bring your lordship an exact account.
[*Exit* Page.

Lord Rake. Now let the spirit of clary[1] go round. Fill me a brimmer. Here's to our forlorn hope. Courage, knight, victory attends you.

Sir John. And laurels shall crown me; drink away, and be damn'd.

Lord Rake. Again, boys; t'other glass, and damn morality.

Sir John [*drunk*]. Ay—damn morality—and damn the watch. And let the constable be married.

All. Huzza!

Re-enter Page.

Lord Rake. How are the streets inhabited, sirrah?

[1] A sweet liquor consisting of a mixture of wine, clarified honey, and various spices.

Page. My lord, 'tis Sunday-night; they are full of drunken citizens.

Lord Rake. Along, then, boys, we shall have a feast.

Col. Bully. Along, noble knight.

Sir John. Ay——along, Bully; and he that says Sir John Brute is not as drunk and as religious as the drunkenest citizen of them all—is a liar, and the son of a whore.

Col. Bully. Why, that was bravely spoke, and like a free-born Englishman.

Sir John. What's that to you, sir, whether I am an Englishman or a Frenchman?

Col. Bully. Zoons, you are not angry, sir?

Sir John. Zoons, I am angry, sir——for if I'm a free-born Englishman, what have you to do even to talk of my privileges?

Lord Rake. Why, pr'ythee, knight, don't quarrel here; leave private animosities to be decided by daylight; let the night be employ'd against the publick enemy.

Sir John. My lord, I respect you because you are a man of quality. But I'll make that fellow know, I am within a hair's breadth as absolute by my privileges, as the King of France is by his prerogative. He by his prerogative takes money where it is not his due; I by my privilege refuse paying it where I owe it. Liberty and property, and Old England, Huzza!

All. Huzza!

[*Exit* SIR JOHN *reeling, all following him.*

SCENE III.—*A Bed-chamber.*

Enter Lady BRUTE *and* BELINDA.

Lady Brute. Sure 'tis late, Belinda; I begin to be sleepy.

Bel. Yes, 'tis near twelve. Will you go to bed?

Lady Brute. To bed, my dear? And by that time I am fallen into a sweet sleep (or perhaps a sweet dream, which is better and better) Sir John will come home roaring drunk, and be overjoy'd he finds me in a condition to be disturb'd.

Bel. O, you need not fear him; he's in for all night. The servants say he's gone to drink with my Lord Rake.

Lady Brute. Nay, 'tis not very likely, indeed, such suitable company should part presently. What hogs men turn, Belinda, when they grow weary of women!

Bel. And what owls they are, whilst they are fond of 'em!

Lady Brute. But that we may forgive well enough, because they are so upon our accounts.

Bel. We ought to do so, indeed; but 'tis a hard matter. For when a man is really in love, he looks so unsufferably silly, that tho' a woman lik'd him well enough before, she has then much ado to endure the sight of him: And this I take to be the reason why lovers are so generally ill-us'd.

Lady Brute. Well, I own, now, I'm well enough pleased to see a man look like an ass for me.

Bel. Ay, I'm pleas'd he should look like an ass, too;—that is, I'm pleased with myself for making him look so.

Lady Brute. Nay, truly, I think if he'd find some

other way to express his passion, 'twould be more to his advantage.

Bel. Yes ; for then a woman might like his passion and him too.

Lady Brute. Yet, Belinda, after all, a woman's life would be but a dull business, if it were not for men ; and men that can look like asses, too. We shou'd never blame Fate for the shortness of our days ; our time would hang wretchedly upon our hands.

Bel. Why, truly, they do help us off with a good share on't : For were there no men in the world, o' my conscience, I shou'd be no longer a-dressing than I'm a-saying my prayers ; nay, tho' it were Sunday : For you know that one may go to church without stays on.

Lady Brute. But don't you think emulation might do something ? For every woman you see desires to be finer than her neighbour.

Bel. That's only that the men may like her better than her neighbour. No, if there were no men, adieu fine petticoats, we should be weary of wearing 'em.

Lady Brute. And adieu plays, we should be weary of seeing 'em.

Bel. Adieu Hyde Park, the dust would choak us.

Lady Brute. Adieu St. James's, walking would tire us.

Bel. Adieu London, the smoke would stifle us.

Lady Brute. And adieu going to church, for religion wou'd ne'er prevail with us.

Both. Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !

Bel. Our confession is so very hearty, sure we merit absolution.

Lady Brute. Not unless we go thro' with't, an

confess all. So, pr'ythee, for the ease of our consciences, let's hide nothing.

Bel. Agreed.

Lady Brute. Why, then, I confess, that I love to sit in the fore-front of a box; for if one sits behind, there's two acts gone, perhaps, before one's found out. And when I am there, if I perceive the men whispering and looking upon me, you must know I cannot for my life forbear thinking they talk to my advantage; and that sets a thousand little tickling vanities on foot——

Bel. Just my case, for all the world; but go on.

Lady Brute. I watch with impatience for the next jest in the play, that I might laugh, and shew my white teeth. If the poet has been dull, and the jest be long a-coming, I pretend to whisper one to my friend, and from thence fall into a little small discourse, in which I take occasion to shew my face in all humours, brisk, pleas'd, serious, melancholy, languishing——Not that what we say to one another causes any of these alterations. But——

Bel. Don't trouble yourself to explain. For if I'm not mistaken, you and I have had some of these necessary dialogues before now with the same intention.

Lady Brute. Why, I swear, Belinda, some people do give strange agreeable airs to their faces in speaking. Tell me true—Did you never practise in the glass?

Bel. Why, did you?

Lady Brute. Yes, 'faith, many a time.

Bel. And I too, I own it; both how to speak myself, and how to look when others speak. But my glass and I could never yet agree what face I

should make when they come blunt out with a nasty thing in a play: For all the men presently look upon the women, that's certain: so laugh we must not, tho' our stays burst for't, because that's telling truth, and owning we understand the jest. And to look serious is so dull, when the whole house is a laughing——

Lady Brute. Besides, that looking serious does really betray our knowledge in the matter, as much as laughing with the company would do: For if we did not understand the thing, we shou'd naturally do like other people.

Bel. For my part, I always take that occasion to blow my nose.

Lady Brute. You must blow your nose half off, then, at some plays.

Bel. Why don't some reformer or other be at the poet for't?

Lady Brute. Because he is not so sure of our private approbation, as of our publick thanks. Well, sure there is not upon earth so impertinent a thing as women's modesty.

Bel. Yes: men's fantasque,[1] that obliges us to it. If we quit our modesty, they say we lose our charms: and yet they know that very modesty is affectation, and rail at our hypocrisy.

Lady Brute. Thus, one would think 'twere a hard matter to please 'em, niece; yet our kind Mother Nature has given us something that makes amends for all. Let our weakness be what it will, mankind will still be weaker; and whilst there is a world, 'tis woman that will govern it. But, pr'ythee, one word

[1] Fancy, whim. In No. 83 of the *Spectator* "the phantastic Italian painter" dressed like a scaramouch is called "Fantasque."

of poor Constant before we go to bed, if it be but to furnish matter for dreams: I dare swear he's talking of me now, or thinking of me at least, tho' it be in the middle of his prayers.

Bel. So he ought, I think; for you were pleas'd to make him a good round advance to-day, madam.

Lady Brute. Why, I have e'en plagu'd him enough to satisfy any reasonable woman: He has besieg'd me these two years, to no purpose.

Bel. And if he besieg'd you two years more, he'd be well enough pay'd, so he had the plundering of you at last.

Lady Brute. That may be; but I'm afraid the town won't be able to hold out much longer: for to confess the truth to you, Belinda, the garrison begins to grow mutinous.

Bel. Then the sooner you capitulate, the better.

Lady Brute. Yet, methinks, I wou'd fain stay a little longer to see you fix'd too, that we might start together, and see who cou'd love longest. What think you, if Heartfree shou'd have a month's mind to you?

Bel. Why, 'faith, I cou'd almost be in love with him for despising that foolish, affected Lady Fancyfull; but I'm afraid he's too cold ever to warm himself by my fire.

Lady Brute. Then he deserves to be froze to death. Wou'd I were a man for your sake, dear rogue! [*Kissing her.*]

Bel. You'd wish yourself a woman again for your own, or the men are mistaken. But if I cou'd make a conquest of this son of Bacchus, and rival his bottle, what shou'd I do with him? He has no

fortune, I can't marry him: and sure you wou'd not have me commit fornication?

Lady Brute. Why, if you did, child, 'twould be but a good friendly part; if 'twere only to keep me in countenance whilst I commit——you know what.

Bel. Well, if I can't resolve to serve you that way, I may perhaps some other, as much to your satisfaction. But pray how shall we contrive to see these blades again quickly?

Lady Brute. We must e'en have recourse to the old way; make 'em an appointment 'twixt jest and earnest; 'twill look like a frolick, and that you know's a very good thing to save a woman's blushes.

Bel. You advise well; but where shall it be?

Lady Brute. In Spring Garden.[1] But they shan't know their women, till their women pull off their masks[2]; for a surprize is the most agreeable thing

[1] A famous and favourite place of amusement, originally situated between Charing Cross and St. James's Park, and afterwards removed to Lambeth. In 1732 it was reorganised, and took the name of "Vauxhall Gardens." These gardens were closed in 1859, and their site is now occupied by Leopold, Auckland, Gye, and Vauxhall Streets, and by Italian Walk. No. 383 of the *Spectator* contains a very pleasing description of Sir Roger de Coverley's visit to Spring Garden. On the 10th of May, 1654, Evelyn writes in his "Diary":—"My *Lady Gerrard* treated us at *Mulberry Garden*, now the onely place of refreshment about the towne for persons of the best quality to be *exceedingly* cheated at; *Cromwell* and his partisans having shut up and seiz'd on *Spring Garden*, which till now had ben the usual rendezvous for the ladys and gallants at this season." For July 2, 1661, we find the following entry:—"I went to see the *New Spring Garden* at Lambeth, a pretty contriv'd plantation."

[2] The habit of wearing masks was at that time very common. In Pepys we read about it:—"Here (at the Royal Theatre) I saw my Lord Falconbridge, and his Lady, my Lady Mary Cromwell,

in the world: And I find myself in a very good humour, ready to do 'em any good turn I can think on.

Bel. Then pray write 'em the necessary billet, without farther delay.

Lady Brute. Let's go into your chamber, then, and whilst you say your prayers I'll do it, child. [*Exeunt.*

who looks as well as I have known her, and well clad: but when the House began to fill she put on her vizard, and so kept it on all the play; which of late is become a great fashion among the ladies, which hides their whole face. So to the Exchange, to buy things with my wife; among others a vizard for herself" ("Diary," June 12, 1663). Masks, however, were worn long before Pepys' time, as we find them mentioned in Dekker's "Shoemaker's Holiday," iii. 4, and again v. 2. The date of Dekker's play is 1599.

ACT THE FOURTH.[1]

SCENE I.—*Covent Garden.*[2]

Enter Lord RAKE, Sir JOHN, *&c., with swords drawn.*

LORD RAKE. Is the dog dead?

Col. Bully. No, damn him, I heard him wheeze.

Lord Rake. How the witch his wife howl'd!

Col. Bully. Ay, she'll alarm the watch presently.

Lord Rake. Appear, knight, then; come, you have a good cause to fight for—there's a man murder'd.

Sir John. Is there? Then let his ghost be satisfy'd; for I'll sacrifice a constable to it presently, and burn his body upon his wooden chair.

Enter a Taylor, *with a bundle under his arm.*

Col. Bully. How now? What have we got here? A thief.

[1] The first and third scenes were re-written by Vanbrugh upon the revival of the play in 1725, and are given at the end.

[2] Covent Garden, then a fine square, was in Vanbrugh's time a popular resort for people of fashion. It is frequently mentioned in the Comic dramatists.

Taylor. No, an't please you, I'm no thief.

Lord Rake. That we'll see presently: Here, let the general examine him.

Sir. John. Ay, ay, let me examine him, and I'll lay a hundred pound I find him guilty, in spite of his teeth—for he looks—like a—sneaking rascal. Come, sirrah, without equivocation or mental reservation, tell me of what opinion you are, and what calling; for by them——I shall guess at your morals.

Tayl. An't please you, I'm a dissenting journeyman taylor.

Sir John. Then, sirrah, you love lying by your religion, and theft by your trade: And so, that your punishment may be suitable to your crimes—I'll have you first gagg'd—and then hang'd.

Tayl. Pray, good worthy gentlemen, don't abuse me: indeed I'm an honest man, and a good workman, tho' I say it, that should not say it.

Sir John. No words, sirrah, but attend your fate.

Lord Rake. Let me see what's in that bundle.

Tayl. An't please you, it is the doctor of the parish's gown.

Lord Rake. The doctor's gown!——Hark you, knight, you won't stick at abusing the clergy, will you?

Sir John. No, I'm drunk, and I'll abuse any thing—but my wife; and her I name—with reverence.

Lord Rake. Then you shall wear this gown, whilst you charge the watch; that tho' the blows fall upon you, the scandal may light upon the Church.

Sir John. A generous design—by all the gods—give it me. [*Takes the gown, and puts it on.*

Tayl. O dear gentlemen, I shall be quite undone, if you take the gown.

Sir John. Retire, sirrah; and since you carry off your skin—go home and be happy.

Tayl. [*pausing*]. I think I had e'en as good follow the gentleman's friendly advice; for if I dispute any longer, who knows but the whim may take him to case[1] me? These courtiers are fuller of tricks than they are of money; they'll sooner cut a man's throat, than pay his bill.

[*Exit* Taylor.

Sir John. So, how do you like my shapes now?

Lord Rake. This will do to a miracle; he looks like a bishop going to the Holy War. But to your arms, gentlemen, the enemy appears.

Enter Constable *and* Watch.

Watch. Stand! Who goes there? Come before the constable.

Sir John. The constable is a rascal——and you are the son of a whore.

Watch. A good civil answer for a parson, truly!

Constab. Methinks, sir, a man of your coat might set a better example.

Sir John. Sirrah, I'll make you know——there are men of my coat can set as bad examples——as you can do, you dog, you.

[Sir JOHN *strikes the* Constable. *They knock him down, disarm him, and seize him.* Lord RAKE, *&c., run away.*

Constab. So, we have secur'd the parson, however.

Sir John. Blood, and blood——and blood.

Watch. Lord have mercy upon us! How the wicked wretch raves of blood! I'll warrant me he has been murdering some body to-night.

[1] To strip of the case or skin.

Sir John. Sirrah, there's nothing got by murder but a halter: My talent lies towards drunkenness and Simony.

Watch. Why, that now was spoke like a man of parts, neighbours; 'tis a pity he shou'd be so disguised.

Sir John. You lye——I'm not disguis'd; for I am drunk barefac'd.

Watch. Look you there again—This is a mad parson, Mr. Constable; I'll lay a pot of ale upon 's head, he's a good preacher.

Constab. Come, sir, out of respect to your calling, I shan't put you into the round-house; but we must secure you in our drawing-room till morning, that you may do no mischief. So, come along.

Sir John. You may put me where you will, sirrah, now you have overcome me——But if I can't do mischief, I'll think of mischief—in spite of your teeth, you dog, you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Bed-Chamber.*

Enter HEARTFREE *solus.*

What the plague ails me?——Love? No, I thank you for that, my heart's rock still——Yet 'tis Belinda that disturbs me; that's positive——Well, what of all that? Must I love her for being troublesome? At that rate I might love all the women I meet, I'gad. But hold!—Tho' I don't love her for disturbing me, yet she may disturb me, because I love her——Ay, that may be, 'faith. I have dreamt of her, that's certain——Well, so I have of my mother; therefore

what's that to the purpose? Ay, but Belinda runs in my mind waking—and so does many a damn'd thing that I don't care a farthing for——Methinks, tho', I would fain be talking to her, and yet I have no business——Well, am I the first man that has had a mind to do an impertinent thing?

Enter CONSTANT.

Const. How now, Heartfree? What makes you up and dress'd so soon? I thought none but lovers quarrell'd with their beds; I expected to have found you snoring, as I us'd to do.

Heart. Why, 'faith, friend, 'tis the care I have of your affairs, that makes me so thoughtful; I have been studying all night how to bring your matter about with Belinda.

Const. With Belinda?

Heart. With my lady, I mean: And, 'faith, I have mighty hopes on't. Sure you must be very well satisfied with her behaviour to you yesterday?

Const. So well, that nothing but a lover's fears can make me doubt of success. But what can this sudden change proceed from?

Heart. Why, you saw her husband beat her, did you not?

Const. That's true: A husband is scarce to be borne upon any terms, much less when he fights with his wife. Methinks, she shou'd e'en have cuckolded him upon the very spot, to shew that after the battle she was master of the field.

Heart. A council of war of women wou'd infallibly have advis'd her to't. But, I confess, so agreeable a woman as Belinda deserves better usage.

Const. Belinda again!

Heart. My lady, I mean. What a pox makes me blunder so to-day? [*Aside.*] A plague of this treacherous tongue!

Const. Pr'ythee, look upon me seriously, Heartfree —Now answer me directly: Is it my lady, or Belinda, employs your careful thoughts thus?

Heart. My lady, or Belinda?

Const. In love; by this light, in love.

Heart. In love!

Const. Nay, ne'er deny it; for thou'lt do it so aukwardly, 'twill but make the jest sit heavier about thee. My dear friend, I give thee much joy.

Heart. Why, pr'ythee, you won't persuade me to it, will you?

Const. That she's mistress of your tongue, that's plain; and I know you are so honest a fellow, your tongue and heart always go together. But how, but how the devil? Pha, ha, ha, ha——

Heart. Hey-dey! Why, sure you don't believe it in earnest?

Const. Yes, I do, because I see you deny it in jest.

Heart. Nay, but look you, Ned—a—deny in jest ——a——gadzooks, you know I say——a——when a man denies a thing in jest—a——

Const. Pha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Heart. Nay, then we shall have it: What, because a man stumbles at a word: did you never make a blunder?

Const. Yes; for I am in love, I own it.

Heart. Then, so am I—now laugh till thy soul's glutted with mirth. [*Embracing him.*] But, dear Constant, don't tell the town on't.

Const. Nay, then, 'twere almost pity to laugh at thee, after so honest a confession. But tell us a

little, Jack, by what new-invented arms has this mighty stroke been given?

Heart. E'en by that unaccountable weapon call'd *je-ne-sçai-quoy:* For every thing that can come within the verge of beauty, I have seen it with indifference.

Const. So in few words, then, the *je-ne-sçai-quoy* has been too hard for the quilted petticoat.

Heart. I'gad, I think the *je-ne-sçai-quoy* is in the quilted petticoat; at least 'tis certain, I ne'er think on't without——a——a *je-ne-sçai-quoy* in every part about me.

Const. Well, but have all your remedies lost their virtue? Have you turn'd her in-side out yet?

Heart. I dare not so much as think on't.

Const. But don't the two years fatigue I have had discourage you?

Heart. Yes: I dread what I foresee; yet cannot quit the enterprize. Like some soldiers, whose courage dwells more in their honour, than their nature—on they go, tho' the body trembles at what the soul makes it undertake.

Const. Nay, if you expect your mistress will use you as your profanations against her sex deserve, you tremble justly. But how do you intend to proceed, friend?

Heart. Thou know'st I'm but a novice; be friendly, and advise me.

Const. Why, look you, then: I'd have you—Serenade and a——write a song——Go to church; Look like a fool. Be very officious; Ogle, write and lead out: And who knows but in a year or two's time you may be——call'd a troublesome puppy, and sent about your business.

Heart. That's hard.

Const. Yet thus it oft falls out with lovers, sir.

Heart. Pox on me for making one of the number!

Const. Have a care: Say no saucy things; 'twill but augment your crime; and if your mistress hears on't, increase your punishment.

Heart. Pr'ythee say something, then, to encourage me; you know I help'd you in your distress.

Const. Why, then, to encourage you to perseverance, tho' you may be thoroughly ill-us'd for your offences; I'll put you in mind, that even the coyest ladies of 'em all are made up of desires, as well as we; and tho' they do hold out a long time, they will capitulate at last. For that thundering engineer, Nature, does make such havock in the town, they must surrender at long run, or perish in their own flames.

Enter a Footman.

Foot. Sir, there's a porter without with a letter; he desires to give it into your own hands.

Const. Call him in.

Enter Porter.

Const. What, Joe! Is it thee?

Porter. An't please you, sir, I was order'd to deliver this into your own hands by two well-shap'd ladies, at the New Exchange.[1] I was at your honour's lodgings, and your servants sent me hither.

Const. 'Tis well; are you to carry an answer?

Porter. No, my noble master. They gave me my

[1] This Exchange was built after the Great Fire. On the 23rd of October, 1667, Pepys saw "the King, with his kettle-drums and trumpets, going to the Exchange to lay the first stone of the first pillar of the new building of the Exchange." The gates being shut, he could not get in to see the ceremony. It was destroyed by fire in 1838. The present building was opened on January 1, 1845.

orders, and whip they were gone, like a maidenhead at fifteen.

Const. Very well; there. [*Gives him money.*

Porter. God bless your honour. [*Exit* Porter.

Const. Now let's see what honest, trusty Joe has brought us.

Reads.

"If you and your play-fellow can spare time from your business and devotions, don't fail to be at *Spring-Garden* about eight in the evening. You'll find nothing there but women, so you need bring no other arms than what you usually carry about you."

So, play-fellow: here's something to stay your stomach till your mistress's dish is ready for you.

Heart. Some of our old batter'd acquaintance. I won't go, not I.

Const. Nay, that you can't avoid; there's honour in the case; 'tis a challenge, and I want a second.

Heart. I doubt I shall be but a very useless one to you; for I'm so dishearten'd by this wound Belinda has given me, I don't think I shall have courage enough to draw my sword.

Const. O, if that be all, come along; I'll warrant you find sword enough for such enemies as we have to deal withal. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Street.*

Enter Constable, *&c., with* Sir JOHN.

Constab. Come along, sir; I thought to have let you slip this morning, because you were a minister;

but you are as drunk and as abusive as ever. We'll see what the Justice of the Peace will say to you.

Sir John. And you shall see what I'll say to the Justice of the Peace, sirrah. [*They knock at the door.*

Enter Servant.

Constab. Pray, acquaint his worship, we have got an unruly parson here: We are unwilling to expose him, but don't know what to do with him.

Serv. I'll acquaint my master. [*Exit* Serv.

Sir John. You——Constable—What damn'd justice is this?

Constab. One that will take care of you, I warrant you.

Enter Justice.

Just. Well, Mr. Constable, what's the disorder here?

Constab. An't please your Worship——

Sir John. Let me speak, and be damn'd: I'm a divine, and can unfold mysteries better than you can do.

Just. Sadness, sadness! A minister so overtaken! Pray, sir, give the constable leave to speak, and I'll hear you very patiently: I assure you, sir, I will.

Sir John. Sir——You are a very civil magistrate! Your most humble servant.

Constab. An't please your Worship, then, he has attempted to beat the watch to-night, and swore——

Sir John. You lye.

Just. Hold, pray, sir, a little.

Sir John. Sir, your very humble servant.

Constab. Indeed, sir, he came at us without any provocation, call'd us whores and rogues, and laid us on with a great quarter-staff. He was in my Lord

Rake's company: They have been playing the devil to-night.

Just. Hem——hem——Pray, sir——may you be chaplain to my lord?

Sir John. Sir——I presume——I may if I will.

Just. My meaning, sir, is——Are you so?

Sir John. Sir——you mean very well.

Just. He, hem——hem——Under favour, sir, pray answer me directly.

Sir John. Under favour, sir——Do you use to answer directly when you are drunk?

Just. Good lack, good lack! Here's nothing to be got from him: Pray, sir, may I crave your name?

Sir John. Sir——My name's——[*he hiccups*] Hiccup, sir.

Just. Hiccup? Doctor Hiccup, I have known a great many country parsons of that name, especially down in the Fenns. Pray where do you live, sir?

Sir John. Here——and there, sir.

Just. Why, what a strange man is this! Where do you preach, sir? Have you any cure?

Sir John. Sir——I have——a very good cure——for a clap, at your service.

Just. Lord have mercy upon us!

Sir John [*aside*]. This fellow asks so many impertinent questions, I believe, I'gad, 'tis the justice's wife in the justice's clothes.

Just. Mr. Constable, I vow and protest, I don't know what to do with him.

Constab. Truly, he has been but a troublesome guest to us all night.

Just. I think, I had e'en best let him go about his business; for I'm unwilling to expose him.

Constab. E'en what your Worship thinks fit.

Sir John. Sir——not to interrupt Mr. Constable, I have a small favour to ask.

Just. Sir, I open both my ears to you.

Sir John. Sir, your very humble servant. I have a little urgent business calls upon me; and therefore I desire the favour of you to bring matters to a conclusion.

Just. Sir, if I were sure that business were not to commit more disorders, I wou'd release you.

Sir John. None——By my priesthood!

Just. Then, Mr. Constable, you may discharge him.

Sir John. Sir, your very humble servant. If you please to accept of a bottle——

Just. I thank you, kindly, sir; but I never drink in a morning. Good-by t'ye, sir, good-by t'ye.

Sir John. Good-by t'ye, good sir. [*Exit* Justice.] So——now, Mr. Constable, shall you and I go pick up a whore together?

Constab. No, thank you, sir; my wife's enough to satisfy any reasonable man.

Sir John [*aside*]. He, he, he, he—the fool is married, then. Well, you won't go?

Constab. Not I, truly.

Sir John. Then I'll go by myself; and you and your wife may be damn'd. [*Exit* Sir JOHN.

Constable [*gazing after him*]. Why, God a-mercy, parson? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Spring-Garden.*

CONSTANT *and* HEARTFREE *cross the Stage. As they go off, enter* Lady FANCYFULL *and* Madamoiselle *mask'd, and dogging 'em.*

Const. So; I think we are about the time appointed: let us walk up this way. [*Exeunt.*

Lady Fan. Good: Thus far I have dogg'd 'em without being discover'd. 'Tis infallibly some intrigue that brings them to Spring-Garden. How my poor heart is torn and rackt with fear and jealousy! Yet let it be any thing but that flirt Belinda, and I'll try to bear it. But if it prove her, all that's woman in me shall be employ'd to destroy her.

[*Exeunt after* CONSTANT *and* HEARTFREE.

Re-enter CONSTANT *and* HEARTFREE, Lady FANCYFULL *and* Madamoiselle *still following at a distance.*

Const. I see no females yet, that have any thing to say to us. I'm afraid we are banter'd.

Heart. I wish we were; for I'm in no humour to make either them or myself merry.

Const. Nay, I'm sure you'll make them merry enough, if I tell 'em why you are dull. But pr'ythee why so heavy and sad before you begin to be ill us'd?

Heart. For the same reason, perhaps, that you are so brisk and well pleas'd; because both pains and pleasures are generally more considerable in prospect, than when they come to pass.

Enter Lady BRUTE *and* BELINDA, *mask'd and poorly dress'd.*

Const. How now! who are these? Not our game, I hope.

Heart. If they are, we are e'en well enough serv'd, to come a-hunting here, when we had so much better game in chase elsewhere.

Lady Fan. [*to* Madamoiselle]. So, those are their ladies, without doubt. But I'm afraid that doily stuff[1] is not worn for want of better clothes. They are the very shape and size of Belinda and her aunt.

Madam. So dey be inteed, matam.

Lady Fan. We'll slip into this close arbour, where we may hear all they say.

[*Exeunt* LADY FANCYFULL *and* Madamoiselle.

Lady Brute. What, are you afraid of us, gentlemen?

Heart. Why, truly, I think we may, if appearance don't lye.

Bel. Do you always find women what they appear to be, sir?

Heart. No, forsooth; but I seldom find 'em better than they appear to be.

Bel. Then the outside's best, you think?

Heart. 'Tis the honestest.

Const. Have a care, Heartfree; you are relapsing again.

Lady Brute. Why, does the gentleman use to rail at women?

Const. He has done formerly.

Bel. I suppose he had very good cause for't. They did not use you so well as you thought you deserv'd, sir.

Lady Brute. They made themselves merry at your expence, sir.

Bel. Laugh'd when you sigh'd——

Lady Brute. Slept while you were waking——

Bel. Had your porter beat——

[1] A species of woollen stuff.

Lady Brute. And threw your billet-doux in the fire.

Heart. Hey-day, I shall do more than rail presently.

Bel. Why, you won't beat us, will you?

Heart. I don't know but I may.

Const. What the devil's coming here? Sir John in a gown——And drunk, i'faith.

Enter Sir JOHN.

Sir John. What a pox——here's Constant, Heart-free—and two whores, I'gad——O you covetous rogues! what, have you never a spare punk[1] for your friend?——But I'll share with you.

[*He seizes both the women.*

Heart. Why, what the plague have you been doing, knight?

Sir John. Why, I have been beating the watch, and scandalizing the clergy.

Heart. A very good account, truly.

Sir John. And what do you think I'll do next?

Const. Nay, that no man can guess.

Sir John. Why, if you'll let me sup with you, I'll treat both your strumpets.

Lady Brute. [*aside*]. O Lord, we're undone!

Heart. No, we can't sup together, because we have some affairs elsewhere. But if you'll accept of these two ladies, we'll be so complaisant to you, to resign our right in 'em.

Bel. [*aside*]. Lord, what shall we do?

Sir John. Let me see; their clothes are such damn'd clothes, they won't pawn for the reckoning.

Heart. Sir John, your servant. Rapture attend you!

Const. Adieu, ladies, make much of the gentleman.

[1] A prostitute.

Lady Brute. Why, sure, you won't leave us in the hands of a drunken fellow to abuse us.

Sir John. Who do you call a drunken fellow, you slut you? I'm a man of quality; the king has made me a knight. [HEART. *runs off.*

Heart. Ay, ay, you are in good hands! Adieu, adieu!

Lady Brute. The devil's hands: Let me go, or I'll —For heaven's sake, protect us!

[*She breaks from him, runs to* CONSTANT, *twitching off her mask, and clapping it on again.*

Sir John. I'll devil you, you jade you. I'll demolish your ugly face.

Const. Hold a little, knight, she swoons.

Sir John. I'll swoon her.

Const. Hey, Heartfree.

Re-enter HEARTFREE. BELINDA *runs to him, and shews her face.*

Heart. O heavens! My dear creature, stand there a little.

Const. Pull him off, Jack.

Heart. Hold, mighty man; look ye, sir, we did but jest with you. These are ladies of our acquaintance that we had a mind to frighten a little, but now you must leave us.

Sir John. Oons, I won't leave you, not I.

Heart. Nay, but you must, though; and therefore make no words on't.

Sir John. Then you are a couple of damned uncivil fellows. And I hope your punks will give you sauce to your mutton. [*Exit* Sir JOHN.

Lady Brute. Oh, I shall never come to myself again, I'm so frightened.

Const. 'Twas a narrow 'scape, indeed.

Bel. Women must have frolicks, you see, whatever they cost them.

Heart. This might have proved a dear one, though.

Lady Brute. You are the more obliged to us for the risk we run upon your accounts.

Const. And I hope you'll acknowledge something due to our knight-errantry, ladies. This is the second time we have delivered you.

Lady Brute. 'Tis true; and since we see Fate has designed you for our guardians, 'twill make us the more willing to trust ourselves in your hands. But you must not have the worse opinion of us for our innocent frolick.

Heart. Ladies, you may command our opinions in every thing that is to your advantage.

Bel. Then, sir, I command you to be of opinion, that women are sometimes better than they appear to be. [Lady BRUTE *and* CONSTANT *talk apart.*

Heart. Madam, you have made a convert of me in every thing. I'm grown a fool: I cou'd be fond of a woman.

Bel. I thank you, sir, in the name of the whole sex.

Heart. Which sex nothing but yourself cou'd ever have aton'd for.

Bel. Now has my vanity a devilish itch, to know in what my merit consists.

Heart. In your humility, madam, that keeps you ignorant it consists at all.

Bel. One other compliment, with that serious face, and I hate you for ever after.

Heart. Some women love to be abus'd: Is that it you wou'd be at?

Bell. No, not that, neither: But I'd have men talk plainly what's fit for women to hear; without putting 'em either to a real or an affected blush.

Heart. Why, then, in as plain terms as I can find to express myself, I could love you even to—matrimony itself a'most, I'gad.

Bell. Just as Sir John did her ladyship there.—— What think you? Don't you believe one month's time might bring you down to the same indifference, only clad in a little better manners, perhaps? Well, you men are unaccountable things, mad till you have your mistresses, and then stark mad till you are rid of 'em again. Tell me honestly, is not your patience put to a much severer trial after possession than before?

Heart. With a great many I must confess it is, to our eternal scandal; but I——dear creature, do but try me.

Bel. That's the surest way, indeed, to know, but not the safest. [*To* Lady BRUTE.] Madam, are not you for taking a turn in the Great Walk? It's almost dark, no body will know us.

Lady Brute. Really I find myself something idle, Belinda: besides, I doat upon this little odd private corner. But don't let my lazy fancy confine you.

Const. [*aside.*] So, she wou'd be left alone with me; that's well.

Bel. Well, we'll take one turn, and come to you again. [*To* HEART.] Come, sir, shall we go pry into the secrets of the garden? Who knows what discoveries we may make?

Heart. Madam, I'm at your service.

Const. [*to* HEART. *aside*]. Don't make too much haste back; for, d'ye hear?——I may be busy.

Heart. Enough. [*Exeunt* BELINDA *and* HEARTFREE.

Lady Brute. Sure you think me scandalously free, Mr. Constant. I'm afraid I shall lose your good opinion of me.

Const. My good opinion, madam, is like your cruelty——ne'er to be remov'd.

Lady Brute. But if I should remove my cruelty, then there's an end of your good opinion.

Const. There is not so strict an alliance between 'em, neither. 'Tis certain I shou'd love you then better (if that be possible) than I do now; and where I love, I always esteem.

Lady Brute. Indeed, I doubt you much. Why, suppose you had a wife, and she should entertain a gallant?

Const. If I gave her just cause, how cou'd I justly condemn her?

Lady Brute. Ah! but you'd differ widely about just causes.

Const. But blows can bear no dispute.

Lady Brute. Nor ill manners much, truly.

Const. Then no woman upon earth has so just a cause as you have.

Lady Brute. O, but a faithful wife is a beautiful character.

Const. To a deserving husband, I confess it is.

Lady Brute. But can his faults release my duty?

Const. In equity, without doubt. And where laws dispense with equity, equity should dispense with laws.

Lady Brute. Pray, let's leave this dispute; for you men have as much witchcraft in your arguments, as women have in their eyes.

Const. But whilst you attack me with your charms, 'tis but reasonable I assault you with mine.

Lady Brute. The case is not the same. What

mischief we do, we can't help, and therefore are to be forgiven.

Const. Beauty soon obtains pardon for the pain that it gives, when it applies the balm of compassion to the wound: But a fine face, and a hard heart, is almost as bad as an ugly face and a soft one; both very troublesome to many a poor gentleman.

Lady Brute. Yes, and to many a poor gentlewoman, too, I can assure you. But pray, which of 'em is it that most afflicts you?

Const. Your glass and conscience will inform you, madam. But for heaven's sake (for now I must be serious), if pity, or if gratitude can move you; [*Taking her hand.*] if constancy and truth have power to tempt you; if love, if adoration can affect you; give me at least some hopes, that time may do what you perhaps mean never to perform; 'twill ease my sufferings, tho' not quench my flame.

Lady Brute. Your sufferings eas'd, your flame wou'd soon abate: And that I would preserve, not quench it, sir.

Const. Wou'd you preserve it, nourish it with favours; for that's the food it naturally requires.

Lady Brute. Yet on that natural food 'twould surfeit soon, shou'd I resolve to grant all you wou'd ask.

Const. And in refusing all, you starve it. Forgive me, therefore, since my hunger rages, if I at last grow wild, and in my frenzy force at least this from you. [*Kissing her hand.*] Or if you'd have my flame soar higher still, then grant me this, and this, and thuosands more; [*Kissing first her hand, then her neck.* [*aside.*] for now's the time she melts into compassion.

Lady Brute [*aside*]. Poor coward virtue, how it shuns the battle! O heavens! let me go.

Const. Ay, go, ay: Where shall we go, my charming angel——into this private arbour——Nay, let's lose no time——Moments are precious.

Lady Brute. And lovers wild. Pray let us stop here; at least for this time.

Const. 'Tis impossible; he that has power over you, can have none over himself.

[*As he is forcing her into the arbour,* Lady FANCYFULL *and* Madamoiselle *bolt out upon them, and run over the stage.*]

Lady Brute. Ah! I'm lost!

Lady Fan. Fe, fe, fe, fe, fe.

Madam. Fe, fe, fe, fe, fe.

Const. Death and furies, who are these?

Lady Brute. O heavens! I'm out of my wits; if they knew me, I am ruin'd.

Const. Don't be frightened: Ten thousand to one they are strangers to you.

Lady Brute. Whatever they are, I won't stay here a moment longer.

Const. Whither will you go?

Lady Brute. Home, as if the devil were in me. Lord, where's this Belinda now?

Enter BELINDA *and* HEARTFREE.

O! 'tis well you are come: I'm so frightened, my hair stands an end. Let's be gone, for heaven's sake!

Bel. Lord, what's the matter?

Lady Brute. The devil's the matter; we are discovered. Here's a couple of women have done the most impertinent thing. Away, away, away, away, away. [*Exit running.*

Re-enter Lady FANCYFULL *and* Madamoiselle.

Lady Fan. Well, madamoiselle, 'tis a prodigious thing how women can suffer filthy fellows to grow so familiar with 'em.

Madam. Ah Madame, il n'y a rien de si naturel.

Lady Fan. Fe, fe, fe! But, oh my heart! O jealousy! O torture! I'm upon the rack. What shall I do? My lover's lost, I ne'er shall see him mine. [*Pausing.*]——But I may be reveng'd; and that's the same thing. Ah sweet revenge! Thou welcome thought, thou healing balsam to my wounded soul! Be but propitious on this one occasion, I'll place my heaven in thee, for all my life to come.

To woman how indulgent nature's kind!
No blast of fortune long disturbs her mind:
Compliance to her fate supports her still;
If love won't make her happy—mischief will.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE I.—Lady FANCYFULL'S *House.*

Enter Lady FANCYFULL *and* Madamoiselle.

LADY FAN. Well, madamoiselle, did you dog the filthy things?

Madam. O que ouy, Madame.

Lady Fan. And where are they?

Madam. Au logis.

Lady Fan. What, men and all?

Madam. Tous ensemble.

Lady Fan. O confidence! What, carry their fellows to their own house?

Madam. C'est que le Mari n'y est pas.

Lady Fan. No; so I believe, truly. But he shall be there, and quickly too, if I can find him out. Well, 'tis a prodigious thing, to see when men and women get together, how they fortify one another in their impudence. But if that drunken fool, her husband, be to be found in e'er a tavern in town, I'll send him amongst 'em: I'll spoil their sport.

Madam. En vérité, madame, ce seroit domage.

Lady Fan. 'Tis in vain to oppose it, madamoiselle; therefore never go about it. For I am the steadiest creature in the world—when I have determin'd to do mischief. So, come along. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Sir JOHN BRUTE's *House.*

Enter CONSTANT, HEARTFREE, Lady BRUTE, BELINDA, *and* LOVEWELL.

Lady Brute. But are you sure you don't mistake, Lovewell?

Lov. Madam, I saw 'em all go into the tavern together, and my master was so drunk he cou'd scarce stand.

Lady Brute. Then, gentlemen, I believe we may venture to let you stay, and play at cards with us, an hour or two: For they'll scarce part till morning.

Bel. I think 'tis pity they should ever part.

Const. The company that's here, madam.

Lady Brute. Then, sir, the company that's here must remember to part itself in time.

Const. Madam, we don't intend to forfeit your future favours by an indiscreet usage of this. The moment you give us the signal, we shan't fail to make our retreat.

Lady Brute. Upon those conditions, then, let us sit down to cards.

Enter LOVEWELL.

Lov. O Lord, madam, here's my master just staggering in upon you; he has been quarrelsome yonder, and they have kick'd him out of the company.

Lady Brute. Into the closet, gentlemen, for heaven's sake; I'll wheedle him to bed, if possible.

[CONSTANT *and* HEART. *run into the Closet.*

Enter Sir JOHN, *all dirt and bloody.*

Lady Brute. Ah——Ah—he's all over blood!

Sir John. What the plague does the woman—

squall for? Did you never see a man in pickle before?

Lady Brute. Lord, where have you been?

Sir John. I have been at——cuffs.

Lady Brute. I fear that is not all. I hope you are not wounded.

Sir John. Sound as a roach, wife.

Lady Brute. I'm mighty glad to hear it.

Sir John. You know——I think you lye.

Lady Brute. You do me wrong to think so. For heaven's my witness, I had rather see my own blood trickle down, than yours.

Sir John. Then will I be crucify'd.

Lady Brute. 'Tis a hard fate, I shou'd not be believ'd.

Sir John. 'Tis a damn'd atheistical age, wife.

Lady Brute. I am sure I have given you a thousand tender proofs, how great my care is of you. But, spite of all your cruel thoughts, I'll still persist, and at this moment, if I can, persuade you to lie down and sleep a little.

Sir John. Why—do you think I am drunk—you slut, you?

Lady Brute. Heaven forbid I shou'd! But I'm afraid you are feverish. Pray let me feel your pulse.

Sir John. Stand off, and be damn'd.

Lady Brute. Why, I see your distemper in your very eyes. You are all on fire. Pray, go to bed; let me intreat you.

Sir John. ——Come, kiss me, then.

Lady Brute [*kissing him*]. There: Now go. [*Aside.*] He stinks like poison.

Sir John. I see it goes damnably against your stomach—and therefore—kiss me again.

Lady Brute. Nay, now you fool me.

Sir John. Do't, I say.

Lady Brute [*aside*]. Ah, Lord have mercy upon me! Well—there: now will you go?

Sir John. Now, wife, you shall see my gratitude. You gave me two kisses—I'll give you—two hundred.

[*Kisses, and tumbles her.*

Lady Brute. O Lord! Pray, Sir John, be quiet. Heavens, what a pickle am I in!

Bel. [*aside*]. If I were in her pickle, I'd call my gallant out of the closet, and he shou'd cudgel him soundly.

Sir John. So, now you being as dirty and as nasty as myself, we may go pig together. But first I must have a cup of your cold tea, wife.

[*Going to the Closet.*

Lady Brute. O I'm ruin'd! There's none there, my dear.

Sir John. I'll warrant you I'll find some, my dear.

Lady Brute. You can't open the door, the lock's spoil'd; I have been turning and turning the key this half hour to no purpose. I'll send for the smith to-morrow.

Sir John. There's ne'er a smith in Europe can open a door with more expedition that I can do——As for example—Poh! [*He bursts open the door with his foot.*]——How now! What the devil have we got here?——Constant——Heartfree——And two whores again, I'gad——This is the worst cold tea——that ever I met with in my life——

Enter CONSTANT *and* HEARTFREE.

Lady Brute [*aside*]. O Lord, what will become of us?

Sir John. Gentlemen——I am your very humble servant——I give you many thanks——I see you take care of my family——I shall do all I can to return the obligation.

Const. Sir, how oddly soever this business may appear to you, you would have no cause to be uneasy, if you knew the truth of all things; your lady is the most virtuous woman in the world, and nothing has past but an innocent frolick.

Heart. Nothing else, upon my honour, sir.

Sir John. You are both very civil gentlemen—— And my wife, there, is a very civil gentlewoman; therefore I don't doubt but many civil things have past between you. Your very humble servant.

Lady Brute [*aside to Const.*] Pray be gone: He's so drunk he can't hurt us to-night, and to-morrow morning you shall hear from us.

Const. I'll obey you, madam. Sir, when you are cool, you'll understand reason better. So then I shall take the pains to inform you. If not——I wear a sword, sir, and so good by t'ye. Come along, Heartfree. [*Exit.*

Sir John. Wear a sword, sir.—And what of all that, sir? He comes to my house; eats my meat; lies with my wife; dishonours my family; gets a bastard to inherit my estate——And when I ask a civil account of all this—Sir, says he, I wear a sword ——Wear a sword, sir? Yes, sir, says he, I wear a sword——It may be a good answer at cross-purposes; but 'tis a damn'd one to a man in my whimsical circumstance——Sir, says he, I wear a sword! [*To* Lady BRUTE.] And what do you wear now? ha! tell me. [*Sitting down in a great chair.*] What, you are modest, and can't—Why, then, I'll tell you, you slut,

you. You wear——an impudent, lewd face——a damn'd designing heart—and a tail——and a tail full of——[*He falls fast asleep, snoaring*].

Lady Brute. So; thanks to kind heaven, he's fast for some hours.

Bel. 'Tis well he is so, that we may have time to lay our story handsomely; for we must lye like the devil, to bring ourselves off.

Lady Brute. What shall we say, Belinda?

Bel. [*musing*].——I'll tell you: It must all light upon Heartfree and I. We'll say he has courted me some time, but, for reasons unknown to us, has ever been very earnest the thing might be kept from Sir John. That therefore hearing him upon the stairs, he ran into the closet, tho' against our will, and Constant with him, to prevent jealousy. And to give this a good impudent face of truth, (that I may deliver you from the trouble you are in) I'll e'en, if he pleases, marry him.

Lady Brute. I'm beholden to you, cousin; but that wou'd be carrying the jest a little too far for your own sake: You know he's a younger brother, and has nothing.

Bel. 'Tis true: But I like him, and have fortune enough to keep above extremity: I can't say I would live with him in a cell, upon love and bread and butter: But I had rather have the man I love, and a middle state of life, than that gentleman in the chair there, and twice your ladyship's splendour.

Lady Brute. In truth, niece, you are in the right on't; for I am very uneasy with my ambition. But, perhaps, had I married as you'll do, I might have been as ill us'd.

Bel. Some risk, I do confess, there always is: But

if a man has the least spark either of honour or good-nature, he can never use a woman ill, that loves him, and makes his fortune both. Yet I must own to you, some little struggling I still have with this teazing ambition of ours; for pride, you know, is as natural to a woman, as 'tis to a saint. I can't help being fond of this rogue; and yet it goes to my heart, to think I must never whisk to Hyde-Park with above a pair of horses; have no coronet upon my coach, nor a page to carry up my train. But above all—that business of place—Well, taking place is a noble prerogative—

Lady Brute. Especially after a quarrel——

Bel. Or of a rival. But pray say no more on't, for fear I change my mind; for, o' my conscience, wer't not for your affair in the balance, I should go near to pick up some odious man of quality yet, and only take poor Heartfree for a gallant.

Lady Brute. Then him you must have, however things go?

Bel. Yes.

Lady Brute. Why, we may pretend what we will: but 'tis a hard matter to live without the man we love.

Bel. Especially when we are married to the man we hate. Pray tell me: Do the men of the town ever believe us virtuous, when they see us do so?

Lady Brute. O, no: Nor indeed, hardly, let us do what we will. The most of them think, there is no such a thing as virtue, consider'd in the strictest notions of it; and therefore when you hear 'em say, such a one is a woman of reputation, they only mean she's a woman of discretion. For they consider we have no more religion than they have, nor so much morality; and between you and I, Belinda, I'm afraid the want of inclination seldom protects any of us.

Bel. But what think you of the fear of being found out?

Lady Brute. I think that never kept any woman virtuous long. We are not such cowards, neither. No: Let us once pass fifteen, and we have too good an opinion of our own cunning, to believe the world can penetrate into what we would keep a secret. And so, in short, we cannot reasonably blame the men for judging of us by themselves.

Bel. But sure we are not so wicked as they are, after all?

Lady Brute. We are as wicked, child, but our vice lies another way: Men have more courage than we, so they commit more bold, impudent sins. They quarrel, fight, swear, drink, blaspheme, and the like: Whereas we, being cowards, only backbite, tell lyes, cheat at cards, and so forth. But 'tis late: Let's end our discourse for to-night, and, out of an excess of charity, take a small care of that nasty, drunken thing there——Do but look at him, Belinda!

Bel. Ah——'tis a savoury dish.

Lady Brute. As savoury as 'tis, I'm cloy'd with't. Pr'ythee call the butler to take it away.

Bel. Call the butler!——call the scavenger! [*To a* Servant *within.*] Who's there? Call Rasor! Let him take away his master, scour him clean with a little sope and sand, and so put him to bed.

Lady Brute. Come, Belinda, I'll e'en lie with you to-night; and in the morning we'll send for our gentlemen to set this matter even.

Bel. With all my heart.

Lady Brute. Good night, my dear.

[*Making a low curtsy to* Sir JOHN.

Both. Ha, ha, ha! [*Exeunt.*

Enter RASOR.

Rasor. My lady there's a wag—my master there's a cuckold. Marriage is a slippery thing—Women have depraved appetites.—My lady's a wag; I have heard all; I have seen all; I understand all; and I'll tell all; for my little French-woman loves news dearly. This story'll gain her heart, or nothing will. [*To his* Master.] Come, sir, your head's too full of fumes at present, to make room for your jealousy; but I reckon we shall have rare work with you, when your pate's empty. Come to your kennel, you cuckoldly, drunken sot, you! [*Carries him out upon his back.*

SCENE III.—Lady FANCYFULL'S *House.*

Enter Lady FANCYFULL *and* Madamoiselle.

Lady Fan. But, why did not you tell me before, madamoiselle, that Rasor and you were fond?

Madam. De modesty hinder me, matam.

Lady Fan. Why, truly, modesty does often hinder us from doing things we have an extravagant mind to. But does he love you well enough yet, to do any thing you bid him? Do you think, to oblige you, he wou'd speak scandal?

Madam. Matam, to oblige your ladyship, he shall speak blasphemy.

Lady Fan. Why, then, madamoiselle, I'll tell you what you shall do. You shall engage him to tell his master all that past at Spring Garden: I have a mind he shou'd know what a wife and a niece he has got.

Madam. Il le fera, Madame.

Enter a Footman, *who speaks to* Madamoiselle *apart.*

Foot. Madamoiselle, yonder's Mr. Rasor desires to speak with you.

Madam. Tell him, I come presently. [*Exit* Footman]. Rasor be dare, Matam.

Lady Fan. That's fortunate. Well, I'll leave you together. And if you find him stubborn, madamoiselle —hark you—don't refuse him a few little reasonable liberties to put him into humour.

Madam. Laissez-moy faire. [*Exit* Lady FANCYFULL.

[RASOR *peeps in; and seeing* Lady FANCYFULL *gone, runs to* Madamoiselle, *takes her about the neck, and kisses her.*

Madam. How now, confidence?

Rasor. How now, modesty!

Madam. Who make you so familiar, sirrah?

Rasor. My impudence, hussy.

Madam. Stand off, rogue-face.

Rasor. Ah——Madamoiselle——great news at our house.

Madam. Why, vat be de matter?

Rasor. The matter?—Why, uptails all's the matter.

Madam. Tu te mocques de moy.

Rasor. Now do you long to know the particulars: The time when—the place where—the manner how. But I don't tell you a word more.

Madam. Nay, den dou kill me, Rasor.

Rasor. Come, kiss me, then.

[*Clapping his hands behind him.*

Madam. Nay, pridee tell me.

Rasor. Good by t' ye. [*Going.*

Madam. Hold, hold: I will kiss dee. [*Kissing him.*

Rasor. So, that's civil: Why, now, my pretty poll,

my goldfinch, my little waterwagtail——you must know, that——Come, kiss me again.

Madam. I won't kiss de no more.

Rasor. Good by t' ye. [*Going.*

Madam. Doucement! Derre: *es-tu content?* [*Kissing him.*

Rasor. So: Now I'll tell thee all. Why, the news is, that Cuckoldom in folio is newly printed; and Matrimony in quarto is just going into the press. Will you buy any books, madamoiselle?

Madam. Tu parles comme un Libraire; de devil no understand dee.

Rasor. Why, then, that I may make myself intelligible to a waiting-woman, I'll speak like a valet-de-chambre. My lady has cuckolded my master.

Madam. Bon.

Rasor. Which we take very ill from her hands, I can tell her that. We can't yet prove matter of fact upon her.

Madam. N'importe.

Rasor. But we can prove, that matter of fact had like to have been upon her.

Madam. Ouy-da.

Rasor. For we have such bloody circumstances—

Madam. Sans doute.

Rasor. That any man of parts may draw tickling conclusions from 'em.

Madam. Fort bien.

Rasor. We found a couple of tight, well-built gentlemen stufft into her ladyship's closet.

Madam. Le Diable!

Rasor. And I, in my particular person, have discovered a most damnable plot, how to persuade my poor master, that all this hide and seek, this will in

the whisp, has no other meaning than a Christian marriage for sweet Mrs. Belinda?

Madam. Un mariage?——Ah les droles!

Rasor. Don't you interrupt me, hussy; 'tis agreed, I say. And my innocent lady, to wriggle herself out at the back-door of the business, turns marriage-bawd to her niece, and resolves to deliver up her fair body to be tumbled and mumbled by that young liquorish whipster, Heartfree. Now are you satisfy'd?

Madam. No.

Rasor. Right woman; always gaping for more.

Madam. Dis be all, den, dat dou know?

Rasor. All? Aye, and a great deal, too, I think.

Madam. Dou be fool, dou know noting. *Ecoute, mon pauvre* Rasor. Dou sees des two eyes?—Des two eyes have see de devil.

Rasor. The woman's mad.

Madam. In Spring-Garden, dat rogue Constant meet dy lady.

Rasor. Bon.

Madam. ——I'll tell dee no more.

Rasor. Nay, pr'ythee, my swan.

Madam. Come, kiss me den.

[*Clapping her hands behind her as he did before.*

Rasor. I won't kiss you, not I.

Madam. Adieu. [*Going.*

Rasor. Hold——Now proceed.

[*Gives her a hearty kiss.*

Madam. Aça——I hide myself in one cunning place, where I hear all, and see all. First, dy drunken master come *mal-à-propos;* but de sot no know his own dear wife, so he leave her to her sport—den de game begin. De lover say soft ting: De lady look upon de ground. [*As she speaks,* RASOR *still acts*

the man, and she the woman.] He take her by de hand: She turn her head on oder way. Den he squeeze very hard: Den she pull——very softly. Den he take her in his arm: Den she give him leetel pat. Den he kiss her tettons.[1] Den she say—pish, nay fee. Den he tremble: Den she—sigh. Den he pull her into de arbour: Den she pinch him.

Rasor. Aye, but not so hard, you baggage, you.

Madam. Den he grow bold: She grow weak, he tro her down, *il tombe dessu, le diable assiste, il emporte tout.* [RASOR *struggles with her, as if he would throw her down*]. Stand off, sirrah!

Rasor. You have set me a-fire, you jade, you.

Madam. Den go to de river, and quench dy self.

Rasor. What an unnatural harlot 'tis!

Madam. Rasor. [*Looking languishingly on him.*

Rasor. Madamoiselle.

Madam. Dou no love me.

Rasor. Not love thee?—More than a Frenchman does soup.

Madam. Den dou will refuse nothing dat I bid dee?

Rasor. Don't bid me be damn'd, then.

Madam. No, only tell dy master all I have tell dee of dy laty.

Rasor. Why, you little malicious strumpet, you, shou'd you like to be serv'd so?

Madam. Dou dispute den?—Adieu.

Rasor. Hold—but why wilt thou make me such a rogue, my dear?

Madam. Voilà un vrai Anglois! Il est amoureux, et cependant il veut raisonner. Va-t'en au Diable.

Rasor. Hold once more: In hopes thou'lt give me up thy body, I resign thee my soul.

[1] Tetons: breasts.

Madam. Bon, écoule donc;——If dou fail me——I never see de more——If dou obey me——*Je m' abandonne à toy.* [*She takes him about the neck, and gives him a smacking kiss.*] [*Exit* Madamoiselle.

Rasor [*licking his lips*]. Not be a rogue?——*Amor vincit Omnia.* [*Exit* RASOR.

SCENE IV.

Enter Lady FANCYFULL *and* Madamoiselle.

Lady Fan. Marry, say ye? Will the two things marry?

Madam. On le va faire, Madame.

Lady Fan. Look you, madamoiselle—in short, I can't bear it——No; I find I can't——If once I see 'em a-bed together, I shall have ten thousand thoughts in my head will make me run distracted. Therefore run and call Rasor back immediately; for something must be done to stop this impertinent wedding. If I can but defer it four-and-twenty hours, I'll make such work about town, with that little pert slut's reputation, he shall as soon marry a witch.

Madam [*aside*]. *La voilà bien intentionnée.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—CONSTANT'S *lodgings.*

Enter CONSTANT *and* HEARTFREE.

Const. But what dost think will become of this business?

Heart. 'Tis easier to think what will not come on't.

Const. What's that?

Heart. A challenge. I know the knight too well for that; his dear body will always prevail upon his noble soul to be quiet.

Const. But tho' he dare not challenge me, perhaps he may venture to challenge his wife.

Heart. Not if you whisper him in the ear, you won't have him do't; and there's no other way left, that I see. For as drunk as he was, he'll remember you and I were where we shou'd not be; and I don't think him quite blockhead enough yet to be persuaded we were got into his wife's closet only to peep into her prayer-book.

Enter a Servant *with a letter.*

Serv. Sir, here's a letter; a porter brought it.

Const. O ho, here's instructions for us.

Reads:

"The accident that has happen'd has touch'd our invention to the quick. We wou'd fain come off, without your help; but find that's impossible. In a word, the whole business must be thrown upon a matrimonial intrigue between your friend and mine. But if the parties are not fond enough to go quite through with the matter, 'tis sufficient for our turn, they own the design. We'll find pretences enough to break the match.—Adieu."

——Well, woman for invention! How long wou'd my block-head have been producing this!——Hey, Heartfree? What, musing, man? Pr'ythee be chearful. What say'st thou, friend, to this matrimonial ermedy?

Heart. Why, I say, 'tis worse than the disease.

Const. Here's a fellow for you! There's beauty and money on her side, and love up to the ears on his: and yet——

Heart. And yet, I think, I may reasonably be allow'd to boggle at marrying the niece, in the very moment that you are debauching the aunt.

Const. Why, truly, there may be something in that. But have not you a good opinion enough of your own parts, to believe you cou'd keep a wife to yourself?

Heart. I shou'd have, if I had a good opinion enough of her's, to believe she cou'd do as much by me. For to do 'em right, after all, the wife seldom rambles, till the husband shews her the way.

Const. 'Tis true, a man of real worth scarce ever is a cuckold, but by his own fault. Women are not naturally lewd; there must be something to urge 'em to it. They'll cuckold a churl, out of revenge; a fool, because they despise him; a beast, because they loath him. But when they make bold with a man they once had a well-grounded value for, 'tis because they first see themselves neglected by him.

Heart. Nay, were I well assured that I should never grow Sir John, I ne'er shou'd fear Belinda wou'd play my lady. But our weakness, thou knowest, my friend, consists in that very change we so impudently throw upon (indeed) a steadier and more generous sex.

Const. Why, 'faith, we are a little impudent in that matter, that's the truth on't. But this is wonderful, to see you grown so warm an advocate for those whom (but t'other day) you took so much pains to abuse.

Heart. All revolutions run into extremes; the bigot makes the boldest atheist; and the coyest saint, the

most extravagant strumpet. But, pr'ythee, advise me in this good and evil, this life and death, this blessing and cursing, that's set before me. Shall I marry, or die a maid?

Const. Why, 'faith, Heartfree, matrimony is like an army going to engage. Love's the forlorn hope, which is soon cut off; the marriage-knot is the main body, which may stand buff a long, long time; and repentance is the rear-guard, which rarely gives ground as long as the main body has a being.

Heart. Conclusion, then; you advise me to whore on, as you do.

Const. That's not concluded yet. For tho' marriage be a lottery, in which there are a wondrous many blanks; yet there is one inestimable lot, in which the only heaven on earth is written. Wou'd your kind fate but guide your hand to that, tho' I were wrapt in all that luxury itself could clothe me with, I still shou'd envy you.

Heart. And justly, too; for to be capable of loving one, doubtless, is better than to possess a thousand. But how far that capacity's in me, alas! I know not.

Const. But you wou'd know.

Heart. I wou'd so.

Const. Matrimony will inform you. Come, one flight of resolution carries you to the land of experience; where, in a very moderate time, you'll know the capacity of your soul and your body both, or I'm mistaken. [*Exeunt*

SCENE VI.—Sir JOHN BRUTE'S *House.*

Enter Lady BRUTE *and* BELINDA.

Bel. Well, madam, what answer have you from 'em?

Lady Brute. That they'll be here this moment. I fancy 'twill end in a wedding: I'm sure he's a fool if it don't. Ten thousand pounds, and such a lass as you are, is no contemptible offer to a younger brother. But are not you under strange agitations? Pr'ythee, how does your pulse beat?

Bel. High and low, I have much ado to be valiant: sure it must feel very strange to go to bed to a man?

Lady Brute. Um—— it does feel a little odd at first; but it will soon grow easy to you.

Enter CONSTANT *and* HEARTFREE.

Lady Brute. Good-morrow, gentlemen: How have you slept after your adventure?

Heart. Some careful thoughts, ladies, on your accounts, have kept us waking.

Bel. And some careful thoughts on your own, I believe, have hindered you from sleeping. Pray how does this matrimonial project relish with you?

Heart. Why, 'faith, e'en as storming towns does with soldiers, where the hope of delicious plunder banishes the fear of being knock'd on the head.

Bel. Is it then possible, after all, that you dare think of downright lawful wedlock?

Heart. Madam, you have made me so fool-hardy, I dare do any thing.

Bel. Then, sir, I challenge you; and matrimony's the spot where I expect you.

Heart. 'Tis enough; I'll not fail. [*Aside.*] So, now,

I am in for Hobbes's Voyage [1]; a great leap in the dark.

Lady Brute. Well, gentlemen, this matter being concluded then, have you got your lessons ready? for Sir John is grown such an atheist of late, he'll believe nothing upon easy terms.

Const. We'll find ways to extend his faith, madam. But pray how do you find him this morning?

Lady Brute. Most lamentably morose, chewing the cud after last night's discovery, of which, however, he had but a confus'd notion e'en now. But I'm afraid the valet-de-chambre has told him all; for they are very busy together at this moment. When I told him of Belinda's marriage, I had no other answer but a grunt; from which, you may draw what conclusions you think fit. But to your notes, gentlemen, he's here.

Enter Sir JOHN *and* RASOR.

Const. Good-morrow, sir.

Heart. Good-morrow, Sir John; I'm very sorry my indiscretion shou'd cause so much disorder in your family.

Sir John. Disorders generally come from indiscretion; 'tis no strange thing at all.

Lady Brute. I hope, my dear, you are satisfied there was no wrong intended you.

Sir John. None, my dove.

Bel. If not, I hope my consent to marry Mr. Heartfree will convince you. For as little as I know of amours, sir, I can assure you, one intrigue is enough

[1] A reference to Thomas Hobbes's *Voyage of Ulysses*, containing four books of the Odyssey. In 1675 Hobbes published a "Translation of the Iliad and Odyssey."

to bring four people together, without further mischief.

Sir John. And I know too, that intrigues tend to procreation of more kinds than one. One intrigue will beget another, as soon as beget a son or a daughter.

Const. I am very sorry, sir, to see you still seem unsatisfy'd with a lady, whose more than common virtue, I am sure were she my wife, shou'd meet a better usage.

Sir John. Sir, if her conduct has put a trick upon her virtue, her virtue's the bubble, but her husband's the loser.

Const. Sir, you have receiv'd a sufficient answer already, to justify both her conduct and mine. You'll pardon me for meddling in your family-affairs; but I perceive I am the man you are jealous of, and therefore it concerns me.

Sir John. Wou'd it did not concern me, and then I shou'd not care who it concern'd.

Const. Well, sir, if truth and reason won't content you, I know but one way more, which, if you think fit, you may take.

Sir John. Lord, sir, you are very hasty! If I had been found at prayers in your wife's closet, I should have allow'd you twice as much time to come to yourself in.

Const. Nay, sir, if time be all you want, we have no quarrel.

Heart. I told you how the sword wou'd work upon him. [Sir JOHN *muses.*

Const. Let him muse; however, I'll lay fifty pound our foreman brings us in, Not guilty.

Sir John [*aside*]. 'Tis well——'tis very well——
In spite of that young jade's matrimonial intrigue,

I am a downright stinking cuckold——Here they are——Boo——[*Putting his hand to his forehead.*] Methinks, I could butt with a bull. What the plague did I marry her for? I knew she did not like me; if she had, she wou'd have lain with me; for I wou'd have done so, because I lik'd her; but that's past, and I have her. And now, what shall I do with her?——If I put my horns into my pocket, she'll grow insolent——if I don't, that goat there, that stallion, is ready to whip me thro' the guts.—The debate then is reduced to this: Shall I die a hero, or live a rascal?——Why, wiser men than I have long since concluded, that a living dog is better than a dead lion.——[*To* CONST. *and* HEART.] Gentlemen, now my wine and my passion are governable, I must own, I have never observ'd any thing in my wife's course of life, to back me in my jealousy of her: But jealousy's a mark of love; so she need not trouble her head about it, as long as I make no more words on't.

Lady FANCYFULL *enters disguis'd, and addresses to* BELINDA *apart.*

Const. I'm glad to see your reason rule at last. Give me your hand: I hope you'll look upon me as you are wont.

Sir John. Your humble servant. [*Aside.*] A wheedling-son of a whore!

Heart. And that I may be sure you are friends with me, too, pray give me your consent to wed your niece.

Sir John. Sir, you have it with all my heart: Damn me if you han't. [*Aside.*] 'Tis time to get rid of her: A young, pert pimp; she'll make an incomparable bawd in a little time.

Enter a SERVANT, *who gives* HEARTFREE *a letter.*

Bel. Heartfree your husband, say you? 'Tis impossible.

Lady Fan. Wou'd to kind heaven it were! But 'tis too true; and in the world there lives not such a wretch. I'm young; and either I have been flatter'd by my friends, as well as glass, or nature has been kind and generous to me. I had a fortune, too, was greater far than he could ever hope for; but with my heart I am robb'd of all the rest. I am slighted and I'm beggar'd both at once: I have scarce a bare subsistence from the villain, yet dare complain to none; for he has sworn if e'er 'tis known I'm his wife, he'll murder me. [*Weeping.*

Bel. The traitor!

Lady Fan. I accidentally was told he courted you: Charity soon prevail'd upon me to prevent your misery: And, as you see, I'm still so generous even to him, as not to suffer he should do a thing for which the law might take away his life. [*Weeping.*

Bel. Poor creature! how I pity her!

[*They continue talking aside.*

Heart. [*aside*]. Death and damnation!——Let me read it again. [Reads.] *Tho' I have a particular reason not to let you know who I am till I see you; yet you'll easily believe 'tis a faithful friend that gives you this advice. I have lain with Belinda* (Good!)—*I have a child by her* (Better and better!) *which is now at nurse;* (Heaven be prais'd) *and I think the foundation laid for another:* (Ha!——Old Truepenny!)—*No rack cou'd have tortur'd this story from me; but friendship has done it. I heard of your design to marry her, and cou'd not see you abus'd. Make use*

of my advice, but keep my secret till I ask you for't again. Adieu. [*Exit* Lady FANCYFULL.

Const. [*to* BEL.]. Come, madam, shall we send for the parson? I doubt here's no business for the lawyer: Younger brothers have nothing to settle but their hearts, and that I believe my friend here has already done very faithfully.

Bel. [*scornfully*]. Are you sure, sir, there are no old mortgages upon it?

Heart. [*coldly*]. If you think there are, madam, it mayn't be amiss to defer the marriage till you are sure they are paid off.

Bel. [*aside*]. How the gall'd horse kicks!

[*To* HEART.]. We'll defer it as long as you please, sir.

Heart. The more time we take to consider on't, madam, the less apt we shall be to commit oversights; therefore, if you please, we will put it off for just nine months.

Bel. Guilty consciences make men cowards; I don't wonder you want time to resolve.

Heart. And they make women desperate; I don't wonder you are so quickly determin'd.

Bel. What does the fellow mean?

Heart. What does the lady mean?

Sir John. Zoons, what do you both mean?

[HEART. *and* BEL. *walk chafing about.*

Rasor [*aside*]. Here is so much sport going to be spoil'd, it makes me ready to weep again. A pox o' this impertinent Lady Fancyfull, and her plots, and her French-woman too; she's a whimsical, ill-natur'd bitch, and when I have got my bones broke in her service, 'tis ten to one but my recompence is a clap; I hear them tittering without still. I-cod, I'll e'en go

lug them both in by the ears, and discover the plot, to secure my pardon. [*Exit* RASOR.

Const. Pr'ythee, explain, Heartfree.

Heart. A fair deliverance; thank my stars and my friend.

Bel. 'Tis well it went no farther; a base fellow!

Lady Brute. What can be the meaning of all this?

Bel. What's his meaning, I don't know; but mine is, that if I had married him——I had had no husband.

Heart. And what's her meaning I don't know; but mine is, that if I had married her—I had had wife enough.

Sir John. Your people of wit have got such cramp ways of expressing themselves, they seldom comprehend one another. Pox take you both, will you speak that you may be understood?

Enter RASOR *in sackcloth, pulling in* LADY FANCYFULL *and* Madamoiselle.

Rasor. If they won't, here comes an interpreter.

Lady Brute. Heavens! what have we here?

Rasor. A villain——but a repenting villain. Stuff which saints in all ages have been made of.

All. Rasor!

Lady Brute. What means this sudden metamorphose?

Rasor. Nothing, without my pardon.

Lady Brute. What pardon do you want?

Rasor. Imprimis, your ladyship's; for a damnable lie made upon your spotless virtue, and set to the tune of Spring-Garden. [*To* Sir JOHN.] Next, at my generous master's feet I bend, for interrupting his

more noble thoughts with phantoms of disgraceful cuckoldom. [*To* CONST.] Thirdly, I to this gentleman apply, for making him the hero of my romance. [*To* HEART.] Fourthly, your pardon, noble sir, I ask, for clandestinely marrying you, without either bidding of banns, bishop's licence, friends consent——or your own knowledge. [*To* BEL.] And, lastly, to my good young lady's clemency I come, for pretending the corn was sow'd in the ground, before ever the plough had been in the field.

Sir John [*aside*]. So that, after all, 'tis a moot point, whether I am a cuckold or not.

Bel. Well, sir, upon condition you confess all, I'll pardon you myself, and try to obtain as much from the rest of the company. But I must know, then, who 'tis has put you upon all this mischief?

Rasor. Satan, and his equipage; woman tempted me, lust weakened me——and so the devil over-came me; as fell Adam, so fell I.

Bel. Then pray, Mr. Adam, will you make us acquainted with your Eve?

Rasor. [*To* Madam.] Unmask, for the honour of France.

All. Madamoiselle!

Madam. Me ask ten tousand pardon of all de good company.

Sir John. Why, this mystery thickens, instead of clearing up. [*To* RASOR.] You son of a whore, you, put us out of our pain.

Rasor. One moment brings sunshine. [*Shewing* Madam.] 'Tis true, this is the woman that tempted me, but this is the serpent that tempted the woman; and if my prayers might be heard, her punishment for so doing shou'd be like the serpent's of old——

[*Pulls off* Lady FANCYFULL'S *mask.*] She should lie upon her face all the days of her life.

All. Lady Fancyfull!

Bel. Impertinent!

Lady Brute. Ridiculous!

All. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

Bel. I hope your ladyship will give me leave to wish you joy, since you have own'd your marriage yourself—— [*To* HEART.] I vow 'twas strangely wicked in you to think of another wife, when you had one already so charming as her ladyship.

All. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

Lady Fan. [*aside*]. Confusion seize 'em, as it seizes me!

Madam. Que le diable étouffe ce maraud de Rasor.

Bel. Your ladyship seems disorder'd: A breeding qualm, perhaps, Mr. Heartfree: Your bottle of Hungary water to your lady. Why, madam, he stands as unconcern'd, as if he were your husband in earnest.

Lady Fan. Your mirth's as nauseous as yourself. Belinda, you think you triumph over a rival now; *Hélas! ma pauvre fille.* Where'er I'm rival, there's no cause for mirth. No, my poor wretch, 'tis from another principle I have acted. I knew that thing there wou'd make so perverse a husband, and you so impertinent a wife, that lest your mutual plagues should make you both run mad, I charitably would have broke the match. He! he! he! he! he!

[*Exit, laughing affectedly,* Mademoiselle *following her.*

Madam. He! he! he! he! he!

All. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

Sir John [*aside*]. Why, now, this woman will be married to somebody, too.

Bel. Poor creature! what a passion she's in! But I forgive her.

Heart. Since you have so much goodness for her, I hope you'll pardon my offence, too, madam.

Bel. There will be no great difficulty in that, since I am guilty of an equal fault.

Heart. Then pardons being past on all sides, pray let's to church to conclude the day's work.

Const. But before you go, let me treat you, pray, with a song a new-married lady made within this week; it may be of use to you both.

SONG.

I.

WHEN yielding first to Damon's flame,
I sunk into his arms;
He swore he'd ever be the same,
Then rifled all my charms.
But fond of what he'd long desir'd,
Too greedy of his prey,
My shepherd's flame, alas! expir'd
Before the verge of day.

II.

My innocence in lovers wars
Reproach'd his quick defeat;
Confus'd, asham'd, and bath'd in tears,
I mourn'd his cold retreat.
At length, Ah shepherdess! cry'd he.
Wou'd you my fire renew,
Alas, you must retreat like me,
I'm lost if you pursue.

Heart. So, madam; now had the parson but done his business——

Bel. You'd be half weary of your bargain.

Heart. No, sure, I might dispense with one night's lodging.

Bel. I'm ready to try, sir.

Heart. Then let's to church:
And if it be our chance to disagree——

Bel. Take heed—the surly husband's fate you see.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

BY ANOTHER HAND.

SPOKEN BY LADY BRUTE AND BELINDA.

Lady Brute. No epilogue!
Belinda. I swear I know of none.
Lady Brute. Lord! How shall we excuse it to the town?
Bel. Why, we must e'en say something of our own.
Lady Brute. Our own! Ay, that must needs be precious stuff.
Bel. I'll lay my life, they'll like it well enough.
Come, faith, begin——
Lady Brute. Excuse me, after you.
Bel. Nay, pardon me for that, I know my cue.
Lady Brute. O for the world, I would not have precedence.
Bel. O Lord!
Lady Brute. I swear——
Bel. O fye!

Lady Brute. I'm all obedience.
First then, know all, before our doom is fixt,
The third day is for us——
Bel. Nay, and the sixth.
Lady Brute. We speak not from the poet now, nor is it
His cause—(I want a rhyme)
Bel. That we sollicit.
Lady Brute. Then sure you cannot have the hearts to be severe
And damn us——
Bel. Damn us! Let 'em if they dare.
Lady Brute. Why, if they should, what punishment remains?
Bel. Eternal exile from behind our scenes.
Lady Brute. But if they're kind, that sentence we'll recal.
We can be grateful——
Bel. And have wherewithal.
Lady Brute. But at grand treaties hope not to be trusted,
Before preliminaries are adjusted.
Bel. You know the time, and we appoint the place;
Where, if you please, we'll meet and sign the peace.

Upon the revival of this play in 1725, Sir John Vanbrugh thought proper to write the two following scenes, in the room of those printed, pages 267–270, and 275–278.[1]

[1] They first appear in the edition of 1743.

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.—*Covent-Garden.*

Enter Lord RAKE, Sir JOHN, &c., *with swords drawn.*

LORD RAKE. Is the dog dead?

Col. Bully. No, damn him, I heard him wheeze.

Lord Rake. How the witch his wife howl'd?

Col. Bully. Aye, she'll alarm the watch presently.

Lord Rake. Appear, knight, then: Come, you have a good cause to fight for, there's a man murder'd.

Sir John. Is there? Then let his ghost be satisfy'd: for I'll sacrifice a constable to it presently, and burn his body upon his wooden chair.

Enter a Taylor, *with a bundle under his arm.*

Col. Bully. How now! what have we got here? A thief?

Taylor. No, an't please you, I'm no thief.

Lord Rake. That we'll see presently: Here! let the general examine him.

Sir John. Ay, ay, let me examine him; and I'll lay a hundred pound I find him guilty in spite of his teeth

——for he looks——like a——sneaking rascal. Come, sirrah, without equivocation or mental reservation, tell me of what opinion you are, and what calling; for by them——I shall guess at your morals.

Tayl. An't please you, I'm a dissenting journeyman woman's taylor.

Sir John. Then, sirrah, you love lying by your religion, and theft by your trade: And so, that your punishment may be suitable to your crimes——I'll have you first gagg'd——and then hang'd.

Tayl. Pray, good worthy gentlemen, don't abuse me: Indeed I'm an honest man, and a good workman, tho' I say it, that shou'd not say it.

Sir John. No words, sirrah, but attend your fate.

Lord Rake. Let me see what's in that bundle.

Tayl. An't please you, it's my lady's short cloak and sack.[1]

Sir John. What lady, you reptile, you?

Tayl. My Lady Brute, an't please your honour.

Sir John. My Lady Brute! my wife! the robe of my wife—with reverence let me approach it. The dear angel is always taking care of me in danger, and has sent me this suit of armour to protect me in this day of battle; on they go.

All. O brave knight!

Lord Rake. Live Don Quixote the Second!

Sir John. Sancho, my 'Squire, help me on with my armour.

Tayl. O dear gentlemen! I shall be quite undone if you take the sack.

Sir John. Retire, sirrah! and since you carry off your skin, go home and be happy.

Tayl. I think I'd e'en as good follow the gentle-

[1] A loosely hanging garment.

man's advice, for if I dispute any longer, who knows but the whim may take 'em to case me—These courtiers are fuller of tricks than they are of money: they'll sooner break a man's bones, than pay his bill.

[*Exit* Tayl.

Sir John. So! how d'ye like my shapes now?

Lord Rake. To a miracle! He looks like a queen of the Amazons—But to your arms! gentlemen! The enemy's upon their march—here's the watch——

Sir John. 'Oons! if it were Alexander the Great, at the head of his army, I would drive him into a horse-pond.

All. Huzza! O brave knight!

Enter Watchmen.

Sir John. See! Here he comes, with all his Greeks about him—Follow me, boys.

Watch. Hey-dey! Who have we got here?—Stand.

Sir John. May-hap not!

Watch. What are you all doing here in the streets at this time o'night? And who are you, madam, that seem to be at the head of this noble crew?

Sir John. Sirrah, I am Bonduca, Queen of the Welchmen; and with a leek as long as my pedigree, I will destroy your Roman legion in an instant—Britons, strike home.

[*They fight off.* Watch. *return with* Sir JOHN.

Watch. So! We have got the queen, however! We'll make her pay well for her ransom—Come, madam, will your Majesty please to walk before the constable?

Sir John. The constable's a rascal! And you are a son of a whore!

Watch. A most noble reply, truly! If this be her royal style, I'll warrant her maids of honour prattle prettily: But we'll teach you some of our Court dialect before we part with you, princess—Away with her to the round-house.

Sir John. Hands off, you ruffians! My honour's dearer to me than my life; I hope you won't be uncivil.

Watch. Away with her. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter Constable *and* Watchmen, *with* Sir JOHN.

Constab. Come, forsooth, come along, if you please! I once in compassion thought to have seen you safe home this morning: But you have been so rampant and abusive all night, I shall see what the Justice of Peace will say to you.

Sir John. And you shall see what I'll say to the Justice of Peace. [Watchman *knocks at the door.*

Enter Servant.

Constab. Is Mr. Justice at home?

Serv. Yes.

Constab. Pray acquaint his Worship we have got an unruly woman here, and desire to know what he'll please to have done with her.

Serv. I'll acquaint my master. [*Exit* Serv.

Sir John. Hark you, Constable, what cuckoldly Justice is this?

Constab. One that knows how to deal with such romps as you are, I'll warrant you.

Enter Justice.

Just. Well, Mr. Constable, what is the matter there?

Constab. An't please your worship, this here comical sort of a gentlewoman has committed great outrages to-night. She has been frolicking with my Lord Rake and his gang; they attacked the Watch, and I hear there has been a man kill'd: I believe 'tis they have done it.

Sir John. Sir, there may have been a murder, for aught I know; and 'tis a great mercy there has not been a rape too—that fellow wou'd have ravish'd me.

2d Watch. Ravish! ravish! O lud! O lud! O lud! Ravish her! Why, please your Worship, I heard Mr. Constable say he believed she was little better than a maphrodite.

Just. Why, truly, she does seem a little masculine about the mouth.

2d Watch. Yes, and about the hands too, an't please your Worship; I did but offer in mere civility to help her up the steps into our apartment, and with her gripen fist—ay, just so, sir.

[Sir JOHN *knocks him down.*

Sir John. I fell'd him to the ground like an ox.

Just. Out upon this boisterous woman! Out upon her.

Sir John. Mr. Justice, he wou'd have been uncivil! It was in defence of my honour, and I demand satisfaction.

2d Watch. I hope your Worship will satisfy her honour in Bridewell; that fist of hers will make an admirable hemp-beater.

Sir John. Sir, I hope you will protect me against

that libidinous rascal; I am a woman of quality and virtue too, for all I am in an undress this morning.

Just. Why, she has really the air of a sort of a woman a little something out of the common—— Madam, if you expect I shou'd be favourable to you, I desire I may know who you are.

Sir John. Sir, I am any body, at your service.

Just. Lady, I desire to know your name?

Sir John. Sir, my name's Mary.

Just. Ay, but your sur-name, madam?

Sir John. Sir, my sur-name's the very same with my husband's.

Just. A strange woman this! Who is your husband, pray?

Sir John. Sir John.

Just. Sir John who?

Sir John. Sir John Brute.

Just. Is it possible, madam, you can be my Lady Brute?

Sir John. That happy woman, sir, am I; only a little in my merriment to-night.

Just. I am concern'd for Sir John.

Sir John. Truly, so am I.

Just. I have heard he's an honest gentleman——

Sir John. As ever drank.

Just. Good lack! Indeed, lady, I'm sorry he has such a wife.

Sir John. I am sorry he has any wife at all.

Just. And so perhaps may he——I doubt you have not given him a very good taste of matrimony.

Sir John. Taste, sir! Sir, I have scorn'd to stint him to a taste, I have given him a full meal of it.

Just. Indeed I believe so! But pray, fair lady, may

he have given you any occasion for this extraordinary conduct?——Does he not use you well?

Sir John. A little upon the rough sometimes.

Just. Ay, any man may be out of humour now and then.

Sir John. Sir, I love peace and quiet, and when a woman don't find that at home, she's apt sometimes to comfort herself with a few innocent diversions abroad.

Just. I doubt he uses you but too well. Pray how does he as to that weighty thing, money? Does he allow you what is proper of that?

Sir John. Sir, I have generally enough to pay the reckoning, if this son of a whore of a drawer wou'd but bring his bill.

Just. A strange woman this——Does he spend a reasonable portion of his time at home, to the comfort of his wife and children?

Sir John. He never gave his wife cause to repine at his being abroad in his life.

Just. Pray, madam, how may he be in the grand matrimonial point——Is he true to your bed?

Sir John. Chaste! Oons! This fellow asks so many impertinent questions! I'gad, I believe it is the Justice's wife in the Justice's clothes.

Just. 'Tis a great pity he should have been thus disposed of—Pray, madam, (and then I've done) what may be your ladyship's common method of life, if I may presume so far?

Sir John. Why, sir, much that of a woman of quality.

Just. Pray how may you generally pass your time, madam? Your morning, for example.

Sir John. Sir, like a woman of quality——I wake

about two o'clock in the afternoon——I stretch—and, make a sign for my chocolate——When I have drank three cups—I slide down again upon my back, with my arms over my head, while my two maids put on my stockings——Then hanging upon their shoulders, I am trail'd to my great chair, where I sit——and yawn——for my breakfast——If it don't come presently, I lie down upon my couch to say my prayers, while my maid reads me the play-bills.

Just. Very well, madam.

Sir John. When the tea is brought in, I drink twelve regular dishes, with eight slices of bread and butter——And half an hour after, I send to the cook to know if the dinner is almost ready.

Just. So! madam!

Sir John. By that time my head[1] is half drest, I hear my husband swearing himself into a state of perdition, that the meat's all cold upon the table; to amend which, I come down in an hour more, and have it sent back to the kitchen, to be all drest over again.

Just. Poor man!

Sir John. When I have din'd, and my idle servants are presumptuously set down at their ease, to do so too, I call for my coach, to go visit fifty dear friends, of whom I hope I shall never find one at home, while I shall live.

[1] Ladies' head-dresses required a great deal of care and time. At one time they were so enormously large that—as Addison has it in the *Spectator* for Friday, June 22, 1711—"it shot up (about ten years ago) to a very great height, insomuch that the female of part of our species were much taller than the men. The women were of such an enormous stature, that *we appeared grasshoppers before them.*" In No. 265 he returns to the attack, and ridicules the excesses of female head-gear in his best manner.

Just. So! There's the morning and afternoon pretty well dispos'd of—Pray, madam, how do you pass your evenings?

Sir John. Like a woman of spirit, sir, a great spirit. Give me a box and dice[1]—Seven's the main, Oons! Sir, I set you a hundred pound! Why, do you think women are married now-a-days, to sit at home and mend napkins? Sir, we have nobler ways of passing time.

Just. Mercy upon us, Mr. Constable, what will this age come to?

Constab. What will it come to, indeed, if such women as these are not set in the stocks?

Sir John. Sir, I have a little urgent business calls upon me; and therefore I desire the favour of you to bring matters to a conclusion.

Just. Madam, if I were sure that business were not to commit more disorders, I wou'd release you.

Sir John. None——by my virtue.

Just. Then, Mr. Constable, you may discharge her.

Sir John. Sir, your very humble servant. If you please to accept of a bottle——

Just. I thank you, kindly, madam; but I never drink in a morning. Good-by-t'ye.

Sir John. Good-by-t'ye, good sir. [*Exit* Justice. So——now, Mr. Constable, shall you and I go pick up a whore together?

Constab. No, thank you, madam; my wife's enough to satisfy any reasonable man.

Sir John [*aside*]. He, he, he, he, he——the fool is married, then. Well, you won't go?

[1] Gambling was very common among ladies of fashion in Vanbrugh's time. No. 120 of the *Guardian* is a witty protest against this mania.

Constab. Not I, truly.

Sir John. Then I'll go by myself; and you and your wife may be damn'd. [*Exit* Sir JOHN.

Constable [*gazing after her*]. Why, God-a-mercy, Lady. [*Exeunt.*

The following "Medley" is in a collection of printed ballads at the British Museum, 11621, i., 11, 1—37, and is numbered 25. There is no date, but Fowler lived about 1800, his widow having died in 1825. The "Medley" is not printed in any of the editions of Vanbrugh's Works I have consulted, and there is no indication of the particular scene into which it was introduced. It would best suit the drinking-party at the "Blue Posts":—

A SCOTCH MEDLEY.

INTRODUCED IN "THE PROVOK'D WIFE."

We're gaily yet, and we're gaily yet,
And we're no very fou, but we're gaily yet;
Then sit ye a while, and tipple a bit,
For we're no very fou, but we're gaily yet.

There was a lad, and they ca'd him Dicky,
He gae me a kiss, and I bit his lippie;
Then under my apron he shew'd me a trick,
And we're no very fou, but we're gaily yet.
And we're gaily yet, &c.

There were three lads, and they were clad;
There were three lasses, and they them had;
Three trees in the orchards are newly sprung,
And we's a' get geer enough, we're but young.

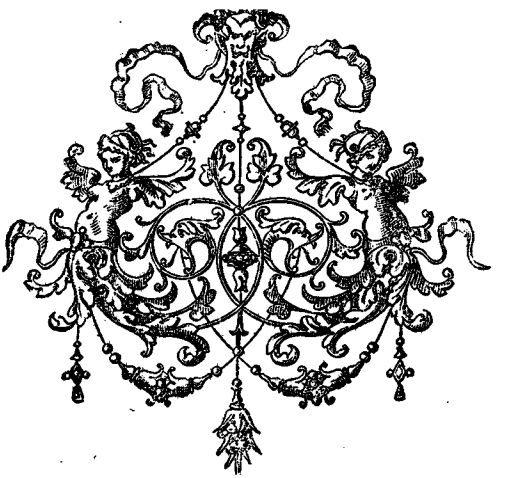
Then up wi't Ailie, Ailie, up wi't Ailie, now,
Then up wi't Alie, quo' cummer, we's get roaring fou'.

And one was kissed in the barn,
Another was kissed on the green,
The third behind the pease-stack
Till the mow flew up to her e'en.
Then up wi't, Ailie, &c.

Now, fy, John Thomson, rin,
Gin ever you ran in your life;
De'il get you, but hey, my dear Jack,
There's a man got a-bed with your wife.
Then up wi't, Ailie, &c.

Then away John Thompson ran,
And I trow he ran with speed;
But before he had run his length,
The false loon had done the deed.
We're gaily yet, &c.

FOWLER, *Printer*, Salisbury.

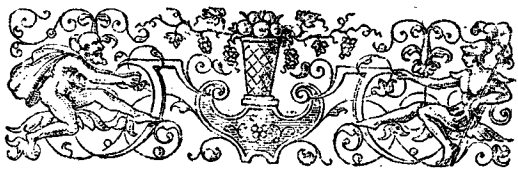


THE CONFEDERACY:

A COMEDY.

As it is acted at the Queen's Theatre in the Hay-Market. By her Majesty's sworn servants.

By the Author of *The Relapse*, *Provok'd Wife*, and *Æsop*.



THE CONFEDERACY was first played at the Haymarket on October 30 1705. It is a pretty close translation of *Les Bourgeoises à la Mode*, by Dancourt, but Vanbrugh improved upon his original. The opening scene between Mrs. Amlet and Mrs. Cloggit, the first scene of the third act, and the second scene of the fifth act, down to the entrance of the "Goldsmith," are Vanbrugh's work. Afterwards it also appeared under the title of *The City Wives' Confederacy*. The favourite of the day, Mrs. Bracegirdle, appeared in the part of Flippanta, and Mrs. Barry,[1] another actress of great mark, in that of Clarissa. With such artists to do it justice, the briskly-written, humorous play could not but be in the highest degree successful. "*The Confederacy*," says Hazlitt, "is a comedy of infinite contrivance and intrigue, with a matchless spirit of impudence. It is a fine careless *exposé* of heartless want of principle; for there is no anger or severity against vice expressed in it, as in Wycherley. The author's morality in all cases (except his *Provok'd Wife*, which was undertaken as a penance for past peccadilloes) sits very loose upon him. It is a little upon the turn; 'it does somewhat smack.'"

Among the best scenes that Vanbrugh has written is the one where Brass, by dint of loud talking at the house of Gripe, compels Dick Amlet to submit to him, and extorts from him the diamond necklace.

The text of the play as it stands here is an exact reprint of the edition of 1735. It first appeared in print November 15, 1705.

[1] Elizabeth Barry was born in 1658, and died in 1713.

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN BY A SHABBY POET.

YE Gods! what crime had my poor father done,
That you should make a poet of his son?
Or is't for some great services of his,
Y'are pleas'd to compliment his boy——with this?
[*Shewing his crown of laurel.*
The honour, I must needs confess, is great,
If, with his crown, you'd tell him where to eat.
'Tis well——But I have more complaints—look here!
[*Shewing his ragged coat.*
Hark ye:—D'ye think this suit good winter wear?
In a cold morning; whu——at a lord's gate,
How you have let the porter let me wait!
You'll say, perhaps, you knew I'd get no harm,
You'd given me fire enough to keep me warm.
Ah——
A world of blessings to that fire we owe;
Without it I'd ne'er made this princely show.

I have a brother too, now in my sight,
[*Looking behind the scenes.*
A busy man amongst us here to-night:
Your fire has made him play a thousand pranks,
For which, no doubt, you've had his daily thanks;
He'as thank'd you, first, for all his decent plays,
Where he so nick'd it, when he writ for praise.
Next for his meddling with some folks in black,
And bringing——*Souse*——a priest upon his back;
For building houses here t'oblige the peers,
And fetching all their house about his ears;
For a new play, he'as now thought fit to write,
To sooth the town——which they——will damn to-night.

These benefits are such, no man can doubt
But he'll go on, and set your fancy out,
Till for reward of all his noble deeds,
At last like other sprightly folks he speeds:
Has this great recompence fix'd on his brow
At fam'd *Parnassus;* has your leave to bow
And walk about the streets——equip'd——as I am now.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.[1]

MEN

GRIPE,	Two rich Money-scriveners ...	*Mr. Leigh.*
MONEYTRAP,		*Mr. Dogget.*
DICK, a Gamester, son to Mrs. Amlet		*Mr. Booth.*
BRASS, his Companion, passes for his Valet de Chambre ...		*Mr. Pack.*
CLIP, a Goldsmith		*Mr. Mimes.*
JESSAMIN, Foot-boy to Clarissa.		

WOMEN.

CLARISSA, Wife to Gripe, an expensive luxurious woman, a great admirer of quality ...	*Mrs. Barry.*
ARAMINTA, Wife to Moneytrap, very intimate with Clarissa, of the same humour	*Mrs. Porter.*
CORINNA, Daughter to Gripe by a former wife, a good fortune, young, and kept very close by her father	*Mrs. Bradshaw.*
FLIPPANTA, Clarrissa's Maid ...	*Mrs. Bracegirdle.*
Mrs. AMLET, a seller of all sorts of private affairs to the ladies	*Mrs. Willis.*
Mrs. CLOGGIT, her Neighbour ...	*Mrs. Baker.*

[1] As given in the edition of 1735 ; Leigh Hunt adds : A constable. Scene,—London.

THE CONFEDERACY.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.—*Covent Garden.*

Enter Mrs. AMLET *and* Mrs. CLOGGIT, *meeting.*

AML. Good-morrow, neighbour; good-morrow, neighbour Cloggit! How does all at your house this morning?

Clog. Thank you kindly, Mrs. Amlet, thank you kindly; how do you do, I pray?

Aml. At the old rate, neighbour, poor and honest; these are hard times good lack.

Clog. If they are hard with you, what are they with us? You have a good trade going, all the great folks in town help you off with your merchandise.

Aml. Yes, they do help us off with 'em indeed; they buy all.

Clog. And pay——

Aml. For some.

Clog. Well, 'tis a thousand pities, Mrs. Amlet, they are not as ready at one, as they are at t'other: For, not to wrong 'em, they give very good rates.

Aml. O for that, let's do 'em justice, neighbour; they never make two words upon the price, all they haggle about is the day of payment.

Clog. There's all the dispute, as you say.

Aml. But that's a wicked one: For my part, neighbour, I'm just tir'd off my legs with trotting after 'em; besides, it eats out all our profit. Would you believe it, Mrs. Cloggit, I have worn out four pair of pattins, with following my old Lady Youthful, for one set of false teeth, and but three pots of paint.

Clog. Look you there now.

Aml. If they wou'd but once let me get enough by 'em, to keep a coach to carry me a dunning after 'em, there would be some conscience in it.

Clog. Ay, that were something. But now you talk of conscience, Mrs. Amlet, how do you speed amongst your city customers?

Aml. My city customers! Now by my truth, neighbour, between the city and the court (with reverence be it spoken) there's not a——to choose. My ladies in the city, in times past, were as full of gold as they were of religion, and as punctual in their payments as they were in their prayers; but since they have set their minds upon quality, adieu one, adieu t'other, their money and their consciences are gone, heav'n knows where. There is not a goldsmith's wife to be found in town, but's as hard-hearted as an antient judge, and as poor as a towering dutchess.

Clog. But what the murrain have they to do with quality, why don't their husbands make 'em mind their shops?

Aml. Their husbands! their husbands, say'st thou, woman? Alack, alack, they mind their husbands, neighbour, no more than they do a sermon.

Clog. Good lack a day, that women born of sober parents, should be prone to follow ill examples! But now we talk of quality, when did you hear of your son Richard, Mrs. Amlet? My daughter Flipp says she met him t'other day in a lac'd coat, with three fine ladies, his footman at his heels, and as gay as a bridegroom.

Aml. Is it possible! Ah the rogue! Well neighbour, all's well that end's well; but Dick will be hang'd.

Clog. That were pity.

Aml. Pity indeed; for he's a hopeful young man to look on; but he leads a life—Well—Where he has it, heav'n knows; but they say, he pays his club with the best of 'em. I have seen him but once these three months, neighbour, and then the varlet wanted money; but I bid him march, and march he did to some purpose; for in less than an hour back comes my gentleman into the house, walks to and fro in the room, with his wig over his shoulder, his hat on one side, whistling a minuet, and tossing a purse of gold from one hand to t'other, with no more respect (heaven bless us!) than if it had been an orange. "Sirrah," says I, "where have you got that?" He answers me never a word, but sets his arms akimbo, cocks his saucy hat in my face, turns about upon his ungracious heel, as much as say kiss—and I've never set eye on him since.

Clog. Look you there now; to see what the youth of this age are come to!

Aml. See what they will come to, neighbour. Heaven shield, I say; but Dick's upon the gallop. Well, I must bid you good-morrow; I'm going where I doubt I shall meet but a sorry welcome.

Clog. To get in some old debt, I'll warrant you?

Aml. Neither better nor worse.

Clog. From a lady of quality?

Aml. No, she's but a scrivener's wife; but she lives as well, and pays as ill, as the stateliest countess of 'em all. [*Exeunt* several ways.

SCENE II.[1]

Enter BRASS, *Solus.*

Brass. Well surely thro' the world's wide extent, there never appear'd so impudent a fellow as my school-fellow Dick, pass himself upon the town for a gentleman, drop into all the best company with an easy air, as if his natural element were in the sphere of quality; when the rogue had a kettle-drum to his father, who was hang'd for robbing a church, and has a pedlar to his mother, who carries her shop under her arm. But here he comes.

Enter DICK.

Dick. Well, Brass, what news? Hast thou given my letter to Flippanta?

Brass. I'm but just come; I han't knock'd at the door yet. But I have a damn'd piece of news for you.

Dick. As how?

Brass. We must quit this country.

Dick. We'll be hang'd first.

Brass. So you will if you stay.

Dick. Why, what's the matter?

[1] Leigh Hunt: The street before Gripe's House.

Brass. There's a storm a coming.

Dick. From whence?

Brass. From the worst point in the compass, the law.

Dick. The law! Why what have I to do with the law?

Brass. Nothing; and therefore it has something to do with you.

Dick. Explain.

Brass. You know you cheated a young fellow at picquet t'other day, of the money he had to raise his company.

Dick. Well, what then?

Brass. Why, he's sorry he lost it

Dick. Who doubts that?

Brass. Ay, but that is not all, he's such a fool to think of complaining on't.

Dick. Then I must be so wise to stop his mouth.

Brass. How?

Dick. Give him a little back; if that won't do, strangle him.

Brass. You are very quick in your methods.

Dick. Men must be so that will dispatch business.

Brass. Hark you, colonel, your father dy'd in's bed?

Dick. He might have done, if he had not been a fool.

Brass. Why, he robb'd a church.

Dick. Ay, but he forgot to make sure of the sexton.

Brass. Are not you a great rogue?

Dick. Or I should wear worse clothes.

Brass. Hark you, I would advise you to change your life.

Dick. And turn ballad-singer.

Brass. Not so neither.

Dick. What then ?

Brass. Why, if you can get this young wench, reform, and live honest.

Dick. That's the way to be starv'd.

Brass. No, she has money enough to buy you a good place, and pay me into the bargain for helping her to so good a match. You have but this throw left to save you, for you are not ignorant, youngster, that your morals begin to be pretty well known about town ; have a care your noble birth and your honourable relations are not discover'd too : there needs but that to have you toss'd in a blanket, for the entertainment of the first company of ladies you intrude into ; and then like a dutiful son, you may daggle about with your mother, and sell paint: She's old and weak, and wants somebody to carry her goods after her. How like a dog will you look, with a pair of plod shoes, your hair crop'd up to your ears, and a band-box under your arm !

Dick. Why faith, Brass, I think thou art in the right on't ; I must fix my affairs quickly, or Madam Fortune will be playing some of her bitch-tricks with me : Therefore I'll tell thee what we'll do ; we'll pursue this old rogue's daughter heartily ; we'll cheat his family to purpose, and they shall atone for the rest of mankind.

Brass. Have at her then ; I'll about your business presently.

Dick. One kiss—and success attend thee.

[*Exit* DICK.

Brass. A great rogue—Well, I say nothing. But when I have got the thing into a good posture, he shall sign and seal, or I'll have him tumbled out of the house, like a cheese. Now for Flippanta.

[*He knocks.*

Enter FLIPPANTA.

Flip. Who's that? Brass!

Brass. Flippanta!

Flip. What want you, rogue's-face?

Brass. Is your mistress dress'd?

Flip. What, already? Is the fellow drunk?

Brass. Why, with respect to her looking-glass, it's almost two.

Flip. What then, fool?

Brass. Why then it's time for the mistress of the house to come down, and look after her family.

Flip. Pr'ythee don't be an owl. Those that go to bed at night may rise in the morning; we that go to bed in the morning rise in the afternoon.

Brass. When does she make her visits then?

Flip. By candle-light; it helps off a muddy complexion; we women hate inquisitive sunshine: But do you know that my lady is going to turn good housewife?

Brass. What, is she going to die?

Flip. Die!

Brass. Why, that's the only way to save money for her family.

Flip. No; but she has thought of a project to save chair-hire.

Brass. As how?

Flip. Why all the company she us'd to keep abroad she now intends shall meet at her own house. Your master has advis'd her to set up a basset-table.[1]

Brass. Nay, if he advis'd her to it, it's right; but has she acquainted her husband with it yet?

Flip. What to do? When the company meet, he'll see them.

[1] *Basset* is an obsolete game of cards, resembling Faro.

Brass. Nay, that's true, as you say, he'll know it soon enough.

Flip. Well, I must be gone ; have you any business with my lady ?

Brass. Yes ; as ambassador from Araminta, I have a letter for her.

Flip. Give it me.

Brass. Hold—and as first minister of state to the colonel, I have an affair to communicate to thee.

Flip. What is't ? quick.

Brass. Why—he's in love.

Flip. With what ?

Brass. A woman—and her money together.

Flip. Who is she ?

Brass. Corinna.

Flip. What wou'd he be at ?

Brass. At her——if she's at leisure.

Flip. Which way ?

Brass. Honourably——He has ordered me to demand her of thee in marriage.

Flip. Of me ?

Brass. Why, when a man of quality has a mind to a City-fortune, would'st have him apply to her father and mother ?

Flip. No.

Brass. No, so I think : Men of our end of the town are better bred than to use ceremony. With a long periwig we strike the lady, with a you-know-what we soften the maid ; and when the parson has done his job, we open the affair to the family. Will you slip this letter into her prayer-book, my little queen ? It's a very passionate one—It's seal'd with a heart and a dagger ; you may see by that what he intends to do with himself.

Flip. Are there any verses in it? If not, I won't touch it.

Brass. Not one word in prose, it's dated in rhyme.

Flip. Well, but have you brought nothing else?

[*She takes it.*

Brass. Gad forgive me; I'm the forgetfullest dog —I have a letter for you too—here—'tis in a purse, but it's in prose; you won't touch it.

Flip. Yes, hang it, it is not good to be too dainty.

Brass. How useful a virtue is humility! Well, child, we shall have an answer to-morrow, shan't we?

Flip. I can't promise you that; for our young gentlewoman is not so often in my way as she would be. Her father (who is a citizen from the foot to the forehead of him) lets her seldom converse with her mother-in-law [1] and me, for fear she should learn the airs of a woman of quality. But I'll take the first occasion: See there's my lady, go in and deliver your letter to her. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Parlour.*

Enter CLARISSA, *follow'd by* FLIPPANTA *and* BRASS.

Clar. No messages this morning from any body, Flippanta? Lard, how dull that is! O, there's Brass! I did not see thee, Brass. What news dost thou bring?

Brass. Only a letter from Araminta, madam.

Clar. Give it me—open it for me, Flippanta, I am so lazy to-day.

[1] *I.e.* Stepmother.

Brass [*to* FLIP.]. Be sure now you deliver my master's as carefully as I do this.

Flip. Don't trouble thy self, I'm no novice.

Clar. [*to* BRASS]. 'Tis well, there needs no answer, since she'll be here so soon.

Brass. Your ladyship has no farther commands, then?

Clar. Not at this time, honest Brass!—Flippanta! [*Exit* BRASS.

Flip. Madam.

Clar. My husband's in love.

Flip. In love?

Clar. With Araminta.

Flip. Impossible!

Clar. This letter from her, is to give me an account of it.

Flip. Methinks you are not very much alarm'd.

Clar. No; thou know'st I'm not much tortur'd with jealousy.

Flip. Nay, you are much in the right on't, madam, for jealousy's a City-passion, 'tis a thing unknown amongst people of quality.

Clar. Fy! A woman must indeed be of a mechanick mould, who is either troubled or pleas'd with any thing her husband can do to her. Pr'ythee mention him no more; 'tis the dullest theme.

Flip. 'Tis splenetick, indeed. But when once you open your basset-table, I hope that will put him out of your head.

Clar. Alas, Flippanta, I begin to grow weary even of the thoughts of that too.

Flip. How so?

Clar. Why, I have thought on't a day and a night already; and four and twenty hours, thou know'st, is enough to make one weary of any thing.

Flip. Now, by my conscience, you have more woman in you than all your sex together : You never know what you would have.

Clar. Thou mistakest the thing quite. I always know what I lack, but I am never pleas'd with what I have. The want of a thing is perplexing enough, but the possession of it is intolerable.

Flip. Well, I don't know what you are made of, but other women would think themselves blest in your case ; handsome, witty, lov'd by every body, and of so happy a composure, to care a fig for no body. You have no one passion, but that of your pleasures, and you have in me a servant devoted to all your desires, let them be as extravagant as they will : Yet all this is nothing ; you can still be out of humour.

Clar. Alas, I have but too much cause.

Flip. Why, what have you to complain of ?

Clar. Alas, I have more subjects for spleen than one : Is it not a most horrible thing that I should be but a scrivener's wife ?—Come,—don't flatter me, don't you think nature design'd me for something *plus élevée ?*

Flip. Nay, that's certain ; but on th' other side, methinks, you ought to be in some measure content, since you live like a woman of quality, tho' you are none.

Clar. O fy ! the very quintessence of it is wanting.

Flip. What's that !

Clar. Why, I dare abuse no body : I'm afraid to affront people, tho' I don't like their faces ; or to ruin their reputations, tho' they pique me to it, by taking ever so much pains to preserve 'em : I dare not raise a lye of a man, tho' he neglects to make love to me ; nor report a woman to be a fool, tho' she's handsomer

than I am. In short, I dare not so much as bid my footman kick the people out of doors, tho' they come to ask me for what I owe them.

Flip. All this is very hard indeed.

Clar. Ah, Flippanta, the perquisites of quality are of an unspeakable value.

Flip. They are of some use, I must confess; but we must not expect to have every thing. You have wit and beauty, and a fool to your husband: Come, come, madam, that's a good portion for one.

Clar. Alas, what signifies beauty and wit, when one dares neither jilt the men, nor abuse the women? 'Tis a sad thing, Flippanta, when wit's confin'd, 'tis worse than the rising of the lights[1]; I have been sometimes almost chok'd with scandal, and durst not cough it up for want of being a countess.

Flip. Poor lady!

Clar. O! liberty is a fine thing, Flippanta; it's a great help in conversation to have leave to say what one will. I have seen a woman of quality, who has not had one grain of wit, entertain a whole company the most agreeably in the world, only with her malice. But 'tis in vain to repine, I can't mend my condition till my husband dies; so I'll say no more on't, but think of making the most of the state I am in.

Flip. That's your best way, madam; and in order to it, pray consider how you'll get some ready money to set your basset-table a going; for that's necessary.

Clar. Thou say'st true; but what trick I shall play my husband to get some, I don't know: For my pretence of losing my diamond necklace has put the man into such a passion, I'm afraid he won't hear reason.

[1] A morbid obstruction or congestion in the lungs.

Flip. No matter; he begins to think 'tis lost in earnest: So I fancy you may venture to sell it, and raise money that way.

Clar. That can't be, for he has left odious notes with all the goldsmiths in town.

Flip. Well, we must pawn it then.

Clar. I'm quite tir'd with dealing with those pawnbrokers.

Flip. I'm afraid you'll continue the trade a great while, for all that. [*Aside.*

Enter JESSAMIN.

Jess. Madam, there's the woman below that sells paint and patches, iron-bodice,[1] false teeth, and all sorts of things to the ladies; I can't think of her name. [*Exit.*

Flip. 'Tis Mrs. Amlet, she wants money.

Clar. Well, I han't enough for my self, it's an unreasonable thing she should think I have any for her.

Flip. She's a troublesome jade!

Clar. So are all people that come a dunning.

Flip. What will you do with her?

Clar. I have just now thought on't. She's very rich, that woman is, Flippanta, I'll borrow some money of her.

Flip. Borrow! Sure, you jest, madam.

Clar. No, I'm in earnest; I give thee commission to do it for me.

Flip. Me!

Clar. Why dost thou stare, and look so ungainly? Don't I speak to be understood?

[1] Bodice is here treated as a plural. The word is a mere variant of "bodies," and it was common to speak of "a pair of bodies," *i.e.*, a pair of stays.

Flip. Yes, I understand you well enough; but Mrs. Amlet——

Clar. But Mrs. Amlet must lend me some money, where shall I have any to pay her else?

Flip. That's true; I never thought of that truly. But here she is.

Enter Mrs. AMLET.

Clar. How d'you do? How d'you do, Mrs. Amlet? I han't seen you these thousand years, and yet I believe I'm down in your books.

Aml. O, madam, I don't come for that, alack.

Flip. Good-morrow, Mrs. Amlet.

Aml. Good-morrow, Mrs. Flippanta.

Clar. How much am I indebted to you, Mrs. Amlet?

Aml. Nay, if your ladyship desires to see your bill, I believe I may have it about me.—There, madam, if it ben't too much fatigue to you to look it over.

Clar. Let me see it, for I hate to be in debt, where I am obliged to pay. [*Aside. Reads.*] "Imprimis, *For bolstering out the Countess of* Crump's *left hip*"—O fy, this does not belong to me.

Aml. I beg your ladyship's pardon. I mistook indeed; 'tis a countess's bill I have writ out to little purpose. I furnish'd her two years ago with three pair of hips, and am not paid for them yet: But some are better customers than some. There's your ladyship's bill, Madam. [*Giving the bill.*

Clar. "*For the idea of a new-invented commode*"—Ay, this may be mine, but 'tis of a preposterous length. Do you think I can waste time to read every article, Mrs. Amlet? I'd as lief read a sermon.

Aml. Alack-a-day, there's no need of fatiguing yourself at that rate; cast an eye only, if your honour pleases, upon the sum total.

Clar. Total; fifty six pound—and odd things.

Flip. But six and fifty pound!

Aml. Nay, another body would have made it twice as much, but there's a blessing goes along with a moderate profit.

Clar. Flippanta, go to my cashier, let him give you six and fifty pound. Make haste: Don't you hear me? six and fifty pound. Is it so difficult to be comprehended?

Flip. No, madam, I, I comprehend, six and fifty pound, but——

Clar. But go and fetch it then.

Flip. What she means, I don't know; [*aside*] but I shall, I suppose, before I bring her the money.

[*Exit* FLIP.

Clar. [*setting her hair in a pocket-glass*]. The trade you follow gives you a great deal of trouble, Mrs. Amlet?

Aml. Alack-a-day, a world of pain, madam, and yet there's small profit, as your honour sees by your bill.

Clar. Poor woman! Sometimes you have great losses, Mrs. Amlet?

Aml. I have two thousand pounds owing me, of which I shall never get ten shillings.

Clar. Poor woman! you have a great charge of children, Mrs. Amlet?

Aml. Only one wicked rogue, madam, who, I think, will break my heart.

Clar. Poor woman!

Aml. He'll be hang'd, madam—that will be the end of him. Where he gets it, heav'n knows; but

he's always shaking his heels with the ladies, and his elbows with the lords. He's as fine as a prince, and as gim as the best of them; but the ungracious rogue tells all he comes near that his mother is dead, and I am but his nurse.

Clar. Poor woman!

Aml. Alas, madam, he's like the rest of the world; every body's for appearing to be more than they are, and that ruins all.

Clar. Well, Mrs. Amlet, you'll excuse me, I have a little business, Flippanta will bring you your money presently. Adieu, Mrs. Amlet. [*Exit* CLARISSA.

Aml. I return your honour many thanks. [*Sola.*] Ah, there's my good lady, not so much as read her bill; if the rest were like her, I should soon have money enough to go as fine as Dick himself.

Enter DICK.

Dick. Sure Flippanta must have given my letter by this time; [*aside*] I long to know how it has been received.

Aml. Misericord! what do I see!

Dick. Fiends and hags——the witch my mother!

Aml. Nay, 'tis he; ah, my poor Dick, what art thou doing here?

Dick. What a misfortune—— [*Aside.*

Aml. Good lard! how thou art bravely deck'd. But it's all one, I am thy mother still; and tho' thou art a wicked child, nature will speak, I love thee still, ah, Dick, my poor Dick. [*Embracing him.*

Dick. Blood and thunder! will you ruin me? [*Breaking from her.*

Aml. Ah, the blasphemous rogue, how he swears!

Dick. You destroy all my hopes.

Aml. Will your mother's kiss destroy you, varlet? Thou art an ungracious bird; kneel down, and ask me blessing, sirrah.

Dick. Death and furies!

Aml. Ah, he's a proper young man, see what a shape he has: ah, poor child.

[*Running to embrace him, he still avoiding her.*

Dick. Oons, keep off, the woman's mad. If any body comes my fortune's lost.

Aml. What fortune, ha? Speak graceless. Ah Dick, thou'lt be hang'd, Dick.

Dick. Good dear mother now, don't call me Dick here.

Aml. Not call thee Dick? Is it not thy name? What shall I call thee? Mr. Amlet? ha! Art not thou a presumptuous rascal? Hark you, sirrah, I hear of your tricks; you disown me for your mother, and say I am but your nurse. Is not this true?

Dick. No, I love you; I respect you [*taking her hand*]; I am all duty. But if you discover me here, you ruin the fairest prospect that man ever had.

Aml. What prospect? ha! Come, this is a lye now.

Dick. No, my honour'd parent, what I say is true, I'm about a great fortune. I'll bring you home a daughter-in-law, in a coach and six horses, if you'll but be quiet: I can't tell you more now.

Aml. Is it possible?

Dick. 'Tis true, by Jupiter.

Aml. My dear lad——

Dick. For heaven's sake——

Aml. But tell me, Dick——

Dick. I'll follow you home in a moment, and tell you all.

Aml. What a shape is there——

Dick. Pray mother go.

Aml. I must receive some money here first, which shall go for thy wedding-dinner.

Dick. Here's somebody coming; 'Sdeath, she'll betray me. [*He makes signs to his mother.*

Enter FLIPPANTA.

Good-morrow, dear Flippanta; how do all the ladies within?

Flip. At your service, colonel; as far at least as my interest goes.

Aml. Colonel!—Law you now, how Dick's respected! [*Aside.*

Dick. Waiting for thee, Flippanta; I was making acquaintance with this old gentlewoman here.

Aml. The pretty lad, he's as impudent as a page. [*Aside.*

Dick. Who is this good woman, Flippanta?

Flip. A gin of all trades; an old daggling cheat, that hobbles about from house to house to bubble the ladies of their money. I have a small business of yours in my pocket, colonel.

Dick. An answer to my letter?

Flip. So quick indeed! No, it's your letter it self.

Dick. Hast thou not given it then yet?

Flip. I han't had an opportunity; but 'twon't be long first. Won't you go in and see my lady?

Dick. Yes, I'll go make her a short visit. But, dear Flippanta, don't forget: My life and fortune are in your hands.

Flip. Ne'er fear, I'll take care of 'em.

Aml. How he traps 'em; let Dick alone. [*Aside.*

Dick. Your servant, good madam [*to his mother*]. [*Exit* DICK.

Aml. Your honour's most devoted.—A pretty, civil, well-bred gentleman this, Mrs. Flippanta. Pray whom may he be?

Flip. A man of great note; Colonel Shapely.

Aml. Is it possible! I have heard much of him indeed, but never saw him before: One may see quality in every limb of him: He's a fine man truly.

Flip. I think you are in love with him, Mrs. Amlet.

Aml. Alas, those days are done with me; but if I were as fair as I was once, and had as much money as some folks, Colonel Shapely should not catch cold for want of a bedfellow. I love your men of rank, they have something in their air does so distinguish 'em from the rascality.

Flip. People of quality are fine things indeed, Mrs. Amlet, if they had but a little more money; but for want of that, they are forc'd to do things their great souls are asham'd of. For example—here's my lady—she owes you but six and fifty pounds—

Aml. Well!

Flip. Well, and she has it not by her to pay you.

Aml. How can that be?

Flip. I don't know; her cash-keeper's out of humour, he says he has no money.

Aml. What a presumptuous piece of vermin is a cash-keeper! Tell his lady he has no money!—Now, Mrs. Flippanta, you may see his bags are full, by his being so saucy.

Flip. If they are, there's no help for't; he'll do what he pleases, till he comes to make up his yearly accounts.

Aml. But madam plays sometimes, so when she has good fortune, she may pay me out of her winnings.

Flip. O ne'er think of that, Mrs. Amlet; if she had won a thousand pounds, she'd rather die in a gaol

than pay off a farthing with it: Play-money, Mrs. Amlet, amongst people of quality, is a sacred thing, and not to be profan'd. The deux—'tis consecrated to their pleasures, 'twould be sacrilege to pay their debts with it.

Aml. Why what shall we do then? For I han't one penny to buy bread.

Flip. —I'll tell you—it just now comes in my head: I know my lady has a little occasion for money at this time; so—if you lend her—a hundred pound—do you see, then she may pay you your six and fifty out of it.

Aml. Sure, Mrs. Flippanta, you think to make a fool of me?

Flip. No, the devil fetch me if I do—— You shall have a diamond necklace in pawn.

Aml. O ho, a pawn! That's another case. And when must she have this money?

Flip. In a quarter of an hour.

Aml. Say no more. Bring the necklace to my house, it shall be ready for you.

Flip. I'll be with you in a moment.

Aml. Adieu, Mrs. Flippanta.

Flip. Adieu, Mrs. Amlet. [*Exit* AMLET. FLIPPANTA *sola.*] So—this ready money will make us all happy. This spring will set our basset going, and that's a wheel will turn twenty others. My lady's young and handsome; she'll have a dozen intrigues upon her hands, before she has been twice at her prayers. So much the better; the more the grist, the richer the miller. Sure never wench got into so hopeful a place: Here's a fortune to be sold, a mistress to be debauch'd, and a master to be ruin'd. If I don't feather my nest, and get a good husband, I deserve to die, both a maid and a beggar.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.—*Mr. Gripe's House.*

Enter CLARISSA *and* DICK.

LAR. What in the name of dullness is the matter with you, colonel? You are as studious as a crack'd chymist.

Dick. My head, madam, is full of your husband.

Clar. The worst furniture for a head in the universe.

Dick. I am thinking of his passion for your friend Araminta.

Clar. Passion!—Dear colonel, give it a less violent name.

Enter BRASS.

Dick. Well, sir, what want you?

Brass. The affair I told you of goes ill. [*To Dick aside.*] There's an action out.

Dick. The devil there is!

Clar. What news brings Brass?

Dick. Before Gad I can't tell, madam; the dog

will never speak out. My Lord what-d'ye-call-him waits for me at my lodging: Is not that it?

Brass. Yes, sir.

Dick. Madam, I ask your pardon.

Clar. Your servant, sir.

[*Exeunt* DICK *and* BRASS

Jessamin! [*She sits down.*

Enter JESSAMIN.

Jes. Madam.

Clar. Where's Corinna? Call her to me, if her father han't lock'd her up: I want her company.

Jes. Madam, her guitar-master is with her.

Clar. Pshaw! she's taken up with her impertinent guitar-man. Flippanta stays an age with that old fool, Mrs. Amlet. And Araminta, before she can come abroad, is so long a placing her coquet-patch, that I must be a year without company. How insupportable is a moment's uneasiness to a woman of spirit and pleasure.

Enter FLIPPANTA.

O, art thou come at last? Pr'ythee, Flippanta, learn to move a little quicker, thou know'st how impatient I am.

Flip. Yes, when you expect money: If you had sent me to buy a prayer-book, you'd have thought I had flown.

Clar. Well, hast thou brought me any, after all?

Flip. Yes, I have brought some. There [*giving her a purse*], the old hag has struck off her bill, the rest is in that purse.

Clar. 'Tis well; but take care, Flippanta, my husband don't suspect any thing of this, 'twould vex him, and I don't love to make him uneasy: So I

would spare him these little sort of troubles, by keeping 'em from his knowledge.

Flip. See the tenderness she has for him, and yet he's always a complaining of you.

Clar. 'Tis the nature of 'em, Flippanta; a husband is a growling animal.

Flip. How exactly you define 'em!

Clar. O! I know 'em, Flippanta: though I confess my poor wretch diverts me sometimes with his ill-humours. I wish he wou'd quarrel with me to-day a little, to pass away the time, for I find my self in a violent spleen.

Flip. Why, if you please to drop your self in his way, six to four but he scolds one rubbers with you.[1]

Clar. Ay, but thou know'st he's as uncertain as the wind, and if instead of quarrelling with me, he shou'd chance to be fond, he'd make me as sick as a dog.

Flip. If he's kind, you must provoke him, if he kisses you, spit in his face.

Clar. Alas! when men are in the kissing fit, (like lap-dogs) they take that for a favour.

Flip. Nay, then I don't know what you'll do with him.

Clar. I'll e'en do nothing at all with him.—Flippanta! [*Yawning.*]

Flip. Madam.

Clar. My hoods and scarf, and a coach to the door.

Flip. Why, whither are you going?

Clar. I can't tell yet, but I wou'd go spend some money, since I have it.

Flip. Why, you want nothing that I know of.

Clar. How aukward an objection now is that, as if

[1] A metaphorical allusion to a contest at bowls or cards.

a woman of education bought things because she wanted 'em. Quality always distinguishes itself; and therefore, as the mechanick people buy things, because they have occasion for 'em, you see women of rank always buy things, because they have not occasion for 'em. Now there, Flippanta, you see the difference between a woman that has breeding, and one that has none. O ho, here's Araminta come at last.

Enter ARAMINTA.

Lard, what a tedious while you have let me expect you! I was afraid you were not well; how d'ye do to-day?

Aram. As well as a woman can do, that has not slept all night.

Flip. Methinks, madam, you are pretty well awake, however.

Aram. O, 'tis not a little thing will make a woman of my vigour look drowsy.

Clar. But pr'ythee what was't disturb'd you?

Aram. Not your husband, don't trouble yourself; at least, I am not in love with him yet.

Clar. Well remember'd, I had quite forgot that matter. I wish you much joy, you have made a noble conquest indeed.

Aram. But now I have subdu'd the country, pray is it worth my keeping? You know the ground, you have try'd it.

Clar. A barren soil, Heaven can tell.

Aram. Yet if it were well cultivated, it would produce something to my knowledge. Do you know 'tis in my power to ruin this poor thing of yours? His whole estate is at my service.

Flip. Cods-fish, strike him, madam, and let my lady

go your halves. There's no sin in plundering a husband, so his wife has share of the booty.

Aram. Whenever she gives me her orders, I shall be very ready to obey 'em.

Clar. Why, as odd a thing as such a project may seem, Araminta, I believe I shall have a little serious discourse with you about it. But pr'ythee tell me how you have pass'd the night? For I am sure your mind has been roving upon some pretty thing or other.

Aram. Why, I have been studying all the ways my brain could produce to plague my husband.

Clar. No wonder indeed you look so fresh this morning, after the satisfaction of such pleasing ideas all night.

Aram. Why, can a woman do less than study mischief, when she has tumbled and toss'd herself into a burning-fever, for want of sleep, and sees a fellow lie snoring by her, stock-still, in a fine breathing sweat?

Clar. Now see the difference of women's tempers; If my dear wou'd make but one nap of his whole life, and only waken to make his will, I shou'd be the happiest wife in the universe. But we'll discourse more of these matters as we go, for I must make a tour among the shops.

Aram. I have a coach waits at the door, we'll talk of 'em as we rattle along.

Clar. The best place in nature, for you know a hackney-coach is a natural enemy to a husband.

[*Exeunt* CLARISSA *and* ARAMINTA.

FLIPPANTA *sola.*

Flip. What a pretty little pair of amiable persons are there gone to hold a council of war together!

Poor birds! what wou'd they do with their time, if the plaguing their husbands did not help 'em to employment! Well, if idleness be the root of all evil, then matrimony's good for something, for it sets many a poor woman to work. But here comes miss. I hope I shall help her into the holy state too ere long. And when she's once there, if she don't play her part as well as the best of 'em, I'm mistaken. Han't I lost the letter I'm to give her?—No, here 'tis; so, now we shall see how pure nature will work with her, for art she knows none yet.

Enter CORINNA.

Cor. What does my mother-in-law want with me, Flippanta? They tell me, she was asking for me.

Flip. She's just gone out, so I suppose 'twas no great business.

Cor. Then I'll go into my chamber again.

Flip. Nay, hold a little if you please. I have some business with you my self, of more concern than what she had to say to you.

Cor. Make haste then, for you know my father won't let me keep you company; he says, you'll spoil me.

Flip. I spoil you! He's an unworthy man to give you such ill impressions of a woman of my honour.

Cor. Nay, never take it to heart, Flippanta, for I don't believe a word he says. But he does so plague me with his continual scolding, I'm almost weary of my life.

Flip. Why, what is't he finds fault with?

Cor. Nay, I don't know, for I never mind him; when he has babbled for two hours together, me-

thinks I have heard a mill going, that's all. It does not at all change my opinion, Flippanta, it only makes my head ache.

Flip. Nay, if you can bear it so, you are not to be pity'd so much as I thought.

Cor. Not pity'd! Why is it not a miserable thing, such a young creature as I am shou'd be kept in perpetual solitude, with no other company but a parcel of old fumbling masters, to teach me geography, arithmetick, philosophy, and a thousand useless things? Fine entertainment, indeed, for a young maid at sixteen! methinks one's time might be better employ'd.

Flip. Those things will improve your wit.

Cor. Fiddle, faddle; han't I wit enough already? My mother-in-law has learn'd none of this trumpery, and is not she as happy as the day is long?

Flip. Then you envy her, I find?

Cor. And well I may. Does she not do what she has a mind to, in spite of her husband's teeth?

Flip. Look you there now [*aside*], if she has not already conceived that, as the supreme blessing of life.

Cor. I'll tell you what, Flippanta; if my mother-in-law would but stand by me a little, and encourage me, and let me keep her company, I'd rebel against my father to-morrow, and throw all my books in the fire. Why, he can't touch a groat of my portion; do you know that, Flippanta?

Flip. So—I shall spoil her! [*Aside.*] Pray heaven the girl don't debauch me.

Cor. Look you: In short, he may think what he pleases, he may think himself wise; but thoughts are free, and I may think in my turn. I'm but a girl 'tis true, and a fool too, if you believe him; but let him

know, a foolish girl may make a wise man's heart ache; so he had as good be quiet—Now it's out—

Flip. Very well. I love to see a young woman have spirit, it's a sign she'll come to something.

Cor. Ah, Flippanta, if you wou'd but encourage me, you'll find me quite another thing. I'm a devilish girl in the bottom; I wish you'd but let me make one amongst you.

Flip. That never can be, 'till you are marry'd. Come, examine your strength a little. Do you think, you durst venture upon a husband?

Cor. A husband! Why a—if you wou'd but encourage me. Come, Flippanta, be a true friend now. I'll give you advice, when I have got a little more experience. Do you in your very conscience and soul think I am old enough to be marry'd?

Flip. Old enough! Why you are sixteen, are you not?

Cor. Sixteen! I am sixteen, two months, and odd days, woman. I keep an exact account.

Flip. The duce you are!

Cor. Why, do you then truly and sincerely think I am old enough?

Flip. I do upon my faith, child.

Cor. Why then, to deal as fairly with you, Flippanta, as you do with me, I have thought so any time these three years.

Flip. Now I find you have more wit than ever I thought you had; and to shew you what an opinion I have of your discretion, I'll shew you a thing I thought to have thrown in the fire.

Cor. What is it, for Jupiter's sake?

Flip. Something will make your heart chuck within you.

Cor. My dear Flippanta!

Flip. What do you think it is?

Cor. I don't know, nor I don't care; but I'm mad to have it.

Flip. It's a four-corner'd thing.

Cor. What, like a cardinal's cap?

Flip. No, 'tis worth a whole conclave of 'em. How do you like it? [*Shewing the letter.*]

Cor. O lard, a letter!—Is there ever a token in it?

Flip. Yes, and a precious one too. There's a handsome young gentleman's heart.

Cor. A handsome young gentleman's heart! Nav. then it's time to look grave. [*Aside.*]

Flip. There.

Cor. I shan't touch it.

Flip. What's the matter now?

Cor. I shan't receive it.

Flip. Sure you jest.

Cor. You'll find I don't. I understand my self better, than to take letters, when I don't know who they are from.

Flip. I'm afraid I commended your wit too soon.

Cor. 'Tis all one, I shan't touch it, unless I know who it comes from.

Flip. Hey-day! Open it, and you'll see.

Cor. Indeed I shall not.

Flip. Well—then I must return it where I had it.

Cor. That won't serve your turn, madam. My father must have an account of this.

Flip. Sure you are not in earnest?

Cor. You'll find I am.

Flip. So, here's fine work! This 'tis to deal with girls before they come to know the distinction of sexes.

Cor. Confess who you had it from, and perhaps, for this once, I mayn't tell my father.

Flip. Why then, since it must out, 'twas the colonel: But why are you so scrupulous, madam?

Cor. Because if it had come from any body else—I would not have given a farthing for it. [*Twitching it eagerly out of her hand.*]

Flip. Ah, my dear little rogue! [*Kissing her.*] You frighten'd me out of my wits.

Cor. Let me read it, let me read it, let me read it, let me read it, I say. Um, um, um, *Cupid's*, um, um, um, *darts*, um, um, um, *beauty*, um, *charms*, um, um, um, *angel*, um, *goddess*, um—[*kissing the letter*], um, um, um, *truest lover*, hum, um, *eternal constancy*, um, um, um, *cruel*, um, um, um, *racks*, um, um, *tortures*, um, um, *fifty daggers*, um, um, *bleeding heart*, um, um, *dead man*. Very well, a mighty civil letter, I promise you; not one smutty word in it: I'll go lock it up in my comb-box.

Flip. Well—but what does he say to you?

Cor. Not a word of news, Flippanta; 'tis all about business.

Flip. Does he not tell you he's in love with you?

Cor. Ay, but he told me that before.

Flip. How so? He never spoke to you.

Cor. He sent me word by his eyes.

Flip. Did he so? mighty well. I thought you had been to learn that language.

Cor. O, but you thought wrong, Flippanta. What, because I don't go a visiting, and see the world, you think I know nothing. But you shou'd consider, Flippanta, that the more one's alone, the more one thinks; and 'tis thinking that improves a girl. I'll have you to know, when I was younger than I am

now, by more than I'll boast of, I thought of things would have made you stare again.

Flip. Well, since you are so well vers'd in your business, I suppose I need not inform you, that if you don't write your gallant an answer—he'll die.

Cor. Nay, now, Flippanta, I confess you tell me something I did not know before. Do you speak in serious sadness? Are men given to die, if their mistresses are sour to 'em?

Flip. Um——I can't say they all die——No, I can't say they do; but truly, I believe it wou'd go very hard with the Colonel.

Cor. Lard, I would not have my hands in blood for thousands; and therefore Flippanta——if you'll encourage me——

Flip. O, by all means an answer.

Cor. Well, since you say it then, I'll e'en in and do it, tho' I protest to you (lest you should think me too forward now) he's the only man that wears a beard, I'd ink my fingers for. May be, if I marry him, in a year or two's time I mayn't be so nice. [*Aside.*

[*Exit* CORINNA.

FLIPPANTA *sola.*

Now heaven give him joy; he's like to have a rare wife o'thee. But where there's money, a man has a plaister to his sore. They have a blessed time on't, who marry for love. See!—here comes an example ——Araminta's dread lord.

Enter MONEY-TRAP.

Mon. Ah, Flippanta! How do you do, good Flippanta? How do you do?

Flip. Thank you, sir, well, at your service.

Mon. And how does the good family, your master, and your fair mistress? Are they at home?

Flip. Neither of them; my master has been gone out these two hours, and my lady is just gone with your wife.

Mon. Well, I won't say I have lost my labour however, as long as I have met with you, Flippanta. For I have wish'd a great while for an opportunity to talk with you a little. You won't take it amiss, if I should ask you a few questions?

Flip. Provided you leave me to my liberty in my answers. What's this Cot-quean going to pry into now! [*Aside.*

Mon. Pr'ythee, good Flippanta, how do your master and mistress live together?

Flip. Live! Why—like man and wife, generally out of humour, quarrel often, seldom agree, complain of one another; and perhaps have both reason. In short, 'tis much as 'tis at your house.

Mon. Good-lack! but whose side are you generally of?

Flip. O' the right side always, my lady's. And if you'll have me give you my opinion of these matters, sir, I do not think a husband can ever be in the right.

Mon. Ha!

Flip. Little, peeking, creeping, sneaking, stingy, covetous, cowardly, dirty, cuckoldy things.

Mon. Ha!

Flip. Fit for nothing but taylors and dry-nurses.

Mon. Ha!

Flip. A dog in a manger, snarling and biting, to starve gentlemen with good stomachs.

Mon. Ha!

Flip. A centry upon pleasure, set to be a plague on lovers, and damn poor women before their time.

Mon. A husband is indeed——

Flip. Sir, I say, he is nothing——A beetle without wings, a windmill without sails, a ship in a calm.

Mon. Ha!

Flip. A bag without money——an empty bottle——dead small-beer.

Mon. Ha!

Flip. A quack without drugs.

Mon. Ha!

Flip. A lawyer without knavery.

Mon. Ha!

Flip. A courtier without flattery.

Mon. Ha!

Flip. A king without an army——or a people with one. Have I drawn him, sir?

Mon. Why truly, Flippanta, I can't deny but there are some general lines of resemblance. But you know there may be exceptions.

Flip. Hark you, sir, shall I deal plainly with you? Had I got a husband, I wou'd put him in mind, that he was marry'd as well as I.

Sings—

For were I the thing call'd a wife,
And my fool grew too fond of his power,
He shou'd look like an ass all his life,
For a prank that I'd play him in an hour.

Tol lol la ra tol lol, &c.—Do you observe that, sir?

Mon. I do: and think you wou'd be in the right on't. But, pr'ythee, why dost not give this advice to thy mistress?

Flip. For fear it should go round to your wife, sir, for you know they are play-fellows.

Mon. O, there's no danger of my wife; she knows I'm none of those husbands.

Flip. Are you sure she knows that, sir?

Mon. I'm sure she ought to know it, Flippanta, for really I have but four faults in the world.

Flip. And, pray what may they be?

Mon. Why, I'm a little slovenly, I shift but once a week.

Flip. Fough!

Mon. I am sometimes out of humour.

Flip. Provoking!

Mon. I don't give her so much money as she'd have.

Flip. Insolent!

Mon. And a——perhaps I mayn't be quite so young as I was.

Flip. The devil!

Mon. O, but then consider how 'tis on her side, Flippanta. She ruins me with washing, is always out of humour, ever wanting money, and will never be older.

Flip. That last article, I must confess, is a little hard upon you.

Mon. Ah, Flippanta, didst thou but know the daily provocations I have, thou'dst be the first to excuse my faults. But now I think on't——Thou art none of my friend, thou dost not love me at all; no, not at all.

Flip. And whither is this little reproach going to lead us now?

Mon. You have power over your fair mistress, Flippanta.

Flip. Sir!

Mon. But what then? You hate me.

Flip. I understand you not.

Mon. There's not a moment's trouble her naughty husband gives her, but I feel it too.

Flip. I don't know what you mean.

Mon. If she did but know what part I take in her sufferings——

Flip. Mighty obscure.

Mon. Well, I'll say no more; but——

Flip. All Hebrew.

Mon. If thou wou'dst but tell her on't.

Flip. Still darker and darker.

Mon. I shou'd not be ungrateful.

Flip. Ah, now I begin to understand you.

Mon. Flippanta—there's my purse.

Flip. Say no more; now you explain, indeed—— You are in love?

Mon. Bitterly—and I do swear by all the Gods——

Flip. Hold——Spare 'em for another time, you stand in no need of 'em now. An usurer that parts with his purse, gives sufficient proof of his sincerity.

Mon. I hate my wife, Flippanta.

Flip. That we'll take upon your bare word.

Mon. She's the devil, Flippanta.

Flip. You like your neighbour's better.

Mon. Oh!——an angel!

Flip. What pity it is the law don't allow trucking!

Mon. If it did, Flippanta!

Flip. But since it don't, sir——keep the reins upon your passion: Don't let your flame rage too high, lest my lady shou'd be cruel, and it should dry you up to a mummy.

Mon. 'Tis impossible she can be so barbarous, to let me die. Alas, Flippanta, a very small matter wou'd save my life.

Flip. Then y'are dead—for we women never grant any thing to a man who will be satisfied with a little.

Mon. Dear Flippanta, that was only my modesty; but since you'll have it out——I am a very dragon: And so your lady'll find——if ever she thinks fit to be ——Now I hope you'll stand my friend.

Flip. Well, sir, as far as my credit goes, it shall be employ'd in your service.

Mon. My best Flippanta—tell her—I'm all hers—tell her—my body's hers—tell her—my soul's hers—and tell her—my estate's hers. Lard have mercy upon me, how I'm in love!

Flip. Poor man! what a sweat he's in! But hark—I hear my master; for heaven's sake compose your self a little, you are in such a fit, o' my conscience he'll smell you out.

Mon. Ah dear, I'm in such an emotion, I dare not be seen; put me in this closet for a moment.

Flip. Closet, man! it's too little, your love wou'd stifle you. Go air your self in the garden a little, you have need on't, i'faith. [*She puts him out.*

FLIPPANTA *sola.*

A rare adventure, by my troth. This will be curious news to the wives. Fortune has now put their husbands into their hands, and I think they are too sharp to neglect its favours.

Enter GRIPE.

Gripe. O, here's the right-hand; the rest of the body can't be far off. Where's my wife, huswife?

Flip. An admirable question!——Why, she's gone abroad, sir.

Gripe. Abroad, abroad, abroad already? Why, she

uses to be stewing in her bed three hours after this time, as late as 'tis: What makes her gadding so soon?

Flip. Business, I suppose.

Gripe. Business! she has a pretty head for business truly: O ho, let her change her way of living, or I'll make her change a light heart for a heavy one.

Flip. And why would you have her change her way of living, sir? You see it agrees with her. She never look'd better in her life.

Gripe. Don't tell me of her looks, I have done with her looks long since. But I'll make her change her life, or——

Flip. Indeed, sir, you won't.

Gripe. Why, what shall hinder me, insolence?

Flip. That which hinders most husbands; contradiction.

Gripe. Suppose I resolve I won't be contradicted?

Flip. Suppose she resolves you shall?

Gripe. A wife's resolution is not good by law.

Flip. Nor a husband's by custom.

Gripe. I tell thee I will not bear it.

Flip. I tell you, sir, you will bear it.

Gripe. Oons, I have borne it three years already.

Flip. By that you see 'tis but giving your mind to it.

Gripe. My mind to it! Death and the devil! My mind to it!

Flip. Look ye, sir, you may swear and damn, and call the furies to assist you; but 'till you apply the remedy to the right place, you'll never cure the disease. You fancy you have got an extravagant wife, is't not so?

Gripe. Pr'ythee change me that word fancy, and it is so.

Flip. Why there's it. Men are strangely troubled with the vapours of late. You'll wonder now, if I tell you, you have the most reasonable wife in town: And that all the disorders you think you see in her, are only here, here, here, in your own head.

[*Thumping his forehead.*

Gripe. She is then, in thy opinion, a reasonable woman?

Flip. By my faith I think so.

Gripe. I shall run mad——Name me an extravagance in the world she is not guilty of.

Flip. Name me an extravagance in the world she is guilty of.

Gripe. Come then: Does not she put the whole house in disorder?

Flip. Not that I know of, for she never comes into it but to sleep.

Gripe. 'Tis very well: Does she employ any one moment of her life in the government of her family?

Flip. She is so submissive a wife, she leaves it entirely to you.

Gripe. Admirable! Does not she spend more money in coach-hire, and chair-hire than would maintain six children?

Flip. She's too nice of your credit to be seen daggling in the streets.

Gripe. Good! Do I set eye on her sometimes in a week together?

Flip. That, sir, is because you are never stirring at the same time; you keep odd hours; you are always going to bed when she's rising, and rising just when she's coming to bed.

Gripe. Yes truly, night into day, and day into night, bawdy-house play, that's her trade; but these are

trifles: Has she not lost her diamond necklace? Answer me to that, Trapes.

Flip. Yes; and has sent as many tears after it, as if it had been her husband.

Gripe. Ah!——the pox take her; but enough. 'Tis resolv'd, and I will put a stop to the course of her life, or I will put a stop to the course of her blood, and so she shall know, the first time I meet with her; [*aside*] which tho' we are man and wife, and lie under one roof, 'tis very possible may not be this fortnight.

[*Exit* GRIPE.

FLIPPANTA *sola.*

Nay, thou hast a blessed time on't, that must be confess'd. What a miserable devil is a husband! Insupportable to himself, and a plague to every thing about them. Their wives do by them, as children do by dogs, teaze and provoke 'em, 'till they make them so curs'd, they snarl and bite at every thing that comes in their reach. This wretch here is grown perverse to that degree, he's for his wife's keeping home, and making hell of his house, so he may be the devil in it, to torment her. How niggardly soever he is, of all things he possesses, he is willing to purchase her misery, at the expence of his own peace. But he'd as good be still, for he'll miss of his aim. If I know her (which I think I do) she'll set his blood in such a ferment, it shall bubble out at every pore of him; whilst hers is so quiet in her veins, her pulse shall go like a pendulum. [*Exit.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.—Mrs. Amlet's *House.*

Enter Dick.

WHERE'S this old woman ?——A hey. What the devil, no body at home ? Ha ! her strong box !——And the key in't ! 'tis so. Now fortune be my friend. What the duce—— Not a penny of money in cash !— Nor a chequer note !—Nor a Bank bill—[*Searches the strong box*]—Nor a crooked stick![1] Nor a—Mum—here's something—A diamond necklace, by all the Gods ! Oons the old woman——Zest.

[*Claps the necklace in his pocket, then runs and asks her blessing.*

[1] *I.e.*, an Exchequer tally, which was a crooked stick, about two feet long, cut into a peculiar shape, with certain notches cut in it, to denote the amount paid in pounds, shillings, and pence, the same being given as a receipt for money paid into the Exchequer. Cf. *N. and Q.*, 3rd ser., x. 238, 245.

Enter Mrs. AMLET.

——Pray mother, pray to, &c.

Aml. Is it possible!—Dick upon his humble knee! Ah my dear child!—May heaven be good unto thee.

Dick. I'm come, my dear mother, to pay my duty to you, and to ask your consent to——

Aml. What a shape is there!

Dick. To ask your consent, I say, to marry a great fortune; for what is riches in this world without a blessing? And how can there be a blessing without respect and duty to parents?

Aml. What a nose he has!

Dick. And therefore it being the duty of every good child not to dispose of himself in marriage, without the——

Aml. Now the Lord love thee [*kissing him*]——for thou art a goodly young man: Well, Dick,——And how goes it with the lady? Are her eyes open to thy charms? Does she see what's for her own good? Is she sensible of the blessings thou hast in store for her? Ha! is all sure? Hast thou broke a piece of money with her? Speak, bird, do: Don't be modest and hide thy love from thy mother, for I'm an indulgent parent.

Dick. Nothing under heaven can prevent my good fortune, but its being discover'd I am your son——

Aml. Then thou art still asham'd of thy natural mother—Graceless! Why, I'm no whore, sirrah.

Dick. I know you are not—A whore! Bless us all——

Aml. No; my reputation's as good as the best of 'em; and tho' I'm old, I'm chaste, you rascal you.

Dick. Lord, that is not the thing we talk of, mother; but——

Aml. I think, as the world goes, they may be proud of marrying their daughter into a vartuous family.

Dick. Oons, vartue is not the case——

Aml. Where she may have a good example before her eyes.

Dick. O Lord! O Lord! O Lord!

Aml. I'm a woman that don't so much as encourage an incontinent look towards me.

Dick. I tell you, 'sdeath, I tell you——

Aml. If a man shou'd make an uncivil motion to me, I'd spit in his lascivious face: And all this you may tell them, sirrah.

Dick. Death and furies! the woman's out of her—

Aml. Don't you swear, you rascal you, don't you swear; we shall have thee damn'd at last, and then I shall be disgrac'd.

Dick. Why then in cold blood hear me speak to you: I tell you it's a city-fortune I'm about, she cares not a fig for your virtue; she'll hear of nothing but quality: She has quarrell'd with one of her friends for having a better complexion, and is resolv'd she'll marry, to take place of her.

Aml. What a cherry lip is there!

Dick. Therefore, good dear mother, now have a care and don't discover me; for if you do, all's lost.

Aml. Dear, dear, how thy fair bride will be delighted: Go, get thee gone, go: Go fetch her home, go fetch her home; I'll give her a sack-posset,[1] and a pillow of down she shall lay her head upon. Go, fetch her home, I say.

Dick. Take care then of the main chance, my dear mother; remember, if you discover me——

[1] A beverage composed of milk curdled by Spanish wine, and other ingredients.

Aml. Go, fetch her home, I say.

Dick. You promise me then——

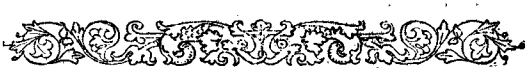
Aml. March.

Dick. But swear to me——

Aml. Be gone, sirrah.

Dick. Well, I'll rely upon you—But one kiss before I go. [*Kisses her heartily, and runs off.*

Aml. Now the Lord love thee! for thou art a comfortable young man. [*Exit* MRS. AMLET.



SCENE II.—GRIPE'S *House.*

Enter CORINNA *and* FLIPPANTA.

Cor. But hark you, Flippanta, if you don't think he loves me dearly, don't give him my letter, after all.

Flip. Let me alone.

Cor. When he has read it, let him give it you again.

Flip. Don't trouble your self.

Cor. And not a word of the pudding to my mother-in-law.

Flip. Enough.

Cor. When we come to love one another to the purpose, she shall know all.

Flip. Ay, then 'twill be time.

Cor. But remember 'tis you make me do all this now, so if any mischief comes on't, 'tis you must answer for't.

Flip. I'll be your security.

Cor. I'm young, and know nothing of the matter; but you have experience, so it's your business to conduct me safe.

Flip. Poor innocence!

Cor. But tell me in serious sadness, Flippanta, does he love me with the very soul of him?

Flip. I have told you so an hundred times, and yet you are not satisfied.

Cor. But, methinks, I'd fain have him tell me so himself.

Flip. Have patience, and it shall be done.

Cor. Why, patience is a virtue; that we must all confess——But I fancy, the sooner it's done the better, Flippanta.

Enter JESSAMIN.

Jes. Madam, yonder's your geography-master waiting for you. [*Exit.*

Cor. Ah! how I am tir'd with these old fumbling fellows, Flippanta.

Flip. Well, don't let them break your heart, you shall be rid of them all ere long.

Cor. Nay, 'tis not the study I'm so weary of, Flippanta, 'tis the odious thing that teaches me. Were the Colonel my master, I fancy I could take pleasure in learning every thing he could shew me.

Flip. And he can shew you a great deal, I can tell you that. But get you gone in, here's somebody coming, we must not be seen together.

Cor. I will, I will, I will——O the dear Colonel. [*Running off.*

Enter Mrs. AMLET.

Flip. O ho, it's Mrs. Amlet——What brings you so soon to us again, Mrs. Amlet?

Aml. Ah! my dear Mrs. Flippanta, I'm in a furious fright.

Flip. Why, what's come to you?

Aml. Ah! Mercy on us all——Madam's diamond necklace——

Flip. What of that?

Aml. Are you sure you left it at my house?

Flip. Sure I left it! a very pretty question truly!

Aml. Nay, don't be angry; say nothing to madam of it, I beseech you: It will be found again, if it be heav'n's good will. At least 'tis I must bear the loss on't. 'Tis my rogue of a son has laid his birdlime fingers on't.

Flip. Your son, Mrs. Amlet! Do you breed your children up to such tricks as these then?

Aml. What shall I say to you, Mrs. Flippanta? Can I help it? He has been a rogue from his cradle, Dick has. But he has his deserts too. And now it comes in my head, mayhap he may have no ill design in this neither.

Flip. No ill design, woman! He's a pretty fellow if he can steal a diamond necklace with a good one.

Aml. You don't know him, Mrs. Flippanta, so well as I that bore him. Dick's a rogue, 'tis true, but—— Mum——

Flip. What does the woman mean?

Aml. Hark you, Mrs. Flippanta, is not here a young gentlewoman in your house that wants a husband?

Flip. Why do you ask?

Aml. By way of conversation only, it does not concern me; but when she marries, I may chance to dance at the wedding. Remember I tell you so; I who am but Mrs. Amlet.

Flip. You dance at her wedding! you!

Aml. Yes, I, I; but don't trouble madam about her necklace, perhaps it mayn't go out of the family. Adieu, Mrs. Flippanta. [*Exit* Mrs. AMLET.

Flip. What—what—what does the woman mean? Mad! What a capilotade[1] of a story's here! The necklace lost; and her son Dick; and a fortune to marry; and she shall dance at the wedding; and ——She does not intend, I hope, to propose a match between her son Dick and Corinna? By my conscience I believe she does. An old beldam!

Enter BRASS.

Brass. Well, hussy, how stand our affairs? Has miss writ us an answer yet? My master's very impatient yonder.

Flip. And why the duce does not he come himself? What does he send such idle fellows as thee of his errands? Here I had her alone just now: He won't have such an opportunity again this month, I can tell him that.

Brass. So much the worse for him; 'tis his business——But now, my dear, let thee and I talk a little of our own: I grow most damnably in love with thee; dost hear that?

Flip. Phu! thou art always timing things wrong; my head is full, at present, of more important things than love.

Brass. Then it's full of important things indeed: Dost want a privy-counsellor?

Flip. I want an assistant.

Brass. To do what?

Flip. Mischief.

Brass. I'm thy man——touch.

Flip. But before I venture to let thee into my project, pr'ythee tell me, whether thou find'st a natural disposition to ruin a husband to oblige his wife?

[1] A cooked-up story, hash, medley. Also spelt "capirotade." See N. E. D.

Brass. Is she handsome

Flip. Yes.

Brass. Why then my disposition's at her service.

Flip. She's beholden to thee.

Brass. Not she, alone neither, therefore don't let her grow vain upon't; for I have three or four affairs of that kind going at this time.

Flip. Well, go carry this epistle from miss to thy master; and when thou com'st back, I'll tell thee thy business.

Brass. I'll know it before I go, if you please.

Flip. Thy master waits for an answer.

Brass. I'd rather he shou'd wait than I.

Flip. Why then, in short, Araminta's husband is in love with my lady.

Brass. Very well, child, we have a Rowland for her Oliver: Thy lady's husband is in love with Araminta.

Flip. Who told you that, sirrah?

Brass. 'Tis a negotiation I am charged with, Pert. Did not I tell thee I did business for half the town? I have manag'd Master Gripe's little affairs for him these ten years, you slut you.

Flip. Hark thee, Brass, the game's in our hands, if we can but play the cards.

Brass. Pique and repique, you jade you, if the wives will fall into a good intelligence.

Flip. Let them alone; I'll answer for them they don't slip the occasion.——See here they come. They little think what a piece of good news we have for 'em.

Enter CLARISSA *and* ARAMINTA.

Clar. Jessamin! here, boy, carry up these things into my dressing-room, and break as many of them

by the way as you can, be sure.——O! art thou there, Brass! What news?

Brass. Madam, I only call'd in as I was going by ——But some little propositions Mrs. Flippanta has been starting, have kept me here to offer your ladyship my humble service.

Clar. What propositions?

Brass. She'll acquaint you, madam.

Aram. Is there any thing new, Flippanta?

Flip. Yes, and pretty too.

Clar. That follows of course, but let's have it quick.

Flip. Why, Madam, you have made a conquest.

Clar. Hussy——But of who? quick.

Flip. Of Mr. Money-trap, that's all.

Aram. My husband?

Flip. Yes, your husband, Madam: You thought fit to corrupt ours, so now we are even with you.

Aram. Sure thou art in jest, Flippanta.

Flip. Serious as my devotions.

Brass. And the cross intrigue, ladies, is what our brains have been at work about.

Aram. My dear! [*To* CLARISSA.

Clar. My life!

Aram. My angel!

Clar. My soul! [*Hugging one another.*

Aram. The stars have done this.

Clar. The pretty little twinklers.

Flip. And what will you do for them now?

Clar. What grateful creatures ought; shew 'em we don't despise their favours.

Aram. But is not this a wager between these two blockheads?

Clar. I would not give a shilling to go the winner's halves.

Aram. Then 'tis the most fortunate thing that ever cou'd have happen'd.

Clar. All your last night's ideas, Araminta, were trifles to it.

Aram. Brass (my dear) will be useful to us.

Brass. At your service, Madam.

Clar. Flippanta will be necessary, my life!

Flip. She waits your commands, Madam.

Aram. For my part then, I recommend my husband to thee, Flippanta, and make it my earnest request thou won't leave him one half-crown.

Flip. I'll do all I can to obey you, Madam.

Brass [*to* CLARISSA]. If your ladyship wou'd give me the same kind orders for yours.

Clar. O——if thou spar'st him, Brass, I'm thy enemy till I die.

Brass. 'Tis enough, Madam, I'll be sure to give you a reasonable account of him. But how do you intend we shall proceed, ladies? Must we storm the purse at once, or break ground in form, and carry it by little and little?

Clar. Storm, dear Brass, storm: ever whilst you live, storm.

Aram. O by all means; must it not be so, Flippanta?

Flip. In four and twenty hours, two hundred pounds a-piece, that's my sentence.

Brass. Very well. But, ladies, you'll give me leave to put you in mind of some little expence in favours, 'twill be necessary you are at, to these honest gentlemen.

Aram. Favours, Brass!

Brass. Um——a——some small matters, Madam, I doubt must be.

Clar. Now that's a vile article, Araminta ; for that thing your husband is so like mine——

Flip. Phu, there's a scruple indeed. Pray, Madam, don't be so squeamish ; tho' the meat be a little flat, we'll find you savoury sauce to it.

Clar. This wench is so mad.

Flip. Why, what in the name of Lucifer, is it you have to do, that's so terrible ?

Brass. A civil look only.

Aram. There's no great harm in that

Flip. An obliging word.

Clar. That one may afford 'em.

Brass. A little smile, *à propos.*

Aram. That's but giving one's self an air.

Flip. Receive a little letter, perhaps.

Clar. Women of quality do that from fifty odious fellows.

Brass. Suffer (may be) a squeeze by the hand.

Aram. One's so us'd to that, one does not feel it.

Flip. Or if a kiss wou'd do't ?

Clar. I'd die first.

Brass. Indeed, ladies, I doubt 'twill be necessary to——

Clar. Get their wretched money without paying so dear for it.

Flip. Well, just as you please for that, my ladies : But I suppose you'll play upon the square with your favours, and not pique your selves upon being one more grateful than another.

Brass. And state a fair account of receipts and disbursements.

Aram. That I think shou'd be, indeed.

Clar. With all my heart, and Brass shall be our book-keeper. So get thee to work, man, as fast as

thou canst; but not a word of all this to thy master.

Brass. I'll observe my order, Madam.

[*Exit* BRASS.

Clar. I'll have the pleasure of telling him my self; he'll be violently delighted with it: 'Tis the best man in the world, Araminta; he'll bring us rare company to-morrow, all sorts of gamesters; and thou shalt see my husband will be such a beast to be out of humour at it.

Aram. The monster——But hush, here's my dear approaching; pr'ythee let's leave him to Flippanta.

Flip. Ah, pray do, I'll bring you a good account of him, I'll warrant you.

Clar. Dispatch then, for the basset-table's in haste.

[*Exit* CLAR. *and* ARAM.

FLIPPANTA *sola.*

So, now have at him; here he comes: We'll try if we can pillage the usurer, as he does other folks.

Enter MONEY-TRAP.

Mon. Well, my pretty Flippanta, is thy mistress come home?

Flip. Yes, Sir.

Mon. And where is she, pr'ythee?

Flip. Gone abroad, Sir.

Mon. How dost mean?

Flip. I mean right, Sir; my lady'll come home and go abroad ten times in an hour, when she's either in very good humour, or very bad.

Mon. Good-lack! But I'll warrant, in general, 'tis her naughty husband that makes her house uneasy

to her. But hast thou said a little something to her, chicken, for an expiring lover? ha!

Flip. Said——yes, I have said, much good may it do me.

Mon. Well! and how?

Flip. And how!——And how do you think you wou'd have me do't? And you have such a way with you, one can refuse you nothing. But I have brought my self into a fine business by it.

Mon. Good lack:——But, I hope, Flippanta——

Flip. Yes your hopes will do much, when I am turn'd out of doors.

Mon. Was she then terrible angry?

Flip. Oh! had you seen how she flew, when she saw where I was pointing; for you must know I went round the bush, and round the bush, before I came to the matter.

Mon. Nay, 'tis a ticklish point, that must be own'd.

Flip. On my word is it——I mean where a lady's truly virtuous; for that's our case, you must know.

Mon. A very dangerous case indeed.

Flip. But I can tell you one thing——she has an inclination to you.

Mon. Is it possible?

Flip. Yes, and I told her so at last.

Mon. Well, and what did she answer thee?

Flip. Slap——and bid me bring it you for a token [*Giving him a slap on the face.*

Mon. And you have lost none on't by the way, with a pox t'ye. [*Aside.*

Flip. Now this, I think, looks the best in the world.

Mon. Yea, but really it feels a little odly.

Flip. Why, you must know, ladies have different ways of expressing their kindness, according to the

humour they are in: If she had been in a good one, it had been a kiss; but as long as she sent you something, your affairs go well.

Mon. Why, truly, I am a little ignorant in the mysterious paths of love, so I must be guided by thee. But, pr'ythee, take her in a good humour next token she sends me.

Flip. Ah——good humour?

Mon. What's the matter?

Flip. Poor lady!

Mon. Ha!

Flip. If I durst tell you all——

Mon. What then?

Flip. You wou'd not expect to see her in one a good while.

Mon. Why, I pray?

Flip. I must own I did take an unseasonable time to talk of love-matters to her.

Mon. Why, what's the matter?

Flip. Nothing.

Mon. Nay, pr'ythee tell me.

Flip. I dare not.

Mon. You must indeed.

Flip. Why, when women are in difficulties, how can they think of pleasure?

Mon. Why, what difficulties can she be in?

Flip. Nay, I do but guess after all; for she has that grandeur of soul, she'd die before she'd tell.

Mon. But what dost thou suspect?

Flip. Why, what should one suspect, where a husband loves nothing but getting of money, and a wife nothing but spending on't?

Mon. So she wants that same then?

Flip. I say no such thing, I know nothing of the

matter; pray make no wrong interpretation of what I say, my lady wants nothing that I know of. 'Tis true——she has had ill luck at cards of late, I believe she has not won once this month: But what of that?

Mon. Ha!

Flip. 'Tis true, I know her spirit's that, she'd see her husband hang'd, before she'd ask him for a farthing.

Mon. Ha!

Flip. And then I know him again, he'd see her drown'd before he'd give her a farthing; but that's a help to your affair, you know.

Mon. 'Tis so indeed.

Flip. Ah——well, I'll say nothing; but if she had none of these things to fret her——

Mon. Why really, Flippanta——

Flip. I know what you are going to say now; you are going to offer your service, but 'twon't do; you have a mind to play the gallant now, but it must not be; you want to be shewing your liberality, but 'twon't be allow'd; you'll be pressing me to offer it, and she'll be in a rage. We shall have the Devil to do.

Mon. You mistake me, Flippanta; I was only going to say——

Flip. Ay, I know what you were going to say well enough; but I tell you it will never do so. If one cou'd find out some way now——ay——let me see——

Mon. Indeed I hope——

Flip. Pray be quiet——no——but I'm thinking ——hum——she'll smoke that tho'——let us consider——If one cou'd find a way to——'Tis the nicest point in the world to bring about, she'll never touch it, if she knows from whence it comes.

Mon. Shall I try if I can reason her husband out of twenty pounds, to make her easy the rest of her life?

Flip. Twenty pounds, man?——why you shall see her set that upon a card. O——she has a great soul. ——Besides, if her husband should oblige her, it might, in time, take off her aversion to him, and by consequence, her inclination to you. No, no, it must never come that way.

Mon. What shall we do then?

Flip. Hold still——I have it. I'll tell you what you shall do.

Mon. Ay.

Flip. You shall make her—a restitution—of two hundred pounds.

Mon. Ha!—Restitution!

Flip. Yes, yes, 'tis the luckiest thought in the world; madam often plays, you know, and folks who do so, meet now and then with sharpers. Now you shall be a sharper.

Mon. A sharper!

Flip. Ay, ay, a sharper; and having cheated her of two hundred pounds, shall be troubled in mind, and send it her back again. You comprehend me?

Mon. Yes, I, I comprehend, but a——won't she suspect if it be so much?

Flip. No, no, the more the better.

Mon. Two hundred pound!

Flip. Yes, two hundred pound——Or let me see ——so even a sum may look a little suspicious,——ay ——let it be two hundred and thirty; that odd thirty will make it look so natural, the devil won't find it out.

Mon. Ha!

Flip. Pounds, too, look I don't know how; guineas

I fancy were better——ay, guineas, it shall be guineas. You are of that mind, are you not?

Mon. Um—a guinea you know, Flippanta, is——

Flip. A thousand times genteeler, you are certainly in the right on't; it shall be as you say, two hundred and thirty guineas.

Mon. Ho——well, if it must be guineas, let's see, two hundred guineas.

Flip. And thirty; two hundred and thirty: If you mistake the sum, you spoil all. So go put them in a purse, while it's fresh in your head, and send 'em to me with a penitential letter, desiring I'll do you the favour to restore them to her.

Mon. Two hundred and thirty pounds in a bag!

Flip. Guineas, I say, guineas.

Mon. Ay, guineas, that's true. But, Flippanta, if she don't know they come from me, then I give my money for nothing, you know.

Flip. Phu, leave that to me, I'll manage the stock for you; I'll make it produce something, I'll warrant you.

Mon. Well, Flippanta, 'tis a great sum indeed; but I'll go try what I can do for her. You say, two hundred guineas in a purse?

Flip. And thirty; if the man's in his senses.

Mon. And thirty, 'tis true, I always forget that thirty. [*Exit* MONEY-TRAP.

Flip. So, get thee gone, thou art a rare fellow, i'faith. Brass!——it's thee, is't not?

Enter BRASS.

Brass. It is, huswife. How go matters? I staid till thy gentleman was gone. Hast done any thing towards our common purse?

Flip. I think I have; he's going to make us a restitution of two or three hundred pounds.

Brass. A restitution!——good.

Flip. A new way, sirrah, to make a lady take a present without putting her to the blush.

Brass. 'Tis very well, mighty well indeed. Pr'ythee where's thy master? let me try if I can persuade him to be troubled in mind too.

Flip. Not so hasty; he's gone into his closet to prepare himself for a quarrel, I have advis'd him to ——with his wife.

Brass. What to do?

Flip. Why, to make her stay at home, now she has resolv'd to do it beforehand. You must know, sirrah, we intend to make a merit of our basset-table, and get a good pretence for the merry companions we intend to fill his house with.

Brass. Very nicely spun, truly, thy husband will be a happy man.

Flip. Hold your tongue, you fool you. See here comes your master.

Brass. He's welcome.

Enter DICK.

Dick. My dear Flippanta! how many thanks have I to pay thee?

Flip. Do you like her style?

Dick. The kindest little rogue! there's nothing but she gives me leave to hope. I am the happiest man the world has in its care.

Flip. Not so happy as you think for neither, perhaps; you have a rival, Sir, I can tell you that.

Dick. A rival!

Flip. Yes, and a dangerous one too.

Dick. Who, in the name of terror?

Flip. A devilish fellow, one Mr. Amlet.

Dick. Amlet! I know no such man.

Flip. You know the man's mother tho'; you met her here, and are in her favour, I can tell you. If he worst you in your mistress, you shall e'en marry her, and disinherit him.

Dick. If I have no other rival but Mr. Amlet, I believe I shan't be much disturb'd in my amour. But can't I see Corinna?

Flip. I don't know, she has always some of her masters with her: But I'll go see if she can spare you a moment, and bring you word.

[*Exit* FLIPPANTA.

Dick. I wish my old hobbling mother han't been blabbing something here she should not do.

Brass. Fear nothing, all's safe on that side yet. But, how speaks young mistress's epistle? soft and tender?

Dick. As pen can write.

Brass. So you think all goes well there?

Dick. As my heart can wish.

Brass. You are sure on't?

Dick. Sure on't!

Brass. Why then ceremony aside. [*Putting on his hat.*] You and I must have a little talk, Mr. Amlet.

Dick. Ah, Brass, what art thou going to do? Wou't ruin me?

Brass. Look you, Dick, few words; you are in a smooth way of making your fortune. I hope all will roll on. But how do you intend matters shall pass 'twixt you and me in this business?

Dick. Death and Furies! What a time dost take to talk on't?

Brass. Good words, or I betray you; they have already heard of one Mr. Amlet in the house.

Dick. Here's a son of a whore!

[*Aside.*

Brass. In short, look smooth, and be a good prince: I am your valet, 'tis true; your footman sometimes, which I'm enrag'd at; but you have always had the ascendant, I confess: when we were school-fellows, you made me carry your books, make your exercise, own your rogueries, and sometimes take a whipping for you. When we were fellow-prentices, tho' I was your senior, you made me open the shop, clean my master's shoes, cut last at dinner, and eat all the crust. In our sins too, I must own you still kept me under; you soar'd up to adultery with our mistress, while I was at humble fornication with the maid. Nay, in our punishments you still made good your post; for when once upon a time I was sentenc'd but to be whipp'd, I cannot deny but you were condemn'd to be hang'd. So that in all times, I must confess, your inclinations have been greater and nobler than mine; however, I cannot consent that you shou'd at once fix fortune for life, and I dwell in my humilities for the rest of my days.

Dick. Hark thee, Brass, if I do not most nobly by thee, I'm a dog.

Brass. And when?

Dick. As soon as ever I am married.

Brass. Ah, the pox take thee.

Dick. Then you mistrust me?

Brass. I do, by my faith. Look you, Sir, some folks we mistrust, because we don't know them; others we mistrust, because we do know them: And for one of these reasons I desire there may be a bargain

beforehand: If not [*raising his voice*] look ye, Dick Amlet——

Dick. Soft, my dear friend and companion. The dog will ruin me. [*Aside.*] Say, what is't will content thee?

Brass. O ho!

Dick. But how canst thou be such a barbarian?

Brass. I learnt it at Algiers.

Dick. Come, make thy Turkish demand then.

Brass. You know you gave me a bank-bill this morning to receive for you.

Dick. I did so, of fifty pounds, 'tis thine. So, now thou art satisfy'd, all's fix'd.

Brass. It is not indeed. There's a diamond necklace you robb'd your mother of ev'n now.

Dick. Ah, you Jew.

Brass. No words.

Dick. My dear Brass!

Brass. I insist.

Dick. My old friend.

Brass. Dick Amlet [*raising his voice*] I insist.

Dick. Ah the cormorant——Well, 'tis thine: But thou'lt never thrive with it.

Brass. When I find it begins to do me mischief, I'll give it you again. But I must have a wedding-suit.

Dick. Well.

Brass. Some good lace.

Dick. Thou sha't.

Brass. A stock of linen.

Dick. Enough.

Brass. Not yet——a silver sword.

Dick. Well, thou sha't have that too. Now thou hast every thing.

Brass. Gad forgive me, I forgot a ring of remembrance; I wou'd not forget all these favours for the world: A sparkling diamond will be always playing in my eye, and put me in mind of them.

Dick. This unconscionable rogue! [*Aside.*] Well I'll bespeak one for thee.

Brass. Brilliant.

Dick. It shall. But if the thing don't succeed after all?——

Brass. I'm a man of honour, and restore: And so the treaty being finish'd, I strike my flag of defiance, and fall into my respects again. [*Taking off his hat.*

Enter FLIPPANTA.

Flip. I have made you wait a little, but I cou'd not help it, her master is but just gone. He has been shewing her Prince Eugene's march into Italy.

Dick. Pr'ythee let me come to her, I'll shew her a part of the world he has never shewn her yet.

Flip. So I told her, you must know; and she said, she cou'd like to travel in good company: so if you'll slip up those back-stairs, you shall try if you can agree upon the journey.

Dick. My dear Flippanta!

Flip. None of your dear acknowledgments, I beseech you, but up stairs as hard as you can drive.

Dick. I'm gone. [*Exit* DICK.

Flip. And do you follow him, Jack-a-dandy, and see he is not surpriz'd.

Brass. I thought that was your post, Mrs. Useful: But if you'll come and keep me in humour, I don't care if I share the duty with you.

Flip. No words, sirrah, but follow him, I have somewhat else to do.

Brass. The jade's so absolute there's no contesting with her. One kiss tho', to keep the centinel warm. [*Gives her a long kiss*]——So. [*Exit* BRASS.

FLIPPANTA *sola.*

——A nasty rogue [*wiping her mouth*]. But, let me see what have I to do now? 'This *restitution* will be here quickly, I suppose; in the mean time I'll go know if my lady's ready for the quarrel yet. Master, yonder, is so full on't, he's ready to burst; but we'll give him vent by and by with a witness.

[*Exit* FLIP.

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.—GRIPE'S *House.*

Enter CORINNA, DICK, *and* BRASS.

BRASS. Don't fear, I'll give you timely notice. [*Goes to the door.*

Dick. Come, you must consent, you shall consent. How can you leave me thus upon the rack? A man who loves you to that excess that I do.

Cor. Nay, that you love me, Sir, that I'm satisfy'd in, for you have sworn you do: And I'm so pleas'd with it, I'd fain have you do so as long as you live, so we must never marry.

Dick. Not marry, my dear! why, what's our love good for if we don't marry?

Cor. Ah——I'm afraid 'twill be good for little if we do.

Dick. Why do you think so?

Cor. Because I hear my father and mother, and my uncle and aunt, and Araminta and her husband, and twenty other marry'd folks, say so from morning to night.

Dick. Oh, that's because they are bad husbands and

bad wives; but in our case there will be a good husband and a good wife, and so we shall love for ever.

Cor. Why there may be something in that truly; and I'm always willing to hear reason, as a reasonable young woman ought to do. But are you sure, sir, tho' we are very good now, we shall be so when we come to be better acquainted?

Dick. I can answer for my self, at least.

Cor. I wish you cou'd answer for me too. You see I am a plain-dealer, Sir, I hope you don't like me the worse for it.

Dick. O, by no means, 'tis a sign of admirable morals; and I hope, since you practise it your self, you'll approve of it in your lover. In one word, therefore (for 'tis in vain to mince the matter), my resolution's fix'd, and the world can't stagger me, I marry——or I die.

Cor. Indeed, Sir, I have much ado to believe you; the disease of love is seldom so violent.

Dick. Madam, I have two diseases to end my miseries; if the first don't do't, the latter shall; [*drawing his sword*] one's in my heart, t'other's in my scabbard.

Cor. Not for a diadem. [*Catching hold of him.*] Ah, put it up, put it up.

Dick. How absolute is your command! [*Dropping his sword.*] A word, you see, disarms me.

Cor. What a power I have over him! [*Aside.*] The wondrous deeds of love!——Pray, Sir, let me have no more of these rash doings tho'; perhaps I mayn't be always in the saving humour——I'm sure if I had let him stick himself, I shou'd have been envy'd by all the great ladies in the town. [*Aside.*

Dick. Well, madam, have I then your promise? You'll make me the happiest of mankind.

Cor. I don't know what to say to you; but I believe I had as good promise, for I find I shall certainly do't.

Dick. Then let us seal the contract thus.

[*Kisses her.*

Cor. Um——he has almost taken away my breath; He kisses purely. [*Aside.*

Dick. Hark——some body comes.

[BRASS *peeping in.*

Brass. Gar there, the enemy——no, hold y'are safe, 'tis Flippanta.

Enter FLIPPANTA.

Flip. Come, have you agreed the matter? If not, you must end it another time, for your father's in motion, so pray kiss and part.

Cor. That's sweet and sour. [*They kiss.*] Adieu t'ye, Sir. [*Exit* DICK *and* COR.

Enter CLARISSA.

Clar. Have you told him I'm at home, Flippanta?

Flip. Yes, madam.

Clar. And that I'll see him?

Flip. Yes, that too: But here's news for you; I have just now receiv'd the restitution.

Clar. That's killing pleasure; and how much has he restor'd me?

Flip. Two hundred and thirty.

Clar. Wretched rogue! but retreat, your master's coming to quarrel.

Flip. I'll be within call, if things run high.

[*Exit* FLIP.

Enter GRIPE.

Gripe. O ho!——are you there, i'faith? Madam, your humble servant, I'm very glad to see you at home. I thought I shou'd never have had that honour again.

Clar. Good-morrow, my dear, how d'ye do? Flippanta says you are out of humour, and that you have a mind to quarrel with me: Is it true? ha!——I have a terrible pain in my head, I give you notice on't beforehand.

Gripe. And how the pox shou'd it be otherwise? It's a wonder you are not dead [as a' wou'd you were, *aside*] with the life you lead. Are you not asham'd? and do you not blush to——

Clar. My dear child, you crack my brain; soften the harshness of your voice: Say what thou wou't, but let it be in an agreeable tone——

Gripe. Tone, Madam, don't tell me of a tone——.

Clar. O——if you will quarrel, do it with temperance; let it be all in cool blood, even and smooth, as if you were not mov'd with what you said; and then I'll hear you, as if I were not mov'd with it neither.

Gripe. Had ever man such need of patience? Madam, Madam, I must tell you, Madam——

Clar. Another key, or I'll walk off.

Gripe. Don't provoke me.

Clar. Shall you be long, my dear, in your remonstrances?

Gripe. Yes, madam, and very long.

Clar. If you wou'd quarrel *en abrégé*, I shou'd have a world of obligation to you.

Gripe. What I have to say, forsooth, is not to be express'd *en abrégé*, my complaints are too numerous.

Clar. Complaints! of what, my dear? Have I ever given you subject of complaint, my life?

Gripe. O pox! my dear and my life! I desire none of your *tendres*.

Clar. How! find fault with my kindness, and my expressions of affection and respect? the world will guess by this what the rest of your complaints may be. I must tell you, I am scandaliz'd at your procedure.

Gripe. I must tell you, I am running mad with yours.

Clar. Ah! how insupportable are the humours of some husbands, so full of fancies, and so ungovernable: What have you in the world to disturb you?

Gripe. What have I to disturb me! I have you, Death and the Devil!

Clar. Ay, merciful heaven! how he swears! You should never accustom your self to such words as these; indeed, my dear, you shou'd not; your mouth's always full of them.

Gripe. Blood and thunder! Madam——

Clar. Ah, he'll fetch the house down: Do you know you make me tremble for you? Flippanta! who's there? Flippanta!

Gripe. Here's a provoking devil for you!

Enter FLIPPANTA.

Flip. What, in the name of Jove's the matter? you raise the neighbourhood.

Clar. Why here's your master in a most violent fuss, and no mortal soul can tell for what.

Gripe. Not tell for what!

Clar. No, my life. I have begg'd him to tell me his griefs, Flippanta; and then he swears, good Lord! how he does swear.

Gripe. Ah you wicked jade! Ah you wicked jade!

Clar. Do you hear him, Flippanta! do you hear him!

Flip. Pray, Sir, let's know a little what puts you in all this fury?

Clar. Pr'ythee stand near me, Flippanta, there's an odd froth about his mouth, looks as if his poor head were going wrong, I'm afraid he'll bite.

Gripe. The wicked woman, Flippanta, the wicked woman.

Clar. Can any body wonder I shun my own house, when he treats me at this rate in it?

Gripe. At this rate! why in the devil's name——

Clar. Do you hear him again?

Flip. Come, a little moderation, Sir, and try what that will produce.

Gripe. Hang her, 'tis all a pretence to justify her going abroad.

Clar. A pretence! a pretence! Do you hear how black a charge he loads me with? Charges me with a pretence? Is this the return for all my down-right open actions? You know, my dear, I scorn pretences: Whene'er I go abroad, it is without pretence.

Gripe. Give me patience.

Flip. You have a great deal, Sir.

Clar. And yet he's never content, Flippanta.

Gripe. What shall I do?

Clar. What a reasonable man wou'd do; own your self in the wrong, and be quiet. Here's Flippanta has understanding, and I have moderation; I'm willing to make her judge of our differences.

Flip. You do me a great deal of honour, Madam: But I tell you beforehand, I shall be a little on Master's side.

Gripe. Right, Flippanta has sense. Come let her decide. Have I not reason to be in a passion? tell me that.

Clar. You must tell her for what, my life.

Gripe. Why, for the trade you drive, my soul.

Flip. Look you, Sir, pray take things right. I know madam does fret you a little now and then, that's true; but in the fund she is the softest, sweetest, gentlest lady breathing: Let her but live entirely to her own fancy, and she'll never say a word to you from morning to night.

Gripe. Oons; let her but stay at home, and she shall do what she will: In reason, that is.

Flip. D'ye hear that, Madam? Nay, now I must be on master's side; you see how he loves you, he desires only your company: Pray give him that satisfaction, or I must pronounce against you.

Clar. Well I agree. Thou know'st I don't love to grieve him: Let him be always in good humour, and I'll be always at home.

Flip. Look you there, Sir, what wou'd you have more?

Gripe. Well, let her keep her word, and I'll have done quarrelling.

Clar. I must not, however, so far lose the merit of my consent, as to let you think I'm weary of going abroad, my dear: what I do, is purely to oblige you; which, that I may be able to perform, without a relapse, I'll invent what ways I can to make my prison supportable to me.

Flip. Her prison! pretty bird! her prison! don't that word melt you, Sir?

Gripe. I must confess I did not expect to find her so reasonable.

Flip. O, Sir, soon or late wives come into good humour: Husbands must only have a little patience to wait for it.

Clar. The innocent little diversions, dear, that I shall content my self with, will be chiefly play and company.

Gripe. O, I'll find you employment, your time shan't lie upon your hands, tho' if you have a mind now for such a companion as a——let me see—— Araminta for example, why I shan't be against her being with you from morning 'till night.

Clar. You can't oblige me more, 'tis the best woman in the world.

Gripe. Is not she?

Flip. Ah, the old satyr! [*Aside.*

Gripe. Then we'll have, besides her, may be sometimes——her husband; and we shall see my niece that writes verses, and my sister Fidget: With her husband's brother that's always merry; and his little cousin, that's to marry the fat curate; and my uncle the apothecary, with his wife and all his children. O we shall divert ourselves rarely.

Flip. Good. [*Aside.*

Clar. O, for that, my dear child, I must be plain with you, I'll see none of 'em but Araminta, who has the manners of the court; for I'll converse with none but women of quality.

Gripe. Ay, ay, they shall all have one quality or other.

Clar. Then, my dear, to make our home pleasant, we'll have consorts of musick sometimes.

Gripe. Musick in my house!

Clar. Yes my child, we must have musick, or the house will be so dull I shall get the spleen, and be going abroad again.

Flip. Nay, she has so much complaisance for you, Sir, you can't dispute such things with her.

Gripe. Ay, but if I have musick——

Clar. Ay, but Sir, I must have musick——

Flip. Not every day, Madam don't mean.

Clar. No bless me, no ; but three consorts a week: three days more we'll play after dinner at ombre, picquet, basset, and so forth, and close the evening with a handsome supper and a ball.

Gripe. A ball !

Clar. Then, my love, you know there is but one day more upon our hands, and that shall be the day of conversation, we'll read verses, talk of books, invent modes, tell lyes, scandalize our friends, be pert upon religion ; and in short, employ every moment of it, in some pretty witty exercise or other.

Flip. What order you see 'tis she proposes to live in ! A most wonderful regularity !

Gripe. Regularity with a pox—— [*Aside.*

Clar. And as this kind of life, so soft, so smooth, so agreeable, must needs invite a vast deal of company to partake of it, 'twill be necessary to have the decency of a porter at our door, you know.

Gripe. A porter —— a scrivener have a porter, madam !

Clar. Positively, a porter.

Gripe. Why, no scrivener since Adam ever had a porter, woman !

Clar. You will therefore be renown'd in story, for having the first, my life.

Gripe. Flippanta.

Flip. Hang it, Sir, never dispute a trifle ; if you vex her, perhaps she'll insist upon a Swiss.

[*Aside to* GRIPE.

Gripe. But, Madam——

Clar. But, Sir, a porter, positively a porter; without that the treaty's null, and I go abroad this moment.

Flip. Come, Sir, never lose so advantageous a peace for a pitiful porter.

Gripe. Why, I shall be hooted at, the boys will throw stones at my porter. Besides, where shall I have money for all this expence?

Clar. My dear, who asks you for any? Don't be in a fright, chicken.

Gripe. Don't be in a fright, Madam! But where, I say——

Flip. Madam plays, Sir, think on that; women that play have inexhaustible mines, and wives who receive least money from their husbands, are many times those who spend the most.

Clar. So, my dear, let what Flippanta says content you. Go, my life, trouble your self with nothing, but let me do just as I please, and all will be well. I'm going into my closet, to consider of some more things to enable me to give you the pleasure of my company at home, without making it too great a misery to a yielding wife. [*Exit* CLARISSA.

Flip. Mirror of goodness! Pattern to all wives! well sure, Sir, you are the happiest of all husbands.

Gripe. Yes——and a miserable dog for all that too, perhaps.

Flip. Why what can you ask more, than this matchless complaisance?

Gripe. I don't know what I can ask, and yet I'm not satisfy'd with what I have neither, the devil mixes in it all, I think; complaisant or perverse, it feels just as't did.

Flip. Why then your uneasiness is only a disease, Sir, perhaps a little bleeding and purging wou'd relieve you.

Clar. Flippanta! [CLARISSA *calls within.*

Flip. Madam calls. I come, Madam. Come, be merry, be merry, sir, you have cause, take my word for't.—Poor devil. [*Aside.*] [*Exit* FLIPPANTA.

Gripe. I don't know that, I don't know that: But this I do know, that an honest man, who has marry'd a jade, whether she's pleas'd to spend her time at home or abroad, had better have liv'd a batchelor.

Enter BRASS.

Brass. O, Sir, I'm mighty glad I have found you.

Gripe. Why, what's the matter, pr'ythee?

Brass. Can no body hear us?

Gripe. No, no, speak quickly.

Brass. You han't seen Araminta, since the last letter I carry'd her from you?

Gripe. Not I, I go prudently; I don't press things like your young firebrand lovers.

Brass. But seriously, Sir, are you very much in love with her?

Gripe. As mortal man has been.

Brass. I'm sorry for't.

Gripe. Why so, dear Brass?

Brass. If you were never to see her more now? Suppose such a thing, d'you think 'twould break your heart?

Gripe. Oh!

Brass. Nay, now I see you love her; wou'd you did not.

Gripe. My dear friend.

Brass. I'm in your interest deep; you see it.

Gripe. I do: but speak, what miserable story hast thou for me?

Brass. I had rather the devil had, phu—flown away with you quick, than to see you so much in love, as I perceive you are, since——

Gripe. Since what?—ho.

Brass. Araminta, Sir.

Gripe. Dead?

Brass. No.

Gripe. How then?

Brass. Worse.

Gripe. Out with't.

Brass. Broke.

Gripe. Broke!

Brass. She is, poor lady, in the most unfortunate situation of affairs. But I have said too much.

Gripe. No, no, 'tis very sad, but let's hear it.

Brass. Sir, she charg'd me, on my life, never to mention it to you, of all men living.

Gripe. Why, who should'st thou tell it to, but to the best of her friends?

Brass. Ay, why there's it now, it's going just as I fancy'd. Now will I be hang'd if you are not enough in love to be engaging in this matter. But I must tell you, Sir, that as much concern as I have for that most excellent, beautiful, agreeable, distress'd, unfortunate lady, I'm too much your friend and servant, ever to let it be said I was the means of your being ruin'd for a woman——by letting you know, she esteem'd you more than any other man upon earth.

Gripe. Ruin'd! what dost thou mean?

Brass. Mean! Why I mean that women always ruin those that love 'em, that's the rule.

Gripe. The rule!

Brass. Yes the rule; why, wou'd you have 'em ruin those that don't? How shall they bring that about?

Gripe. But is there a necessity then, they shou'd ruin somebody?

Brass. Yes, marry is there; how wou'd you have 'em support their expence else? Why, Sir, you can't conceive now——you can't conceive what Araminta's privy-purse requires. Only her privy-purse, Sir! Why, what do you imagine now she gave me for the last letter I carry'd her from you? 'Tis true, 'twas from a man she lik'd, else, perhaps, I had had my bones broke. But what do you think she gave me?

Gripe. Why, maphap——a shilling.

Brass. A guinea, Sir, a guinea. You see by that how fond she was on't, by the by. But then, Sir, her coach-hire, her chair-hire, her pin-money, her play-money, her china, and her charity——wou'd consume peers: A great soul, a very great soul! but what's the end of all this?

Gripe. Ha!

Brass. Why, I'll tell you what the end is——a nunnery.

Gripe. A nunnery!

Brass. A nunnery.——In short, she is at last reduc'd to that extremity, and attack'd with such a battalion of duns, that rather than tell her husband (who you know is such a dog, he'd let her go if she did) she has e'en determin'd to turn papist, and bid the world adieu for life.

Gripe. O terrible! a papist!

Brass. Yes, when a handsome woman has brought her self into difficulties, the devil can't help her out of——To a nunnery, that's another rule, Sir.

Gripe. But, but, but, pr'ythee Brass, but——

Brass. But all the buts in the world, Sir, won't stop her; she's a woman of a noble resolution. So, Sir, your humble servant; I pity her, I pity you. Turtle and mate; but the Fates will have it so, all's packt up, and I am now going to call her a coach, for she resolves to slip off without saying a word: and the next visit she receives from her friends, will be through a melancholy grate, with a veil instead of a top-knot. [*Going.*

Gripe. It must not be, by the Powers it must not; she was made for the world, and the world was made for her.

Brass. And yet you see, sir, how small a share she has on't.

Gripe. Poor woman! Is there no way to save her?

Brass. Save her! No, how can she be sav'd? why she owes above five hundred pound.

Gripe. Oh!

Brass. Five hundred pound, Sir; she's like to be sav'd indeed.——Not but that I know them in this town wou'd give me one of the five, if I wou'd persuade her to accept of th' other four: But she had forbid me mentioning it to any soul living; and I have disobey'd her only to you; and so—I'll go and call a coach.

Gripe. Hold!——dost think, my poor Brass, one might not order it so, as to compound those debts for——for——twelve pence in the pound?

Brass. Sir, dy'e hear? I have already try'd 'em with ten shillings, and not a rogue will prick up his ear at it. Tho' after all, for three hundred pounds all in glittering gold, I could set their chaps a watering. But where's that to be had with honour? there's the thing, Sir——I'll go and call a coach.

Gripe. Hold, once more: I have a note in my closet of two hundred, ay——and fifty, I'll go and give it her my self.

Brass. You will; very genteel truly. Go, slap-dash, and offer a woman of her scruples, money! bolt in her face: Why, you might as well offer her a scorpion, and she'd as soon touch it.

Gripe. Shall I carry it to her creditors then, and treat with them?

Brass. Ay, that's a rare thought.

Gripe. Is not it, Brass?

Brass. Only one little inconvenience by the way.

Gripe. As how?

Brass. That they are your wife's creditors as well as hers; and perhaps it might not be altogether so well to see you clearing the debts of your neighbour's wife, and leaving those of your own unpaid.

Gripe. Why that's true now.

Brass. I'm wise you see, Sir.

Gripe. Thou art; and I'm but a young lover: But what shall we do then?

Brass. Why, I'm thinking, that if you give me the note, do you see; and that I promise to give you an account of it——

Gripe. Ay, but look you, Brass——

Brass. But look you!——Why what, d'ye think I'm a pick-pocket? D'ye think I intend to run away with your note? your paltry note.

Gripe. I don't say so——I say only that in case——

Brass. Case, Sir! there is no case but the case I have put you; and since you heap cases upon cases, where there is but three hundred rascally pounds in the case——I'll go and call a coach.

Gripe. Pr'ythee don't be so testy; come, no more

words, follow me to my closet, and I'll give thee the money.

Brass. A terrible effort you make indeed; you are so much in love, your wits are all upon the wing, just a going; and for three hundred pounds you put a stop to their flight: Sir, your wits are worth that, or your wits are worth nothing. Come away.

Gripe. Well, say no more, thou shalt be satisfy'd.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter DICK.

Dick. S't——Brass! S't——

Re-enter BRASS.

Brass. Well, Sir!

Dick. 'Tis not well, Sir, 'tis very ill, Sir; we shall be all blown up.

Brass. What, with pride and plenty?

Dick. No, Sir, with an officious slut that will spoil all. In short, Flippanta has been telling her mistress and Araminta, of my passion for the young gentlewoman; and truly to oblige me (suppos'd no ill match by the by) they are resolv'd to propose it immediately to her father.

Brass. That's the devil! we shall come to papers and parchments, jointures and settlements, relations meet on both sides; that's the devil.

Dick. I intended this very day to propose to Flippanta, the carrying her off: And I'm sure the young housewife wou'd have tuck'd up her coats, and have march'd.

Brass. Ay, with the body and the soul of her.

Dick. Why then, what damn'd luck is this?

Brass. 'Tis your damn'd luck, not mine: I have

always seen it in your ugly phiz, in spite of your powder'd periwig——pox take ye——he'll be hang'd at last. Why don't you try to get her off yet?

Dick. I have no money, you dog; you know you have stript me of every penny.

Brass. Come, damn it, I'll venture one cargo more upon your rotten bottom: But if ever I see one glance of your hempen fortune again, I'm off your partnership for ever——I shall never thrive with him.

Dick. An impudent rogue, but he's in possession of my estate, so I must bear with him. [*Aside.*

Brass. Well, come, I'll raise a hundred pounds for your use, upon my wife's jewels here; [*Pulling out the necklace.*] her necklace shall pawn for't.

Dick. Remember tho', that if things fail, I'm to have the necklace again; you know you agreed to that.

Brass. Yes, and if I make it good, you'll be the better for't; if not, I shall: so you see where the cause will pinch.

Dick. Why, you barbarous dog, you won't offer to——

Brass. No words now; about your business, march. Go stay for me at the next tavern: I'll go to Flippanta, and try what I can do for you.

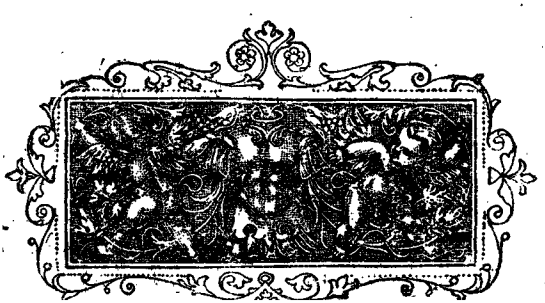
Dick. Well, I'll go, but don't think to——O pox, sir—— [*Exit* DICK.

BRASS *solus.*

Brass. Will you be gone? A pretty title you'd have to sue me upon truly, if I shou'd have a mind to stand upon the defensive, as perhaps I may; I have done the rascal service enough to lull my conscience upon't I'm sure: But 'tis time enough for that. Let me see——First I'll go to Flippanta, and put a stop

to this family way of match-making, then sell our necklace for what ready money 'twill produce; and by this time to-morrow I hope we shall be in possession of——t'other jewel here; a precious jewel, as she's set in gold: I believe for the stone it self we may part with't again to a friend——for a tester.

[*Exit.*



ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.—GRIPE'S *House.*

Enter BRASS *and* FLIPPANTA.

BRASS. Well, you agree I'm in the right, don't you?

Flip. I don't know; if your master has the estate he talks of, why not do't all above-board? Well, tho' I am not much of his mind, I'm much in his interest, and will therefore endeavour to serve him in his own way.

Brass. That's kindly said, my child, and I believe I shall reward thee one of these days, with as pretty a fellow to thy husband for't, as——

Flip. Hold your prating, Jackadandy, and leave me to my business.

Brass. I obey—adieu [*Kisses her.*] [*Exit* BRASS.

Flip. Rascal!

Enter CORINNA.

Cor. Ah, Flippanta, I'm ready to sink down, my legs tremble under me, my dear Flippy.

Flip. And what's the affair?

Cor. My father's there within, with my mother and Araminta ; I never saw him in so good a humour in my life.

Flip. And is that it that frightens you so ?

Cor. Ah, Flippanta, they are just going to speak to him, about my marrying the Colonel.

Flip. Are they so ? so much the worse ; they're too hasty.

Cor. O no, not a bit : I slipt out on purpose, you must know, to give 'em an opportunity ; wou'd 'twere done already.

Flip. I tell you no ; get you in again immediately, and prevent it.

Cor. My dear, dear, I am not able ; I never was in such a way before.

Flip. Never in a way to be marry'd before, ha ? is not that it ?

Cor. Ah, Lord, if I'm thus before I come to't, Flippanta, what shall I be upon the very spot ? Do but feel with what a thumpaty thump it goes.

[*Putting her hand to her heart.*

Flip. Nay, it does make a filthy bustle, that's the truth on't, child. But I believe I shall make it leap another way, when I tell you, I'm cruelly afraid your father won't consent, after all.

Cor. Why, he won't be the death o'me, will he ?

Flip. I don't know, old folks are cruel ; but we'll have a trick for him. Brass and I have been consulting upon the matter, and agreed upon a surer way of doing it in spite of his teeth.

Cor. Ay, marry, sir, that were something.

Flip. But then he must not know a word of any thing towards it.

Cor. No, no.

Flip. So, get you in immediately.

Cor. One, two, three and away. [*Running off.*

Flip. And prevent your mother's speaking on't.

Cor. But is t'other way sure, Flippanta?

Flip. Fear nothing, 'twill only depend upon you.

Cor. Nay then——O ho, ho, ho, how pure that is?

[*Exit* CORINNA.

FLIPPANTA *sola.*

Poor child! we may do what we will with her, as far as marrying her goes: when that's over, 'tis possible she mayn't prove altogether so tractable. But who's here? my sharper, I think: Yes.

Enter MONEY-TRAP.

Mon. Well, my best friend, how go matters? Has the restitution been receiv'd, ha? Was she pleas'd with it?

Flip. Yes, truly; that is, she was pleas'd to see there was so honest a man in this immoral age.

Mon. Well, but a——does she know that 'twas I that——

Flip. Why, you must know I begun to give her a little sort of a hint, and——and so——why, and so she begun to put on a sort of a severe, haughty, reserv'd, angry, forgiving air. But soft; here she comes: You'll see how you stand with her presently: But don't be afraid. Courage.

Mon. He, hem.

Enter CLARISSA.

'Tis no small piece of good fortune, Madam, to find you at home: I have often endeavour'd it in vain.

Clar. 'Twas then unknown to me, for if I cou'd often receive the visits of so good a friend at home, I

shou'd be more reasonably blam'd for being so much abroad.

Mon. Madam, you make me——

Clar. You are the man of the world whose company I think is most to be desir'd. I don't compliment you when I tell you so, I assure you.

Mon. Alas, Madam, your poor humble servant——

Clar. My poor humble servant however (with all the esteem I have for him) stands suspected with me for a vile trick, I doubt he has play'd me, which if I could prove upon him, I'm afraid I shou'd punish him very severely.

Mon. I hope, Madam, you'll believe I am not capable of——

Clar. Look you, look you, you are capable of whatever you please, you have a great deal of wit, and know how to give a nice and gallant turn to every thing; but if you will have me continue your friend, you must leave me in some uncertainty in this matter.

Mon. Madam, I do then protest to you——

Clar. Come protest nothing about it, I am but too penetrating, as you may perceive; but we sometimes shut our eyes, rather than break with our friends; for a thorough knowledge of the truth of this business, wou'd make me very seriously angry.

Mon. 'Tis very certain, Madam, that——

Clar. Come, say no more on't, I beseech you, for I'm in a good deal of heat while I but think on't; if you'll walk in, I'll follow you presently.

Mon. Your goodness, Madam, is——

Flip. War, horse. [*Aside to* MONEY-TRAP No fine speeches, you'll spoil all.

Mon. Thou art a most incomparable person.

Flip. Nay, it goes rarely ; but get you in, and I'll say a little something to my lady for you, while she's warm.

Mon. But S't, Flippanta, how long do'st think she may hold out ?

Flip. Phu, not a twelvemonth.

Mon. Boo.

Flip. Away, I say. [*Pushing him out.*

Clar. Is he gone ? What a wretch it is ! he never was quite such a beast before.

Flip. Poor mortal, his money's finely laid out truly.

Clar. I suppose there may have been much such another scene within between Araminta and my dear : But I left him so insupportably brisk, 'tis impossible he can have parted with any money : I'm afraid Brass has not succeeded as thou hast done, Flippanta.

Flip. By my faith but he has, and better too ; he presents his humble duty to Araminta, and has sent her——this. [*Shewing the note.*

Clar. A bill from my love for two hundred and fifty pounds. The monster ! he wou'd not part with ten to save his lawful wife from everlasting torment.

Flip. Never complain of his avarice, Madam, as long as you have his money.

Clar. But is not he a beast, Flippanta ? methinks the restitution look'd better by half.

Flip. Madam, the man's beast enough, that's certain ; but which way will you go to receive his beastly money, for I must not appear with his note ?

Clar. That's true ; why send for Mrs. Amlet ; that's a mighty useful woman, that Mrs. Amlet.

Flip. Marry is she ; we shou'd have been basely

puzzled how to dispose of the necklace without her, 'twou'd have been dangerous offering it to sale.

Clar. It wou'd so, for I know your master has been laying out for't among the goldsmiths. But I stay here too long, I must in and coquet it a little more to my lover, Araminta will get ground on me else.

[*Exit* CLARISSA.

Flip. And I'll go send for Mrs. Amlet. [*Exit* FLIP.

SCENE II. *opens.*[1]

ARAMINTA, CORINNA, GRIPE, *and* MONEY-TRAP *at a tea-table, very gay and laughing.* CLARISSA *comes in to 'em.*

Omnes. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Mon. Mighty well, O mighty well indeed!

Clar. Save you, save you good folks, you are all in rare humour methinks.

Gripe. Why, what shou'd we be otherwise for, Madam?

Clar. Nay, I don't know, not I, my dear; but I han't had the happiness of seeing you so since our honey-moon was over, I think.

Gripe. Why to tell you the truth, my dear, 'tis the joy of seeing you at home; [*Kisses her.*] You see what charms you have, when you are pleased to make use of 'em.

Aram. Very gallant truly.

Clar. Nay, and what's more, you must know, he's never to be otherwise henceforwards; we have come to an agreement about it.

[1] Hunt: Another room in the same.

Mon. Why, here's my love and I have been upon just such another treaty too.

Aram. Well, sure there's some very peaceful star rules at present. Pray heaven continue its reign.

Mon. Pray do you continue its reign, you ladies; for 'tis all in your power. [*Leaning at* CLARISSA.

Gripe. My neighbour Money-trap says true, at least I'll confess frankly [*Ogling* ARAMINTA] 'tis in one lady's power to make me the best-humour'd man on earth.

Mon. And I'll answer for another, that has the same over me. [*Ogling* CLARISSA.

Clar. 'Tis mighty fine, gentlemen, mighty civil husbands indeed.

Gripe. Nay, what I say's true, and so true, that all quarrels being now at an end, I am willing, if you please, to dispense with all that fine company we talk'd of to-day, be content with the friendly conversation of our two good neighbours here, and spend all my toying hours alone with my sweet wife.

Mon. Why, truly, I think now, if these good women pleas'd, we might make up the prettiest little neighbourly company between our two families, and set a defiance to all the impertinent people in the world. [*Aside.*

Clar. The rascals!

Aram. Indeed I doubt you'd soon grow weary, if we grew fond.

Gripe. Never, never, for our wives have wit, neighbour, and that never palls.

Clar. And our husbands have generosity, Araminta, and that seldom palls.

Gripe. So that's a wipe for me now, because I did not give her a new-year's gift last time; but be

good, and I'll think of some tea-cups for you, next year.

Mon. And perhaps I mayn't forget a fan, or as good a thing——hum, hussy.

Clar. Well, upon these encouragements, Araminta, we'll try how good we can be.

Gripe. Well, this goes most rarely: Poor Money-trap, he little thinks what makes his wife so easy in his company. [*Aside.*

Mon. I can but pity poor neighbour Gripe. Lard, Lard, what a fool does his wife and I make of him! [*Aside.*

Clar. Are not these two wretched rogues, Araminta? [*Aside to* ARAMINTA.

Aram. They are indeed. [*Aside to* CLARISSA.

Enter JESSAMIN.

Jess. Sir, here's Mr. Clip, the goldsmith, desires to speak with you.

Gripe. Cods so, perhaps some news of your necklace, my dear.

Clar. That would be news indeed.

Gripe. Let him come in.

Enter Mr. CLIP.

Gripe. Mr. Clip, your servant, I'm glad to see you: How do you do?

Clip. At your service, Sir, very well. Your servant, Madam Gripe.

Clar. Horrid fellow! [*Aside.*

Gripe. Well, Mr. Clip, no news yet of my wife's necklace?

Clip. If you please to let me speak with you in the next room, I have something to say to you.

Gripe. Ay, with all my heart. Shut the door after us. [*They come forward, and the scene shuts behind them.*] Well, any news?

Clip. Look you, Sir, here's a necklace brought me to sell, at least very like that you describ'd to me.

Gripe. Let's see't——Victoria! the very same. Ah, my dear Mr. Clip.——[*Kisses him.*] But who brought it you? you should have seiz'd him.

Clip. 'Twas a young fellow that I know: I can't tell whether he may be guilty, tho' it's like enough. But he has only left it me now, to shew a brother of our trade, and will call upon me again presently.

Gripe. Wheedle him hither, dear Mr. Clip. Here's my neighbour Money-trap in the house; he's a justice, and will commit him presently.

Clip. 'Tis enough.

Enter BRASS.

Gripe. O, my friend Brass!

Brass. Hold, sir, I think that's a gentleman I'm looking for. Mr. Clip, O your servant; what, are you acquainted here? I have just been at your shop.

Clip. I only stept here to shew Mr. Gripe the necklace you left.

Brass. Why, Sir, do you understand jewels? [*To* GRIPE.] I thought you only dealt in gold. But I smoak the matter, hark you——a word in your ear——you are going to play the gallant again, and make a purchase on't for Araminta; ha, ha?

Gripe. Where had you the necklace?

Brass. Look you, don't trouble your self about that; it's in commission with me, and I can help you to a pennyworth on't.

Gripe. A pennyworth on't, villain? [*Strikes at him.*

Brass. Villain! a hey, a hey. Is't you or me, Mr. Clip, he's pleas'd to compliment?

Clip. What do you think on't, Sir?

Brass. Think on't, now the devil fetch me if I know what to think on't.

Gripe. You'll sell a pennyworth, rogue! of a thing you have stoln from me.

Brass. Stoln! pray, Sir——what wine have you drank to-day? It has a very merry effect upon you.

Gripe. You villain; either give me an account how you stole it, or——

Brass. O ho, Sir, if you please, don't carry your jest too far, I don't understand hard words, I give you warning on't: If you han't a mind to buy the necklace, you may let it alone, I know how to dispose on't. What a pox!——

Gripe. O, you shan't have that trouble, Sir. Dear Mr. Clip, you may leave the necklace here. I'll call at your shop, and thank you for your care.

Clip. Sir, your humble servant. [*Going.*

Brass. O ho, Mr. Clip, if you please, Sir, this won't do. [*Stopping him.*] I don't understand raillery in such matters.

Clip. I leave it with Mr. Gripe, do you and he dispute it. [*Exit* CLIP.

Brass. Ay, but 'tis from you, by your leave, Sir, that I expect it. [*Going after him.*

Gripe. You expect, you rogue, to make your escape, do you? But I have other accounts besides this, to make up with you. To be sure the dog has cheated me of two hundred and fifty pound. Come, villain, give me an account of——

Brass. Account of!——Sir, give me an account of

my necklace, or I'll make such a noise in your house, I'll raise the devil in't.

Gripe. Well said, courage.

Brass. Blood and thunder, give it me, or——

Gripe. Come, hush, be wise, and I'll make no noise of this affair.

Brass. You'll make no noise! But I'll make a noise, and a damn'd noise too. O, don't think to——

Gripe. I tell thee I will not hang thee.

Brass. But I tell you I will hang you, if you don't give me my necklace, I will, rot me.

Gripe. Speak softly, be wise; how came it thine? who gave it thee?

Brass. A gentleman, a friend of mine.

Gripe. What's his name?

Brass. His name!——I'm in such a passion I have forgot it.

Gripe. Ah, brazen rogue——thou hast stole it from my wife: 'tis the same she lost six weeks ago.

Brass. This has not been in England a month.

Gripe. You are a son of a whore.

Brass. Give me my necklace.

Gripe. Give me my two hundred and fifty pound note.

Brass. Yet I offer peace: one word without passion. The case stands thus, either I'm out of my wits, or you are out of yours: Now 'tis plain I am not out of my wits, *Ergo*——

Gripe. My bill, hang-dog, or I'll strangle thee.

Brass. Murder, murder! [*They struggle.*

Enter CLARISSA, ARAMINTA, CORINNA, FLIPPANTA, *and* MONEY-TRAP.

Flip. What's the matter? What's the matter here?

Gripe. I'll matter him.

Clar. Who makes thee cry out thus, poor Brass?

Brass. Why, your husband, madam, he's in his altitudes[1] here.

Gripe. Robber.

Brass. Here, he has cheated me of a diamond necklace.

Cor. Who, Papa? Ah dear me!

Clar. Pr'ythee what's the meaning of this great emotion, my dear?

Gripe. The meaning is that——I'm quite out of breath——this son of a whore has got our necklace, that's all.

Clar. My necklace!

Gripe. That birdlime there—stole it.

Clar. Impossible!

Brass. Madam, you see master's a little——touch'd, that's all. Twenty ounces of blood let loose, wou'd set all right again.

Gripe. Here, call a constable presently. Neighbour Money-trap, you'll commit him.

Brass. D'ye hear? d'ye hear? See how wild he looks: how his eyes roll in his head: tye him down, or he'll do some mischief or other.

Gripe. Let me come at him.

Clar. Hold—pr'ythee, my dear, reduce things to a little temperance, and let us coolly into the secret of this disagreeable rupture.

Gripe. Well then, without passion: Why, you must know (but I'll have him hang'd), you must know that he came to Mr. Clip, to Mr. Clip the dog did——with a necklace to sell; so Mr. Clip having notice

[1] The plural of altitude was used in the sense of: "lofty mood, ways, airs, phrases."—N.E.D.

before that (can you deny this, sirrah ?) that you had lost yours, brings it to me. Look at it here, do you know it again ? Ah, you traitor. [*To* BRASS.

Brass. He makes me mad. Here's an appearance of something now to the company, and yet nothing in't in the bottom.

Enter Constable.

Clar. Flippanta ! [*Aside to* FLIPPANTA, *shewing the necklace.*

Flip. 'Tis it, 'faith ; here's some mystery in this, we must look about us.

Clar. The safest way is point blank to disown the necklace.

Flip. Right, stick to that.

Gripe. Well, madam, do you know your old acquaintance, ha ?

Clar. Why, truly, my dear, tho' (as you may all imagine) I shou'd be very glad to recover so valuable a thing as my necklace, yet I must be just to all the world, this necklace is not mine.

Brass. Huzza——here constable, do your duty ; Mr. Justice, I demand my necklace, and satisfaction of him.

Gripe. I'll die before I part with it, I'll keep it, and have him hang'd.

Clar. But be a little calm, my dear, do my bird, and then thou'lt be able to judge rightly of things.

Gripe. O good lack, O good lack.

Clar. No, but don't give way to fury and interest both, either of 'em are passions strong enough to lead a wise man out of the way. The necklace not being really mine, give it the man again, and come drink a dish of tea.

Brass. Ay, Madam says right.

Gripe. Oons, if you with your addle head don't know your own jewels, I with my solid one do. And if I part with it, may famine be my portion.

Clar. But don't swear and curse thy self at this fearful rate; don't my dove: Be temperate in your words, and just in all your actions, 'twill bring a blessing upon you and your family.

Gripe. Bring thunder and lightning upon me and my family, if I part with my necklace.

Clar. Why, you'll have the lightning burn your house about your ears, my dear, if you go on in these practices.

Mon. A most excellent woman this! [*Aside.*

Enter Mrs. AMLET.

Gripe. I'll keep my necklace.

Brass. Will you so? Then here comes one has a title to it, if I han't; let Dick bring himself off with her as he can. Mrs. Amlet, you are come in a very good time, you lost a necklace t'other day, and who do you think has got it?

Aml. Marry that I know not, I wish I did.

Brass. Why then here's Mr. Gripe has it, and swears 'tis his wife's.

Gripe. And so I do, sirrah——look here, Mistress, do you pretend this is yours?

Aml. Not for the round world I wou'd not say it; I only kept it to do Madam a small courtesy, that's all.

Clar. Ah, Flippanta, all will out now.

[*Aside to* FLIP.

Gripe. Courtesy! what courtesy?

Aml. A little money only that madam had present

need of, please to pay me that, and I demand no more.

Brass. So here's fresh game, I have started a new hare, I find. [*Aside.*

Gripe. How forsooth, is this true? [*To* CLARISSA.

Clar. You are in a humour at present, love, to believe any thing, so I won't take the pains to contradict it.

Brass. This damn'd necklace will spoil all our affairs, this is Dick's luck again.

[*Aside.*

Gripe. Are you not asham'd of these ways? Do you see how you are expos'd before your best friends here? don't you blush at it?

Clar. I do blush, my dear, but 'tis for you, that here it shou'd appear to the world, you keep me so bare of money, I'm forc'd to pawn my jewels.

Gripe. Impudent housewife!

[*Raising his hand to strike her.*

Clar. Softly, chicken: you might have prevented all this by giving me the two hundred and fifty pounds, you sent to Araminta e'en now.

Brass. You see, Sir, I deliver'd your note: How I have been abus'd to-day!

Gripe. I'm betray'd——jades on both sides, I see that. [*Aside.*

Mon. But Madam, Madam, is this true I hear? Have you taken a present of two hundred and fifty pound? Pray what were you to return for these pounds, Madam, ha?

Aram. Nothing, my dear, I only took 'em to reimburse you of about the same sum you sent to Clarissa.

Mon. Hum, hum, hum.

Gripe. How gentlewoman, did you receive money from him?

Clar. O, my dear, 'twas only in jest, I knew you'd give it again to his wife.

Aml. But amongst all this tintamar,[1] I don't hear a word of my hundred pounds. Is it Madam will pay me, or Master?

Gripe. I pay? the Devil shall pay.

Clar. Look you, my dear, malice apart, pay Mrs. Amlet her money, and I'll forgive you the wrong you intended my bed with Araminta: Am not I a good wife now?

Gripe. I burst with rage, and will get rid of this noose, tho' I tuck my self up in another.

Mon. Nay, pray, e'en tuck me up with you.

[*Exit* MON. *and* GRIPE.

Clar. & Aram. B'y, dearies.

Enter DICK.

Cor. Look, look, Flippanta, here's the colonel come at last.

Dick. Ladies, I ask your pardon, I have stay'd so long, but——

Aml. Ah rogue's face, have I got thee, old Good-for-nought? Sirrah, sirrah, do you think to amuse me with your marriages, and your great fortunes? Thou hast play'd me a rare prank, by my conscience. Why you ungracious rascal, what do you think will be the end of all this? Now Heaven forgive me, but I have a great mind to hang thee for't.

Cor. She talks to him very familiarly, Flippanta.

Flip. So methinks, by my faith.

[1] Confused noise, hubbub.

Brass. Now the rogue's star is making an end of him. [*Aside.*

Dick. What shall I do with her? [*Aside.*

Aml. Do but look at him, my dames, he has the countenance of a cherubim, but he's a rogue in his heart.

Clar. What is the meaning of all this, Mrs. Amlet?

Aml. The meaning, good lack! Why this all-to-bepowder'd[1] rascal here, is my son, an't please you; ha, graceless? Now I'll make you own your mother, vermine.

Clar. What, the colonel your son?

Aml. 'Tis Dick, Madam, that rogue Dick, I have so often told you of, with tears trickling down my old cheeks.

Aram. The woman's mad, it can never be.

Aml. Speak, rogue, am I not thy mother, ha? Did I not bring thee forth? say then.

Dick. What will you have me say? you had a mind to ruin me, and you have don't; wou'd you do any more?

Clar. Then, Sir, you are son to good Mrs. Amlet?

Aram. And have had the assurance to put upon us all this while?

Flip. And the confidence to think of marrying Corinna.

Brass. And the impudence to hire me for your servant, who am as well born as your self.

Clar. Indeed I think he shou'd be corrected.

Aram. Indeed I think he deserves to be cudgell'd.

Flip. Indeed I think he might be pumpt.

[1] Powdered all over. The form is explained in Murray, *sub* all, 14, 15.

Brass. Indeed I think he will be hang'd.

Aml. Good lack-a-day, good lack-a-day! there's no need to be so smart upon him neither: If he is not a gentleman, he's a gentleman's fellow. Come hither, Dick, they shan't run thee down neither: Cock up thy hat, Dick, and tell them tho' Mrs. Amlet is thy mother, she can make thee amends, with ten thousand good pounds to buy thee some lands, and build thee a house in the midst on't.

Omnes. How!

Clar. Ten thousand pounds, Mrs. Amlet?

Aml. Yes forsooth; tho' I shou'd lose the hundred, you pawn'd your necklace for. Tell 'em of that, Dick.

Cor. Look you, Flippanta, I can hold no longer, and I hate to see the young man abus'd. And so, Sir, if you please, I'm your friend and servant, and what's mine is yours; and when our estates are put together, I don't doubt but we shall do as well as the best of 'em.

Dick. Say'st thou so, my little queen? Why then if dear mother will give us her blessing, the parson shall give us a tack. We'll get her a score of grandchildren, and a merry house we'll make her.

[*They kneel to* Mrs. AMLET.

Aml. Ah——ha, ha, ha, ha, the pretty pair, the pretty pair! rise my chickens, rise, rise and face the proudest of them. And if Madam does not deign to give her consent, a fig for her, Dick——Why how now?

Clar. Pray, Mrs. Amlet, don't be in a passion, the girl is my husband's girl, and if you can have his consent, upon my word you shall have mine, for any thing belongs to him.

Flip. Then all's peace again, but we have been more lucky than wise.

Aram. And I suppose, for us, Clarissa, we are to go on with our dears, as we us'd to do.

Clar. Just in the same track, for this late treaty of agreement with 'em, was so unnatural, you see it cou'd not hold. But 'tis just as well with us, as if it had. Well, 'tis a strange fate, good folks. But while you live, every thing gets well out of a broil, but a husband.

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MRS BARRY.

I'VE heard wise men in politicks lay down
What feats by little England might be done,
Were all agreed, and all would act as one.
Ye wives a useful hint from this might take,
The heavy, old, despotick kingdom shake,
And make your matrimonial *Monsieurs* quake.
Our heads are feeble, and we're cramp'd by laws;
Our hands are weak, and not too strong our cause:
Yet would those heads and hands, such as they are,
In firm confed'racy resolve on war,
You'd find your tyrants——what I've found my dear.
What only two united can produce
You've seen to-night, a sample for your use:
Single, we found we nothing could obtain;
We join our force—and we subdu'd our men.

Believe me (my dear sex) they are not brave ;
Try each your man, you'll quickly find your slave.
I know they'll make campaigns, risk blood and life ;
But this is a more terrifying strife ;
They'll stand a shot, who'll tremble at a wife.
Beat then your drums, and your shrill trumpets sound,
Let all your visits of your feats resound,
And deeds of war in cups of tea go round :
The stars are with you, fate is in your hand,
In twelve months time you've vanquish'd half the land ;
Be wise, and keep 'em under good command.
This year will to your glory long be known,
And deathless ballads hand your triumphs down ;
Your late atchievements ever will remain,
For tho' you cannot boast of many slain,
Your pris'n

A JOURNEY TO LONDON.

BEING PART OF A COMEDY WRITTEN BY THE LATE SIR JOHN VANBRUGH, KNT.

And Printed after his own copy :
Which (since his Decease) has been made an Intire Play, by Mr. Cibber,
And call'd, *The Provok'd Husband*, &c.

THE following play was left by Sir John Vanbrugh in a fragmentary condition, which is the more to be pitied as it promised to be one of his best comedies, if not his best. This was felt by C. Cibber, who undertook to complete and recast the fragment. The result was a comedy which—though most certainly not to be compared with Vanbrugh's work—hit the fancy of Cibber's contemporaries, and long remained a great favourite with the play-going public. It was generally known under the new title of *The Provok'd Husband*, and was published January 31, 1728, after being produced on the 10th of that month. The fragment—which was published on the same day—is followed by Cibber's play in the editions of 1735 and 1776.

The following lines, quoted from Cibber's Advertisement "to the Reader," are interesting, as they show the spirit in which he completed Vanbrugh's work.

"Having taken upon me, in the Prologue to this play, to give the auditors some short account of that part of it which Sir John Vanbrugh left unfinish'd, and not thinking it adviseable, in that place, to limit their judgment by so high a commendation, as I thought it deserv'd; I have therefore, for the satisfaction of the curious, printed the whole of what he wrote, separately, under the single title

he gave it, of *A Journey to London*, without presuming to alter a line.

"Yet when I own, that in my last conversation with him, (which chiefly turn'd upon what he had done towards a comedy) he excus'd his not shewing it me, till he had review'd it, confessing the scenes were yet undigested,[1] too long, and irregular, particularly in the lower characters, I have but one excuse for publishing, what he never design'd should come into the world, as it then was, viz. I had no other way of taking those many faults to my self, which may be justly found in my presuming to finish it.

"However, a judicious reader will find in his original papers, that the characters are strongly drawn, new, spirited, and natural, taken from sensible observations on high and lower life, and from a just indignation at the follies in fashion. All I could gather from him of what he intended in *The Catastrophe*, was, that the conduct of his imaginary fine lady had so provok'd him, that he design'd actually to have made her husband turn her out of doors. But when his performance came, after his decease, to my hands, I thought such violent measures, however just they might be in real life, were too severe for comedy, and would want the proper surprize, which is due to the end of a play. Therefore with much ado (and 'twas as much as I cou'd do, with probability) I preserv'd the lady's chastity, that the sense of her errors might make a reconciliation not impracticable; And I hope the mitigation of her sentence has been, since, justified, by its success.

"My inclination to preserve as much as possible of Sir John, I soon saw had drawn the whole into an unusual length; the reader will therefore find here a scene or two of the lower humour, that were left out after the first day's presentation.

"The favour of the town has shewn to the higher characters in this play, is a proof, that their taste is not wholly vitiated, by the barbarous entertainments that have been

[1] There is no plot in it, and it properly consists of a series of dramatic sketches, loosely knit together.—ED.

so expensively set off to corrupt it: But, while the repetition of the best old plays is apt to give satiety, and good new ones are so scarce a commodity, we must not wonder, that the poor actors are sometimes forced to trade in trash for a livelihood. (Dated: Theatre-Royal, Jan. 27, 172$\frac{7}{8}$)."

I may here remark that Cibber took the part of Sir Francis Wronghead (=Headpiece), and Mrs. Oldfield that of Lady Wronghead.

The text here given is that of 1734. As in the other plays, obvious mistakes have been corrected.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Sir FRANCIS HEADPIECE, a Country Gentleman.
Lord LOVERULE.
Sir CHARLES.
Uncle RICHARD, Uncle to Sir Francis.
Squire HUMPHRY, Son to Sir Francis.
Colonel COURTLY.
JOHN MOODY, Servant to Sir Francis.
JAMES, Servant to Uncle Richard.

WOMEN.

Lady HEADPIECE.
Miss BETTY, her Daughter.
Lady ARABELLA, Wife to Lord Loverule.
CLARINDA, a young unmarried Lady.
Mrs. MOTHERLY, one that lets Lodgings.
MARTILLA, her Niece.

A JOURNEY TO LONDON.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.—Uncle RICHARD'S *House.*

Uncle RICHARD *solus.*

WHAT prudent cares does this deep foreseeing nation take, for the support of its worshipful families! In order to which, and that they may not fail to be always significant and useful in their country, it is a settled foundation-point that every child that is born, shall be a beggar——except one; and that he——shall be a fool.

My grandfather was bred a fool, as the country report; my father was a fool——as my mother us'd to say; my brother was a fool, to my own knowledge, tho' a great justice of the peace; and he has left a son, that will make his son a fool, or I am mistaken. The lad is now fourteen years old, and but just out of his Psalter. As to his

honour'd father, my much esteemed nephew, here I have him. [*Shewing a letter.*] In this profound epistle (which I have just now receiv'd) there is the top and bottom of him. Forty years and two is the age of him; in which it is computed by his butler, his own person has drank two and thirty ton of ale. The rest of his time has been employ'd in persecuting all the poor four-legg'd creatures round, that wou'd but run away fast enough from him, to give him the high-mettled pleasure, of running after them. In this noble employ, he has broke his right arm, his left leg, and both his collar-bones—— Once he broke his neck, but that did him no harm; a nimble hedge-leaper, a brother of the stirrup that was by, whipt off his horse and mended it. His estate being left him with two jointures, and three weighty mortgages upon it: he, to make all easy, and pay his brother's and sister's portions, marry'd a profuse young housewife for love, with never a penny of money. Having done all this, like his brave ancestors, for the support of the family, he now finds children and interest-money make such a bawling about his ears, that he has taken the friendly advice of his neighbour the good Lord Courtlove, to run his estate two thousand pounds more in debt, that he may retrieve his affairs by being a parliament-man, and bringing his wife to London to play off a hundred pounds at dice with ladies of quality, before breakfast.

But let me read this wiseacre's letter, once over again.

MOST HONOURED UNCLE,—I do not doubt but you have much rejoiced at my success, in my election; it has cost me some money I own: but what of all that! I am a parliament-man, and that will

set all to rights. I have lived in the country all my days, 'tis true; but what then! I have made speeches at the sessions, and in the vestry too, and can elsewhere perhaps, as well as some others that do; and I have a noble friend hard by, who has let me into some small knowledge of what's what at Westminster. And so, that I may be always at hand to serve my country, I have consulted with my wife, about taking a house at London, and bringing her and my family up to town; which, her opinion is, will be the rightest thing in the world.

My wife's opinion about bringing her to London! I'll read no more of thee——Beast.

[*Strikes the letter down with his stick.*

Enter JAMES *hastily.*

James. Sir, Sir, do you hear the news? they are all a coming.

Unc. Rich. Ay sirrah, I hear it, with a pox to it.

James. Sir, here's John Moody arriv'd already; he's stumping about the streets in his dirty boots, and asking every man he meets, if they can tell where he may have a good lodging for a parliament-man, 'till he can hire such a house as becomes him; he tells them his lady and all the family are coming too, and that they are so nobly attended, they care not a fig for any body. Sir, they have added two cart-horses to the four old geldings, because my lady will have it said, she came to town in her coach and six, and (ha, ha,) heavy George the plowman rides postilion.

Unc. Rich. Very well; the journey begins as it shou'd do——James.

James. Sir.

Unc. Rich. Dost know whether they bring all the children with them?

James. Only Squire Humphry, and Miss Betty, Sir; the other six are put to board at half a crown a week a head, with Joan Growse at Smoke-dunghil-farm.

Unc. Rich. The Lord have mercy upon all good folks! what work will these people make! Dost know when they'll be here?

James. John says, Sir, they'd have been here last night, but that the old wheezy-belly horse tir'd, and the two fore-wheels came crash down at once in Waggonrut-lane. Sir, they were cruelly loaden, as I understand; my lady herself, he says, laid on four mail-trunks, besides the great deal-box, which fat Tom sat upon behind.

Unc. Rich. Soh!

James. Then within the coach there was Sir Francis, my Lady, the great fat lap-dog, Squire Humphry, Miss Betty, my Lady's maid Mrs. Handy, and Doll Tripe the cook; but she puked with sitting backward, so they mounted her into the coach-box.

Unc. Rich. Very well.

James. Then Sir, for fear of a famine, before they shou'd get to the baiting-place, there was such baskets of plumbcake, Dutch-gingerbread, Cheshire-cheese, Naples biscuits, Maccaroons, neats-tongues, and cold boil'd beef—and in case of sickness, such bottles of usquebaugh, black-cherry brandy,[1] cinamon-water, sack, tent,[2] and strong beer, as made the old coach crack again.

[1] Black cherry = wild cherry, *Prunus avium.*

[2] A kind of deep red, Spanish wine. The name is a corruption of Spanish *tinto*, Latin *tinctus.* Tintilla de Rota and Rota Tinto are names still in use.

Unc. Rich. Well said!

James. And for defence of this good cheer, and my Lady's little pearl necklace, there was the family basket-hilt sword, the great Turkish cimiter, the old blunderbuss, a good bag of bullets, and a great horn of gunpowder.

Unc. Rich. Admirable!

James. Then for band-boxes, they were so bepiled up to Sir Francis's nose, that he cou'd only peep out at a chance hole with one eye, as if he were viewing the country thro' a perspective-glass. But Sir, if you please, I'll go look after John Moody a little, for fear of accidents; for he never was in London before, you know, but one week, and then he was kidnapp'd into a house of ill repute, where he exchang'd all his money and clothes for a——um. So I'll go look after him, Sir. [*Exit.*

Unc. Rich. Nay, I don't doubt but this wise expedition will be attended with more adventures than one.——This noble head, and supporter of his family, will, as an honest country gentleman, get credit enough amongst the tradesmen, to run so far in debt in one session as will make him just fit for a goal, when he's dropt at the next election. He will make speeches in the house, to shew the government of what importance he can be to them, by which they will see, he can be of no importance at all; and he will find in time, that he stands valued at (if he votes right) being sometimes——invited to dinner. Then his wife (who has ten times more of a jade about her than she yet knows of) will so improve in this rich soil, she will, in one month, learn every vice the finest lady in the town can teach her. She will be extremely courteous to the fops

who make love to her in jest, and she will be extremely grateful to those who do it in earnest. She will visit all ladies that will let her into their houses, and she will run in debt to all the shopkeepers that will let her into their books. In short, before her husband has got five pound by a speech at Westminster, she will have lost five hundred at cards and dice in the parish of St. James's. Wife and family to London with a pox! [*Going off.*

Enter JAMES, *and* JOHN MOODY.

James. Dear John Moody, I am so glad to see you in London once more.

John Moody. And I you, dear Mr. James: Give me a kiss——Why that's friendly.

James. I wish they had been so, John, that you met with when you were here before.

John Moody. Ah——Murrain upon all rogues and whores, I say; but I am grown so cunning now, the de'el himself can't handle me. I have made a notable bargain for these lodgings here, we are to pay but five pounds a week, and have all the house to our selves.

James. Where are the people that belong to it to be then?

John Moody. O! there's only the gentlewoman, her two maids, and a cousin, a very pretty civil young woman truly, and the maids are the merriest griggs——

James. Have a care, John.

John Moody. O, fear nothing, we did so play together last night.

James. Hush, here comes my master.

Enter Uncle RICHARD.

Unc. Rich. What! John has taken these lodgings, has he?

James. Yes Sir, he has taken 'em.

Unc. Rich. Oh John! how dost do, honest John? I am glad to see thee with all my heart.

John Moody. I humbly thank your worship. I'm staut still, and a faithful awd servant to th' family. Heav'n prosper aw that belong to't.

Unc. Rich What, they are all upon the road?

John Moody. As mony as the awd coach wou'd hauld, Sir: The Lord send 'em well to tawn.

Unc. Rich. And well out on't again, John, ha!

John Moody. Ah Sir! you are a wise man, so am I: Home's home, I say. I wish we get any good here. I's sure we ha' got little upo' the road. Some mischief or other, aw the day long. Slap goes one thing, crack goes another; my Lady cries out for driving fast: the awd cattle are for going slow; Roger whips, they stand still and kick; nothing but a sort of a contradiction aw the journey long. My Lady wou'd gladly have been here last night, Sir, tho' there were no lodgings got; but her Ladyship said, she did naw care for that, she'd lie in the inn where the horses stood, as long as it was in London.

Unc. Rich. These ladies, these ladies, John——

John Moody. Ah Sir, I have seen a little of 'em, tho' not so much as my betters. Your worship is naw marry'd yet?

Unc. Rich. No, John, no; I am an old batchelor still.

John Moody. Heav'ns bless you, and preserve you, Sir.

Unc. Rich. I think you have lost your good-woman, John!

John Moody. No, sir, that I have not; Bridget sticks to me still. Sir, she was for coming to London too, but, no, says I, there may be mischief enough done without you.

Unc. Rich. Why that was bravely spoken, John, and like a man.

John Moody. Sir, were my measter but hafe the mon that I am, Gadswookers——tho' he'll speak stautly too sometimes, but then he canno hawd it; no, he canno hawd it.

Enter Maid.

Maid. Mr. Moody, Mr. Moody, here's the coach come.

John Moody. Already? no, sure.

Maid. Yes, yes, it's at the door, they are getting out; my mistress is run to receive 'em.

John Moody. And so will I, as in duty bound.

[*Exeunt* JOHN *and* Maid.

Unc. Rich. And I will stay here, not being in duty bound, to do the honours of this house.

Enter Sir FRANCIS, Lady, 'Squire HUMPHRY, Mrs. BETTY, Mrs. HANDY, DOLL TRIPE, John MOODY, *and* Mrs. MOTHERLY.

Lady Head. Do you hear, Moody, let all the things be first laid down here, and then carry'd where they'll be us'd.

John Moody. They shall, an't please your ladyship.

Lady Head. What, my Uncle Richard here to receive us! this is kind indeed: Sir, I am extremely glad to see you.

Unc. Rich. Niece, your servant. [*Salutes her.*] I am extremely sorry to see you, in the worst place I know

in the world for a good woman to grow better in.—Nephew, I am your servant too; but I don't know how to bid you welcome.

Sir Fran. I am sorry for that, Sir.

Unc. Rich. Nay, 'tis for your own sake: I'm not concern'd.

Sir Fran. I hope, uncle, I shall give you such weighty reasons for what I have done, as shall convince you I am a prudent man.

Unc. Rich. That wilt thou never convince me of, whilst thou shalt live. [*Aside.*

Sir Fran. Here Humphry, come up to your uncle ——Sir, this is your godson.

Squire Humph. Honour'd uncle and godfather, I crave leave to ask your blessing. [*Kneels.*

Unc. Rich. Thou art a numscul I see already. [*Aside.*] There, thou hast it. [*Puts his hand on his head.*] And if it will do thee any good, may it be, to make thee, at least, as wise a man as thy father.

Lady Head. Miss Betty, don't you see your uncle?

Unc. Rich. And for thee, my dear, may'st thou be, at least, as good a woman as thy mother.

Miss Betty. I wish I may ever be so handsome, Sir.

Unc. Rich. Ha! Miss Pert! now that's a thought that seems to have been hatcht in the girl on this side Highgate. [*Aside.*

Sir Fran. Her tongue is a little nimble, Sir.

Lady Head. That's only from her country education, Sir Francis, she has been kept there too long; I therefore brought her to London, Sir, to learn more reserve and modesty.

Unc. Rich. O! the best place in the world for it. Every woman she meets, will teach her something of it. There's the good gentlewoman of the house,

looks like a knowing person, ev'n she perhaps will be so good to read her a lesson, now and then, upon that subject. An errant bawd, or I have no skill in physiognomy. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Moth. Alas, Sir, Miss won't stand long in need of my poor instructions; if she does, they'll be always at her service.

Lady Head. Very obliging indeed, Mrs. Motherly.

Sir Fran. Very kind and civil truly; I believe we are got into a mighty good house here.

Unc. Rich. For good business very probable. [*Aside.*] Well niece, your servant for to-night; you have a great deal of affairs upon your hands here, so I won't hinder you.

Lady Head. I believe, Sir, I shan't have much less every day, while I stay in this town, of one sort or other.

Unc. Rich. Why, 'tis a town of much action indeed.

Miss Betty. And my mother did not come to it to be idle, Sir.

Unc. Rich. Nor you neither, I dare say, young mistress.

Miss Betty. I hope not, Sir.

Unc. Rich. Um! Miss Mettle.

[*Going,* Sir FRANCIS *following him.*

Where are you going, nephew?

Sir Fran. Only to attend you to the door, Sir.

Unc. Rich. Phu! no ceremony with me; you'll find I shall use none with you, or your family. [*Exit.*

Sir Fran. I must do as you command me, Sir.

Miss Betty. This Uncle Richard, papa, seems but a crusty sort of an old fellow.

Sir Fran. He is a little odd, child, but you must be very civil to him, for he has a great deal of money, and no body knows who he may give it to.

Lady Head. Phu, a fig for his money; you have so many projects of late about money, since you are a parliament-man, we must make our selves slaves to his testy humours, seven years perhaps, in hopes to be his heirs; and then he'll be just old enough to marry his maid. But pray let us take care of our things here: are they all brought in yet?

Mrs. Han. Almost, my lady, there are only some of the band-boxes behind, and a few odd things.

Lady Head. Let 'em be fetcht in presently.

Mrs. Han. They are here; come, bring the things in: is there all yet?

Serv. All but the great basket of apples, and the goose pye.

Enter Cook-maid.

Cook. Ah my Lady! we're aw undone, the goose pye's gwon.

All. Gone?

Sir Fran. The goose pye gone? how?

Cook. Why Sir, I had got it fast under my arm to bring it in, but being almost dark, up comes two of these thin starv'd London rogues, one gives me a great kick o' the——here; [*Laying her hand upon her backside.*] while t'other hungry varlet twitcht the dear pye out of my hands, and away they run down street like two grey-hounds. I cry'd out fire! But heavy George, and fat Tom are after 'em with a vengeance; they'll sauce their jackets for 'em, I'll warrant 'em.

Enter George *with a bloody face, and* Tom.

So, have you catcht 'em?

Geo. Catcht 'em! the gallows catch 'em for me. I had naw run hafe the length of our bearn, before somewhat fetcht me such a wherry across the shins,

that dawn came I flop o' my feace all along in the channel, and thought I should ne'er ha' gotten up again ; but Tom has skaward after them, and cry'd murder as he'd been stuck.

Tom. Yes, and straight upo' that, swap comes somewhat across my fore-head, with such a force, that dawn came I, like an ox.

Squire Humph. So, the poor pye's quite gone then.

Tom. Gone, young measter ? yeaten I believe by this time. These, I suppose, are what they call sharpers in this country.

Squire Humph. It was a rare good pye.

Cook. As e'er these hands put pepper to.

Lady Head. Pray Mrs. Motherly, do they make a practice of these things often here ?

Mrs. Moth. Madam, they'll twitch a rump of beef out of a boiling copper ; and for a silver tankard, they make no more conscience of that, than if it were a Tunbridge sugar-box.

Sir Fran. I wish the coach and horses, George, were safe got to the inn. Do you and Roger take special care that no body runs away with them, as you go thither.

Geo. I believe Sir, aur cattle woant yeasily be run away with to-night ; but weest take best care we con of them, poor sauls ! [*Exit.*

Sir Fran. Do so, pray now.

Squire Humph. Feather, I had rather they had run away with heavy George than the goose pye ; a slice of it before supper to-night would have been pure.

Lady Head. This boy is always thinking of his belly.

Sir Fran. But, my dear, you may allow him to be a little hungry after a journey.

Lady Head. Pray, good Sir Francis, he has been constantly eating in the coach, and out of the coach, above seven hours this day. I wish my poor girl could eat a quarter as much.

Miss Betty. Mama, I could eat a good deal more than I do, but then I should grow fat mayhap, like him, and spoil my shape.

Lady Head. Mrs. Motherly, will you be so kind to tell them where they shall carry the things.

Mrs. Moth. Madam, I'll do the best I can: I doubt our closets will scarce hold 'em all, but we have garrets and cellars, which, with the help of hiring a store-room, I hope may do. Sir, will you be so good to help my maids a little in carrying away the things?

[*To* TOM.

Tom. With all my heart, forsooth, if I con but see my way; but these whoresons have awmost knockt my eyen awt. [*They carry off the things.*

Mrs. Moth. Will your ladyship please to refresh your self with a dish of tea, after your fatigue? I think I have pretty good.

Lady Head. If you please, Mrs. Motherly.

Squire Humph. Would not a good tankard of strong beer, nutmeg, and sugar, do better, feather, with a toast and some cheese?

Sir Fran. I think it wou'd, son: here John Moody, get us a tankard of good hearty stuff presently.

John Moody. Sir, here's a Norfolk-Nog[1] to be had at next door.

[1] *Nog* is a sort of strong, heady ale, supposed by Forby (who wrote in Norfolk) to be peculiar to Norwich. The expression may perhaps be still in use in Norfolk, but I have never heard it there, nor in the adjoining county of Suffolk.—W. H. I. in *N. and Q.*, 3rd ser. x. 238. Egg-nogg is an American drink.

Squire Humph. That's best of all, feather; but make haste with it, John. [*Exit* MOODY.

Lady Head. Well, I wonder, Sir Francis, you will encourage that lad to swill his guts thus with such beastly, lubberly liquor; if it were Burgundy, or Champain, something might be said for't; they'd, perhaps, give him some wit and spirit; but such heavy, muddy stuff as this will make him quite stupid.

Sir Fran. Why you know, my dear! I have drank good ale, and strong beer these thirty years, and by your permission I don't know, that I want wit.

Miss Betty. But you might have had more, papa, if you'd have been govern'd by my mother.

Enter JOHN MOODY *with a tankard, etc.*

Sir Fran. Daughter, he that is govern'd by his wife, has no wit at all.

Miss Betty. Then I hope I shall marry a fool, father, for I shall love to govern dearly.

Sir Fran. Here Humphry, here's to thee. [*Drinks.* You are too pert, child, it don't do well in a young woman.

Lady Head. Pray Sir Francis, don't snub her, she has a fine growing spirit, and if you check her so, you'll make her as dull as her brother there.

Squire Humph. Indeed mother, I think my sister is too forward.

[*After drinking a long draught.*

Miss Betty. You? you think I'm too forward? what have you to do to think, brother Heavy? you are too fat to think of any thing but your belly.

Lady Head. Well said, Miss; he's none of your master, tho' he's your elder brother.

Enter GEORGE.

Geo. Sir, I have no good opinion of this tawne, it's made up of mischief, I think.

Sir Fran. Why, what's the matter now ?

Geo. I'se tell your worship ; before we were gotten to the street end, a great luggerheaded cart, with wheels as thick as a good brick wall, layd hawld of the coach, and has pood it all to bits : An this be London, wa'd we were all weel i' th' country again.

Miss Betty. What have you to do, Sir, to wish us all in the country again lubber ? I hope we shan't go into the country again these seven years, Mama, let twenty coaches be pull'd to pieces.

Sir Fran. Hold your tongue, Betty. Was Roger in no fault in this ?

Geo. No, Sir, nor I neither. Are not you asham'd, says Roger to the carter, to do such an unkind thing to strangers ? No, says he, you bumpkin. Sir, he did the thing on very purpose, and so the folks said that stood by ; but they said your worship need na be concern'd, for you might have a law-suit with him when you pleas'd, that wou'd not cost you above a hundred pounds, and mayhap you might get the better of him.

Sir Fran. I'll try what I can do with him, I'gad. I'll make such——

Squire Humph. Feather, have him before the parliament.

Sir Fran. And so I will : I'll make him know who I am. Where does he live ?

Geo. I believe in London, Sir.

Sir Fran. What's the villain's name ?

Geo. I think I heard somebody call him Dick.

Sir Fran. Where did he go ?

Geo. Sir, he went home.

Sir Fran. Where's that?

Geo. By my troth I do naw knaw. I heard him say he had nothing more to do with us to-night, and so he'd go home and smoake a pipe.

Lady Head. Come, Sir Francis, don't put yourself in a heat; accidents will happen to people in travelling abroad to see the world. Eat your supper heartily, go to bed, sleep quietly, and to-morrow see if you can buy a handsome second-hand coach for present use, bespeak a new one, and then all's easy. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Colonel COURTLY.

Col. Who's that, Deborah?

Deb. At your service, Sir.

Col. What, do you keep open house here? I found the street door as wide as it cou'd gape.

Deb. Sir, we are all in a bustle, we have lodgers come to-night, the house full.

Col. Where's your mistress?

Deb. Prodigious busy with her company, but I'll tell Mrs. Martilla you are here, I believe she'll come to you. [*Exit.*

Col. That will do as well. Poor Martilla! she's a very good girl, and I have lov'd her a great while, I think; six months it is, since like a merciless highwayman, I made her deliver all she had about her; she begg'd hard, poor thing, I'd leave her one small bauble. Had I let her keep it, I believe she had still kept me. Cou'd women but refuse their ravenous lovers that one dear destructive moment, how long might they reign over them! But for a bane to both their joys and ours, when they have indulg'd us with such favours, as make us adore them, they are

not able to refuse us that one, which puts an end to our devotion.

Enter MARTILLA.

Col. Martilla, how dost thou do, my child?

Mart. As well as a losing gamester can.

Col. Why, what have you lost?

Mart. I have lost you.

Col. How came you to lose me?

Mart. By losing my self.

Col. We can be friends still.

Mart. Dull ones.

Col. Useful ones perhaps. Shall I help thee to a good husband?

Mart. Not if I were rich enough to live without one.

Col. I'm sorry I am not rich enough to make thee so; but we won't talk of melancholy things. Who are these folks your aunt has got in her house?

Mart. One Sir Francis Headpiece and his Lady, with a son and daughter.

Col. Headpiece! Cotso, I know 'em a little. I met with 'em at a race in the country two years since; a sort of blockhead, is not he?

Mart. So they say.

Col. His wife seem'd a mettled gentlewoman, if she had had but a fair field to range in.

Mart. That she won't want now, for they stay in town the whole winter.

Col. Oh that will do, to shew all her parts in.

Enter Mrs. MOTHERLY.

How do you do, my old acquaintance?

Mrs. Moth. At your service you know, always, colonel.

Col. I hear you have got good company in the house.

Mrs. Moth. I hope it will prove so; he's a parliament-man only, colonel, you know there's some danger in that.

Col. O, never fear, he'll pay his landlady, tho' he don't pay his butcher.

Mrs. Moth. His wife's a clever woman.

Col. So she is.

Mrs. Moth. How do you know?

Col. I have seen her in the country, and I begin to think I'll visit her in town.

Mrs. Moth. You begin to look like a rogue.

Col. What, your wicked fancies are stirring already?

Mrs. Moth. Yours are, or I'm mistaken. But—I'll have none of your pranks play'd upon her.

Col. Why she's no girl, she can defend her self.

Mrs. Moth. But what if she won't?

Col. Why then she can blame neither you nor me.

Mrs. Moth. You'll never be quiet 'till you get my windows broke; but I must go and attend my lodgers, so good night.

Col. Do so, and give my service to my lady, and tell her, if she'll give me leave, I'll do my self the honour to-morrow to come and tender my services to her, as long as she stays in town.—If it ben't too long. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Moth. I'll tell her what a devil you are, and advise her to have a care of you. [*Exit.*

Col. Do, that will make her every time she sees me think of what I'd be at. Dear Martilla, good night; I know you won't be my hindrance; I'll do

you as good a turn some time or other. Well, I am so glad, you don't love me too much.

Mart. When that's our fate, as too, too oft we prove,
How bitterly we pay the past delights of love.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.—Lord LOVERULE'S *House.*

Enter Lord LOVERULE, *and* Lady ARABELLA. *He following her.*

ADY ARA. Well, look you, my Lord, I can bear it no longer; nothing still but about my faults, my faults! an agreeable subject truly!

Lord Love. But Madam, if you won't hear of your faults, how is it likely you shou'd ever mend 'em?

Lady Ara. Why I don't intend to mend 'em. I can't mend 'em, I have told you so a hundred times; you know I have try'd to do it, over and over, and it hurts me so, I can't bear it. Why, don't you know, my Lord, that whenever (just to please you only) I have gone about to wean my self from a fault (one of my faults I mean that I love dearly) han't it put me so out of humour, you cou'd scarce endure the house with me?

Lord Love. Look you, my dear, it is very true, that in weaning one's self from——

Lady Ara. Weaning? why ay, don't you see, that ev'n in weaning poor children from the nurse, it's almost the death of 'em? and don't you see your true religious people, when they go about to wean themselves, and have solemn days of fasting and praying, on purpose to help them, does it not so disorder them, there's no coming near 'em; are they not as cross as the devil? and then they don't do the business neither; for next day their faults are just where they were the day before.

Lady Love. But Madam, can you think it a reasonable thing, to be abroad 'till two a clock in the morning, when you know I go to bed at eleven?

Lady Ara. And can you think it a wise thing (to talk your own way now) to go to bed at eleven, when you know I am likely to disturb you by coming there at three?

Lord Love. Well, the manner of women's living of late is insupportable, and some way or other——

Lady Ara. It's to be mended, I suppose——Pray, my Lord, one word of fair argument: You complain of my late hours; I of your early ones; so far we are even, you'll allow; but which gives us the best figure in the eye of the polite world? my two a clock speaks life, activity, spirit, and vigour; your eleven has a dull, drowsy, stupid, good-for-nothing sound with it. It savours much of a mechanick, who must get to bed betimes, that he may rise early to open his shop. Faugh!

Lord Love. I thought to go to bed early and rise so, was ever esteem'd a right practice for all people.

Lady Ara. Beasts do it.

Lord Love. Fy, fy, Madam, fy; but 'tis not your ill

hours alone disturb me; but the ill company who occasion those ill hours.

Lady Ara. And pray what ill company may those be?

Lord Love. Why, women that lose their money, and men that win it: especially when 'tis to be paid out of their husbands' estate; or if that fail, and the creditor be a little pressing, the lady will, perhaps, be oblig'd to try, if the gentleman instead of gold will accept of a trinket.

Lady Ara. My Lord, you grow scurrilous, and you'll make me hate you. I'll have you to know I keep company with the politest people in the town, and the assemblies I frequent are full of such.

Lord Love. So are the churches now and then.

Lady Ara. My friends frequent them often, as well as the assemblies.

Lord Love. They wou'd do it oftner, if a groom of the chamber there were allow'd to furnish cards and dice to the company.

Lady Ara. You'd make a woman mad.

Lord Love. You'd make a man a fool.

Lady Ara. If Heav'n has made you otherwise, that won't be in my power.

Lord Love. I'll try if I can prevent your making me a beggar at least.

Lady Ara. A beggar! *Crœsus!* I'm out of patience—I won't come home 'till four to-morrow morning.

Lord Love. I'll order the doors to be lock'd at twelve.

Lady Ara. Then I won't come home 'till to-morrow night.

Lord Love. Then you shall never come home again, Madam. [*Exit.*

Lady Ara. There he has knock'd me down: My father upon our marriage said, wives were come to that pass, he did not think it fit they shou'd be trusted with pin-money, and so wou'd not let this man settle one penny upon his poor wife, to serve her at a dead lift for separate maintenance.

Enter CLARINDA.

Clar. Good-morrow, Madam; how do you do to-day? you seem to be in a little fluster.

Lady Ara. My Lord has been in one, and as I am the most complaisant poor creature in the world, I put my self into one too, purely to be suitable company to him.

Clar. You are prodigious good; but surely it must be mighty agreeable when a man and his wife can give themselves the same turn of conversation.

Lady Ara. O, the prettiest thing in the world.

Clar. But yet, tho' I believe there's no life so happy as a marry'd one, in the main; yet I fansy, where two people are so very much together, they must often be in want of something to talk upon.

Lady Ara. Clarinda, you are the most mistaken in the world; marry'd people have things to talk of, child, that never enter into the imagination of others. Why now, here's my Lord and I, we han't been marry'd above two short years you know, and we have already eight or ten things constantly in bank, that whenever we want company, we can talk of any one, of them for two hours together, and the subject never the flatter. It will be as fresh next day, if we have occasion for it, as it was the first day it entertain'd us.

Clar. Why that must be wonderful pretty.

Lady Ara. O, there's no life like it. This very day

now, for example, my lord and I, after a pretty chearful *tête-à-tête* dinner, sat down by the fire-side, in an idle, indolent, pick-tooth way for a while, as if we had not thought of one another's being in the room. At last (stretching himself, and yawning twice), my dear, says he, you came home very late last night. 'Twas but two in the morning, says I. I was in bed (*yawning*) by eleven, says he. So you are every night, says I. Well, says he, I am amaz'd, how you can sit up so late. How can you be amaz'd, says I, at a thing that happens so often? Upon which we enter'd into conversation. And tho' this is a point has entertain'd us above fifty times already, we always find so many new pretty things to say upon't, that I believe in my soul it will last as long as we live.

Clar. But in such sort of family dialogues (tho' extremely well for passing of time) don't there now and then enter some little witty sort of bitterness?

Lady Ara. O yes; which don't do amiss at all; a little something that's sharp, moderates the extreme sweetness of matrimonial society, which wou'd else perhaps be cloying. Tho' to tell you the truth, Clarinda, I think we squeezed a little too much lemon into it, this bout; for it grew so sour at last, that I think I almost told him he was a fool; and he talkt something odly of turning me out of doors.

Clar. O, but have a care of that.

Lady Ara. Why, to be serious, Clarinda, what wou'd you have a woman do in my case? There is no one thing he can do in this world to please me——Except giving me money; and that he is growing weary of; and I, at the same time (partly by nature, and partly perhaps by keeping the best company) do with my soul love almost every thing that he hates; I dote upon

assemblies,[1] adore masquerades, my heart bounds at a ball; I love a play to distraction, cards inchant me, and dice—put me out of my little wits—Dear, dear hazard, what musick there is in the rattle of the dice, compared to a sleepy opera! Do you ever play at hazard, Clarinda?

Clar. Never; I don't think it sits well upon women; it's very masculine, and has too much of a rake; you see how it makes the men swear and curse. Sure it must incline the women to do the same too, if they durst give way to it.

Lady Ara. So it does; but hitherto, for a little decency, we keep it in; and when in spite of our teeth, an oath gets into our mouths, we swallow it.

Clar. That's enough to burst you; but in time perhaps you'll let 'em fly as they do.

Lady Ara. Why 'tis probable we may, for the pleasure of all polite women's lives now, you know, is founded upon entire liberty to do what they will. But shall I tell you what happen'd t'other night? Having lost all my money but ten melancholy guineas, and throwing out for them, what do you think slipt from me?

Clar. An oath?

Lady Ara. Gud soons!

Clar. O Lord! O Lord! did not it frighten you out of your wits?

Lady Ara. Clarinda, I thought a gun had gone off.—But I forget, you are a prude, and design to live soberly.

Clar. Why 'tis true; both my nature and education, do in a good degree incline me that way.

[1] "Stated and general meetings of the polite persons of both sexes, for the sake of conversation, gallantry, news, and play."

Lady Ara. Well, surely to be sober is to be terribly dull. You will marry; won't you?

Clar. I can't tell but I may.

Lady Ara. And you'll live in town?

Clar. Half the year, I shou'd like it very well.

Lady Ara. And you wou'd live in London half a year, to be sober in it?

Clar. Yes.

Lady Ara. Why can't you as well go and be sober in the country!

Clar. So I wou'd the t'other half year.

Lady Ara. And pray what pretty scheme of life wou'd you form now, for your summer and winter sober entertainments?

Clar. A scheme that, I think, might very well content us.

Lady Ara. Let's hear it.

Clar. I cou'd, in summer, pass my time very agreeably, in riding soberly, in walking soberly, in sitting under a tree soberly, in gardening soberly, in reading soberly, in hearing a little musick soberly, in conversing with some agreeable friends soberly, in working soberly, in managing my family and children (if I had any) soberly, and possibly by these means I might induce my husband to be as sober as my self.

Lady Ara. Well Clarinda, thou art a most contemptible creature. But let's have the sober town scheme too, for I am charm'd with the country one.

Clar. You shall, and I'll try to stick to my sobriety there too.

Lady Ara. If you do, you'll make me sick of you. But let's hear it however.

Clar. I would entertain my self in observing the new fashions soberly, I would please my self in new

clothes soberly, I would divert my self with agreeable friends at home and abroad soberly. I would 'play at quadrille soberly, I would go to court soberly, I would go to some plays soberly, I would go to operas soberly, and I think I cou'd go once, or, if I lik'd my company, twice to a masquerade soberly.

Lady Ara. If it had not been for that last piece of sobriety, I was going to call for some surfeit-water.

Clar. Why, don't you think, that with the further aid of breakfasting, dining, supping, and sleeping (not to say a word of devotion) the four and twenty hours might roll over, in a tolerable manner?

Lady Ara. How I detest that word, Tolerable! And so will a country relation of ours, that's newly come to town, or I'm mistaken.

Clar. Who is that?

Lady Ara. Even my dear Lady Headpiece.

Clar. Is she come?

Lady Ara. Yes, her sort of a tolerable husband has gotten to be chosen parliament-man at some simple town or other, upon which she has persuaded him to bring her and her folks up to London.

Clar. That's good; I think she was never here before.

Lady Ara. Not since she was nine years old; but she has had an outrageous mind to it ever since she was marry'd.

Clar. Then she'll make the most of it, I suppose, now she is come.

Lady Ara. Depend upon that.

Clar. We must go and visit her.

Lady Ara. By all means; and may be you'll have a mind to offer her your tolerable scheme for her London diversion this winter; if you do, mistress, I'll

shew her mine too, and you shall see, she'll so despise you and adore me, that if I do but chirrup to her, she'll hop after me like a tame sparrow, the town round. But there's your admirer I see coming in, I'll oblige him, and leave you to receive part of his visit, while I step up to write a letter. Besides, to tell you the truth, I don't like him half so well as I us'd to do: he falls off of late from being the company he was, in our way. In short, I think he's growing to be a little like my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir CHARLES.

Sir Charles. Madam, your servant; they told me Lady Arabella was here.

Clar. She's only stept up to write a letter, she'll come down presently.

Sir Charles. Why, does she write letters? I thought she had never time for't: pray how may she have disposed of the rest of the day?

Clar. A good deal as usual; she has visits to make 'till six; she's then engag'd to the play; from that 'till court-time, she's to be at cards at Mrs. Idle's; after the drawing-room, she takes a short supper with Lady Hazard, and from thence they go together to the assembly.

Sir Charles. And are you to do all this with her?

Clar. The visits and the play, no more.

Sir Charles. And how can you forbear all the rest?

Clar. 'Tis easy to forbear, what we are not very fond of.

Sir Charles. I han't found it so. I have past much of my life in this hurry of the ladies, yet was never so pleas'd, as when I was at quiet without 'em.

Clar. What then induced you to be with 'em?

Sir Charles. Idleness, and the fashion.

Clar. No mistresses in the case?

Sir Charles. To speak honestly, yes. When one is in a toyshop, there was no forbearing the bawbles; so I was perpetually engaging with some coquet or other, whom I cou'd love perhaps just enough to put it into her power to plague me.

Clar. Which power I suppose she sometimes made use of.

Sir Charles. The amours of a coquet, Madam, generally mean nothing farther; I look upon them and prudes to be nuisances much alike, tho' they seem very different; the first are always disturbing the men, and the latter always abusing the women.

Clar. And all I think is to establish the character of being virtuous.

Sir Charles. That is, being chaste they mean, for they know no other virtue; therefore indulge themselves in every thing else that's vicious; they (against nature) keep their chastity, only because they find more pleasure in doing mischief with it, than they shou'd have in parting with it. But, Madam, if both these characters are so odious, how highly to be valued is that woman, who can attain all they aim at, without the aid of the folly or vice of either!

Enter Lady ARABELLA.

Lady Ara. Your servant, Sir. I won't ask your pardon for leaving you alone a little with a lady that I know shares so much of your good opinion.

Sir Charles. I wish, Madam, she cou'd think my good opinion of value enough, to afford me a small part in hers.

Lady Ara. I believe, Sir, every woman who knows

she has place in a fine gentleman's good opinion, will be glad to give him one in hers, if she can. But however you two may stand in one another's, you must take another time, if you desire to talk farther about it, or we shan't have enough to make our visits in; and so your servant, Sir. Come, Clarinda.

Sir Charles. I'll stay and make my Lord a visit, if you will give me leave.

Lady Ara. You have my leave, Sir, tho' you were a Lady. [*Exit with* Clar.

Enter Lord LOVERULE.

Lord Love. Sir Charles, your servant; what, have the ladies left you?

Sir Charles. Yes, and the ladies in general I hope will leave me too.

Lord Love. Why so?

Sir Charles. That I mayn't be put to the ill manners of leaving them first.

Lord Love. Do you then already find your gallantry inclining to an ebb?

Sir Charles. 'Tis not that I am yet old enough to justify my self in an idle retreat, but I have got, I think, a sort of surfeit on me, that lessens much the force of female charms.

Lord Love. Have you then been so glutted with their favours?

Sir Charles. Not with their favours, but with their service; it is unmerciful. I once thought my self a tolerable time-killer; I drank, I play'd, I intrigu'd, and yet I had hours enow for reasonable uses; but he that will list himself a lady's man of mettle now, she'll work him so at cards and dice, she won't afford him time enough to play with her at any thing else,

tho' she her self should have a tolerable good mind to it.

Lord Love. And so the disorderly lives they lead, make you incline to a reform of your own.

Sir Charles. 'Tis true; for bad examples (if they are but bad enough) give us as useful reflections as good ones do.

Lord Love. 'Tis pity any thing that's bad, shou'd come from women.

Sir Charles. 'Tis so indeed, and there was a happy time, when both you and I thought there never could.

Lord Love. Our early first conceptions of them, I well remember, were that they never cou'd be vicious, nor never cou'd be old.

Sir Charles. We thought so then; the beauteous form we saw them cast in, seem'd design'd a habitation for no vice, nor no decay; all I had conceiv'd of angels, I conceived of them; true, tender, gentle, modest, generous, constant, I thought was writ in every feature; and in my devotions, Heav'n, how did I adore thee, that blessing like them shou'd be the portion of such inferior creatures, as I took my self and all men else (compar'd with them) to be —but where's that adoration now?

Lord Love. 'Tis with such fond young fools as you and I were then.

Sir Charles. And with such it ever will be.

Lord Love. Ever. The pleasure is so great, in believing women to be, what we wish them, that nothing but a long and sharp experience can ever make us think them otherwise. That experience, friend, both you and I have had; but yours has been at other men's expence; mine——at my own.

Sir Charles. Perhaps you'd wonder, shou'd you find me disposed to run the risque of that experience too.

Lord Love. I shou'd indeed.

Sir Charles. And yet 'tis possible I may; know at least, I have so much of my early folly left, to think, there's yet one woman fit to make a wife of: How far such a one can answer the charms of a mistress, marry'd men are silent in, so pass——for that, I'd take my chance; but cou'd she make a home easy to her partner, by letting him find there a chearful companion, an agreeable intimate, a useful assistant, a faithful friend, and (in its time perhaps) a tender mother, such change of life, from what I lead, seems not unwise to think of.

Lord Love. Nor unwise to purchase, if to be had for millions; but——

Sir Charles. But what?

Lord Love. If the reverse of this shou'd chance to be the bitter disappointment, what wou'd the life be then?

Sir Charles. A damn'd one.

Lord Love. And what relief?

Sir Charles. A short one; leave it, and return to that you left, if you can't find a better.

Lord Love. He says right—that's the remedy, and a just one——for if I sell my liberty for gold, and I am foully paid in brass, shall I be held to keep the bargain? [*Aside.*

Sir Charles. What are you thinking of?

Lord Love. Of what you have said.

Sir Charles. And was it well said?

Lord Love. I begin to think it might.

Sir Charles. Think on, 'twill give you ease——the man who has courage enough to part with a wife,

need not much dread the having one; and he that has not, ought to tremble at being a husband——But perhaps I have said too much; you'll pardon however the freedom of an old friend, because you know I am so; so your servant. [*Exit.*

Lord Love. Charles farewel, I can take nothing as ill meant that comes from you. Nor ought my wife to think I mean amiss to her; if I convince her I'll endure no longer that she should thus expose her self and me. No doubt 'twill grieve her sorely. Physick's a lothsome thing, till we find it gives us health, and then we are thankful to those who made us take it. Perhaps she may do so by me, if she does 'tis well; if not, and she resolves to make the house ring with reprisals, I believe (tho' the misfortune's great) he'll make a better figure in the world, who keeps an ill wife out of doors, than he that keeps her within.

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Enter Lady HEADPIECE *and* Mrs. MOTHERLY.

LADY HEAD. So, you are acquainted with Lady Arabella, I find.

Mrs. Moth. Oh, Madam, I have had the honour to know her Ladyship almost from a child, and a charming woman she has made.

Lady Head. I like her prodigiously; I had some acquaintance with her in the country two years ago; but she's quite another woman here.

Mrs. Moth. Ah Madam, two years keeping company with the polite people of the town will do wonders in the improvement of a lady, so she has it but about her.

Lady Head. Now 'tis my misfortune, Mrs. Motherly, to come late to school.

Mrs. Moth. Oh! don't be discouraged at that, Madam, the quickness of your ladyship's parts will easily recover your loss of a little time.

Lady Head. O! You flatter me! But I'll en-

deavour by industry and application to make it up; such parts as I have shall not lye idle. My Lady Arabella has been so good, to offer me already her introduction, to those assemblies, where a woman may soonest learn to make her self valuable to every body.

Mrs. Moth. But her husband. [*Aside.*] Her Ladyship, Madam, can indeed, better than any body, introduce you, where every thing, that accomplishes a fine lady, is practised, to the last perfection; Madam, she her self is at the very tip top of it—'tis pity, poor lady, she shou'd meet with any discouragements.

Lady Head. Discouragements! from whence pray?

Mrs. Moth. From home sometimes—my Lord a—

Lady Head. What does he do?

Mrs. Moth. But one shou'd not talk of people of qualities family-concerns.

Lady Head. O, no matter, Mrs. Motherly, as long as it goes no farther. My Lord, you were saying——

Mrs. Moth. Why, my Lord, Madam, is a little humoursome, they say.

Lady Head. Humoursome

Mrs. Moth. Yes, they say he's humoursome.

Lady Head. As how, pray?

Mrs. Moth. Why, if my poor lady perhaps does but stay out at night, may be four or five hours after he's in bed, he'll be cross.

Lady Head. What, for such a thing as that?

Mrs. Moth. Yes, he'll be cross; and then, if she happens, it may be, to be unfortunate at play, and lose a great deal of money, more than she has to pay, then Madam,——he'll snub.

Lady Head. Out upon him, snub such a woman as she is? I can tell you, Mrs. Motherly, I that am but

a country lady, shou'd Sir Francis take upon him to snub me, in London, he'd raise a spirit wou'd make his hair stand an end.

Mrs. Moth. Really, Madam, that's the only way to deal with 'em.

Enter Miss BETTY.

And here comes pretty Miss Betty, that I believe will never be made a fool of, when she's married.

Miss Betty. No by my troth won't I. What, are you talking of my being marry'd, mother?

Lady Head. No, Miss; Mrs. Motherly was only saying what a good wife you wou'd make, when you were so.

Miss Betty. The sooner it's try'd, mother, the sooner it will be known. Lord, here's the colonel, Madam!

Enter COLONEL.

Lady Head. Colonel, your servant.

Miss Betty. Your servant, colonel.

Col. Ladies, your most obedient——I hope, Madam, the town air agrees with you?

Lady Head. Mighty well, Sir.

Miss Betty. Oh prodigious well, Sir. We have bought a new coach, and an ocean of new clothes, and we are to go to the play to-night, and to-morrow we go to the opera, and next night we go to the assembly, and then the next night after, we——

Lady Head. Softly, Miss——Do you go to the play to-night, colonel?

Col. I did not design it, Madam; but now I find there is to be such good company, I'll do myself the honour (if you'll give me leave, ladies) to come and lead you to your coach.

Lady Head. It's extremely obliging.

Miss Betty. It is indeed mighty well-bred. Lord! 'colonel, what a difference there is, between your way, and our country companions; one of them would have said, What, you are aw gooing to the playhouse then? Yes, says we, won't you come and lead us out? No, by good feggings, says he, ye ma' e'en ta' care o' your sells, y'are awd enough; and so he'd ha' gone to get drunk at the tavern against we came home to supper.

Mrs. Moth. Ha, ha, ha! well, sure Madam, your Ladyship is the happiest mother in the world to have such a charming companion to your daughter.

Col. The prettiest creature upon earth!

Miss Betty. D'ye hear that, mother? Well, he's a fine gentleman really, and I think a man of admirable sense.

Lady Head. Softly, Miss, he'll hear you.

Miss Betty. If he does, Madam, he'll think I say true, and he'll like me never the worse for that, I hope. Where's your niece Martilla, Mrs. Motherly? Mama, won't you carry Martilla to the play with us?

Lady Head. With all my heart, child.

Col. She's a very pretty civil sort of woman, Madam, and miss will be very happy in having such a companion in the house with her.

Miss Betty. So I shall indeed, Sir, and I love her dearly already, we are growing very great together.

Lady Head. But what's become of your brother, child? I han't seen him these two hours, where is he?

Miss Betty. Indeed, mother, I don't know where he is; I saw him asleep about half an hour ago by the kitchen fire.

Col. Must not he go to the play too?

Lady Head. Yes, I think he shou'd go, tho' he'll be weary on't, before it's half done.

Miss Betty. Weary? yes, and then he'll sit, and yawn, and stretch like a greyhound by the fire-side, 'till he does some nasty thing or other, that they'll turn him out of the house, so it's better to leave him at home.

Mrs. Moth. O, that were pity, Miss. Plays will enliven him——see, here he comes, and my niece with him.

Enter Squire HUMPHRY *and* MARTILLA.

Col. Your servant, Sir; you come in good time, the ladies are all going to the play, and wanted you to help gallant them.

Squire Humph. And so 'twill be nine a clock, before one shall get any supper.

Miss Betty. Supper! why your dinner is not out of your mouth yet, at least 'tis all about the brims of it. See how greasy his chops is, mother.

Lady Head. Nay, if he han't a mind to go, he need not. You may stay here 'till your father comes home from the parliament house, and then you may eat a broil'd bone together.

Miss Betty. Yes, and drink a tankard of strong beer together, and then he may tell you all he has been doing in the parliament house, and you may tell him all you have been thinking of when you were asleep, in the kitchen; and then if you'll put it all down in writing, when we come from the play, I'll read it to the company.

Squire Humph. Sister, I don't like your joking, and you are not a well-behav'd young woman; and altho'

my mother encourages you, my thoughts are, you are not too big to be whipt.

Miss Betty. How, sirrah?

Squire Humph. There's a civil young gentlewoman stands there, is worth a hundred of you. And I believe she'll be marry'd before you.

Miss Betty. Cots my life, I have a good mind to pull your eyes out.

Lady Head. Hold, Miss, hold, don't be in such a passion neither.

Miss Betty. Mama, it is not that I am angry at any thing he says to commend Martilla, for I wish she were to be marry'd to-morrow, that I might have a dance at her wedding; but what need he abuse me for? I wish the lout had mettle enough to be in love with her, she'd make pure sport with him. [*Aside.*] Does your Heaviness find any inclinations moving towards the lady you admire?——Speak! are you in love with her?

Squire Humph. I am in love with no body; and if any body be in love with me, mayhap they had as good be quiet.

Miss Betty. Hold your tongue, I'm quite sick of you. Come, Martilla, you are to go to the play with us.

Mart. Am I, Miss? I am ready to wait upon you.

Lady Head. I believe it's time we shou'd be going, Colonel, is not it?

Col. Yes, Madam, I believe it is.

Lady Head. Come then; who is there

Enter Servant.

Is the coach at a door?

Serv. It has been there this hafe haur, so please your Ladyship.

Miss Betty. And are all the people in the street gazing at it, Tom ?

Serv. That are they, Madam ; and Roger has drank so much of his own beveridge, that he's e'en as it were gotten a little drunk.

Lady Head. Not so drunk, I hope, but that he can drive us ?

Serv. Yes, yes, Madam, he drives best when he's a little upish. When Roger's head turns, raund go the wheels, i' faith.

Miss Betty. Never fear, Mama, as long as it's to the play-house, there's no danger.

Lady Head. Well, daughter, since you are so courageous, it shan't be said I make any difficulty ; and if the Colonel is so gallant, to have a mind to share our danger, we have room for him, if he pleases.

Col. Madam, you do me a great deal of honour, and I'm sure you give me a great deal of pleasure.

Miss Betty. Come, dear Mama, away we go.

[*Exeunt all but* Squire, MARTILLA, *and* Mrs. MOTHERLY.

Squire Humph. I did not think you wou'd have gone. [*To* MARTILLA.

Mart. O, I love a play dearly. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Moth. I wonder, Squire, that you wou'd not go to the play with 'em.

Squire Humph. What needed Martilla have gone ? they were enow, without her.

Mrs. Moth. O, she was glad to go to divert her self ; and besides, my Lady desir'd her to go with them.

Squire Humph. And so I am left alone.

Mrs. Moth. Why, shou'd you have car'd for her company ?

Squire Humph. Rather than none.

Mrs. Moth. On my conscience, he's ready to cry; this is matter to think of; but here comes Sir Francis. [*Aside.*

Enter Sir FRANCIS.

How do you do, Sir? I'm afraid these late parliament hours won't agree with you.

Sir Fran. Indeed, I like them not, Mrs. Motherly; if they wou'd dine at twelve a clock, as we do in the country, a man might be able to drink a reasonable bottle between that and supper-time.

Mrs. Moth. That would be much better indeed, Sir Francis.

Sir Fran. But then when we consider that what we undergo, is in being busy for the good of our country, ——O, the good of our country is above all things; what a noble and glorious thing it is, Mrs. Motherly, that England can boast of five hundred zealous gentlemen, all in one room, all of one mind, upon a fair occasion, to go all together by the ears for the good of their country!——Humphry, perhaps you'll be a senator in time, as your father is now; when you are, remember your country; spare nothing for the good of your country; and when you come home, at the end of the sessions, you will find your self so ador'd, that your country will come and dine with you every day in the week. O, here's my Uncle Richard.

Enter Uncle RICHARD.

Mrs. Moth. I think, Sir, I had best get you a mouthful of something to stay your stomach 'till supper. [*Exit.*

Sir Fran. With all my heart, for I'm almost famisht.

Squire Humph. And so shall I before my mother comes from the playhouse, so I'll go get a butter'd toast. [*Exit.*

Sir Fran. Uncle, I hope you are well.

Unc. Rich. Nephew, if I had been sick, would not have come abroad; I suppose you are well, for I sent this morning, and was inform'd you went out early; was it to make your court to some of the great men?

Sir Fran. Yes uncle, I was advis'd to lose no time, so I went to one great man, whom I had never seen before.

Unc. Rich. And who had you got to introduce you?

Sir Fran. No body; I remember'd I had heard a wise man say, My son, be bold; so I introduced my self.

Unc. Rich. As how, I pray?

Sir Fran. Why thus, uncle; please your Lordship, says I, I am Sir Francis Headpiece, of Headpiece-Hall, and Member of Parliament for the antient borough of Gobble-Guiney. Sir, your humble servant, says my Lord, tho' I have not the honour to know your person, I have heard you are a very honest gentleman, and I am very glad your borough has made choice of so worthy a representative; have you any service to command me? Those last words, uncle, gave me great encouragement: and tho' I know you have not any very great opinion of my parts, I believe you won't say I mist it now.

Unc. Rich. I hope I shall have no cause.

Sir Fran. My Lord, says I, I did not design to say any thing to your Lordship to-day, about business; but since your Lordship is so kind and free, as to bid me speak if I have any service to command you, I will.

Unc. Rich. So.

Sir Fran. I have, says I, my lord, a good estate, but 'it's a little aut at elbows, and as I desire to serve my king, as well as my country, I shall be very willing to accept of a place at court.

Unc. Rich. This was bold indeed.

Sir Fran. I'cod, I shot him flying, uncle; another man would have been a month before he durst have open'd his mauth about a place. But you shall hear. Sir Francis, says my Lord, what sort of a place may you have turn'd your thoughts upon? My Lord, says I, beggars must not be choosers; but some place about a thousand a year, I believe, might do pretty weel to begin with. Sir Francis, says he, I shall be glad to serve you in any thing I can; and in saying these words he gave me a squeeze by the hand, as much as to say, I'll do your business. And so he turn'd to a Lord that was there, who lookt as if he came for a place too.

Unc. Rich. And so your fortune's made.

Sir Fran. Don't you think so, uncle?

Unc. Rich. Yes, for just so mine was made—— twenty years ago.

Sir Fran. Why, I never knew you had a place, uncle.

Unc. Rich. Nor I neither upon my faith, nephew: but you have been down at the house since you made your court, have not you?

Sir Fran. O yes; I would not neglect the house, for ever so much.

Unc. Rich. And what may they have done there to-day, I pray?

Sir Fran. Why truly, uncle, I cannot well tell what they did. But I'll tell you what I did: I happen'd to make a little sort of a mistake.

Unc. Rich. How was that?

Sir Fran. Why you must know, uncle, they were all got into a sort of a hodge-podge argument for the good of the nation, which I did not well understand; however, I was convinc'd, and so resolv'd to vote aright, according to my conscience; but they made such a puzzling business on't, when they put the question, as they call it, that, I believe, I cry'd Ay, when I should have cry'd No; for a sort of a Jacobite that sat next me, took me by the hand, and said, Sir, you are a man of honour, and a true Englishman; and I should be glad to be better acquainted with you, and so he pull'd me along with the croud into the lobby with him, when, I believe, I should have stay'd where I was.

Unc. Rich. And so, if you had not quite made your fortune before, you have clencht it now. Ah, thou head of the Headpieces! [*Aside.*] How now, what's the matter here?

Enter Lady HEADPIECE, &c., *in disorder, some dirty, some lame, some bloody.*

Sir Fran. Mercy on us! they are all kill'd.

Miss Betty. Not for a thousand pounds; but we have been all down in the dirt together.

Lady Head. We have had a sad piece of work on't, Sir Francis, overturn'd in the channel, as we were going to the play-house.

Miss Betty. Over and over, papa; had it been coming from the play-house, I should not have car'd a farthing.

Sir Fran. But, child, you are hurt, your face is all bloody.

Miss Betty. O, Sir, my new gown is all dirty.

Lady Head. The new coach is all spoil'd.

Miss Betty. The glasses are all to bits.

Lady Head. Roger has put out his arm.

Miss Betty. Would he had put out his neck, for making us lose the play.

Squire Humph. Poor Martilla has scratch'd her little finger.

Lady Head. And here's the poor Colonel; no body asks what he has done. I hope, Sir, you have got no harm?

Col. Only a little wounded with some pins I met with about your Ladyship.

Lady Head. I am sorry any thing about me should do you harm.

Col. If it does, Madam, you have that about you, if you please, will be my cure. I hope your Ladyship feels nothing amiss?

Lady Head. Nothing at all, tho' we did rowl about together strangely.

Col. We did indeed. I'm sure we rowl'd so, that my poor hands were got once——I don't know where they were got. But her Ladyship I see will pass by slips. [*Aside.*

Sir Fran. It would have been pity the colonel should have receiv'd any damage in his services to the Ladies; he is the most complaisant man to 'em, uncle; always ready when they have occasion for him.

Unc. Rich. Then I believe, nephew, they'll never let him want business.

Sir Fran. O, but they shou'd not ride the free horse to death neither. Come colonel, you'll stay and drink a bottle, and eat a little supper with us, after your misfortune?

Col. Sir, since I have been prevented from attending the ladies to the play, I shall be very proud to obey their commands here at home.

Sir Fran. A prodigious civil gentleman, uncle; and yet as bold as Alexander upon occasion.

Unc. Rich. Upon a lady's occasion.

Sir Fran. Ha, ha, you are a wag, uncle; but I believe he'd storm any thing.

Unc. Rich. Then I believe your citadel may be in danger. [*Aside.*

Sir Fran. Uncle, won't you break your rule for once, and sup from home?

Unc. Rich. The company will excuse me, nephew, they'll be freer without me; so good night to them and you.

Lady Head. Good night to you, sir, since you won't stay. Come, colonel.

Unc. Rich. Methinks this facetious colonel is got upon a pretty, familiar, easy foot already with the family of the Headpieces——hum. [*Aside. Exit.*

Sir Fran. Come, my Lady, let's all in, and pass the evening chearfully. And d'ye hear, wife——a word in your ear——I have got a promise of a place in court, of a thousand a year, he, hem. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Enter Lady ARABELLA, *as just up, walking pensively to her toilet, follow'd by* TRUSTY.

LADY ARA. Well, sure never woman had such luck——these devilish dice!——Sit up all night; lose all one's money, and then——how like a hag I look. [*Sits at her toilet, turning her purse inside out.*] Not a guinea——worth less by a hundred pounds than I was at one a clock this morning——and then——I was worth nothing——what is to be done, Trusty?

Trus. I wish I were wise enough to tell you, Madam; but if there comes in any good company to breakfast with your Ladyship, perhaps you may have a run of better fortune.

Lady Ara. But I han't a guinea to try my fortune——let me see——who was that impertinent man, that was so saucy last week about money, that I was

forc'd to promise, once more, he shou'd have what I ow'd him, this morning?

Trus. O, I remember, Madam; it was your old mercer Short-yard, that you turn'd off a year ago, because he would trust you no longer.

Lady Ara. That's true; and I think I bid the steward keep thirty guineas out of some money he was paying me to stop his odious mouth.

Trus. Your ladyship did so.

Lady Ara. Pr'ythee, Trusty, run and see whether the wretch has got the money yet; if not, tell the steward, I have occasion for it my self; run quickly.

[TRUSTY *runs to the door.*

Trus. Ah, Madam, he's just a paying it away now, in the hall.

Lady Ara. Stop him! quick, quick, dear Trusty.

Trus. Hem, hem, Mr. Money-bag, a word with you quickly.

Mon. [*within*]. I'll come presently.

Trus. Presently won't do, you must come this moment.

Mon. I'm but just paying a little money.

Trus. Cods my life, paying money? is the man distracted? Come here, I tell you, to my Lady this moment, quick. [MONEY-BAG *comes to the door with a purse in's hand.*] My Lady says, you must not pay the money to-day, there's a mistake in the account, which she must examine; and she's afraid too there was a false guinea or two left in the purse, which might disgrace her. [*Twitches the purse from him.*] But she's too busy to look for 'em just now, so you must bid Mr. What-d'ye-call-'em come another time. There they are, Madam. [*Gives her the money.*] The poor things were so near gone, they made me

tremble; I fancy your Ladyship will give me one of those false guineas for good luck. [*Takes a guinea.*] Thank you, Madam.

Lady Ara. Why, I did not bid you take it.

Trus. No, but your Ladyship lookt as if you were just going to bid me, so I took it to save your Ladyship the trouble of speaking.

Lady Ara. Well, for once——but hark——I think I hear the man making a noise yonder.

Trus. Nay, I don't expect he'll go out of the house quietly. I'll listen. [*Goes to the door.*

Lady Ara. Do.

Trus. He's in a bitter passion with poor Moneybag; I believe he'll beat him——Lord, how he swears!

Lady Ara. And a sober citizen too! that's a shame.

Trus. He says, he will speak with you, Madam, tho' the devil held your door——Lord! he's coming hither full drive, but I'll lock him out.

Lady Ara. No matter, let him come; I'll reason with him.

Trus. But he's a saucy fellow for all that.

Enter SHORT-YARD.

What wou'd you have, Sir?

Short. I wou'd have my due, Mistress.

Trus. That wou'd be——to be well cudgell'd, Master, for coming so familiarly, where you shou'd not come.

Lady Ara. Do you think you do well, Sir, to intrude into my dressing-room?

Short. Madam, I sold my goods to you in your dressing-room, I don't know why I mayn't ask for my money there.

Lady Ara. You are very short, Sir.

Short. Your Ladyship won't complain of my patience being so?

Lady Ara. I complain of nothing that ought not to be complain'd of; but I hate ill manners.

Short. So do I, Madam——but this is the seventeenth time I have been order'd to come, with good-manners, for my money, to no purpose.

Lady Ara. Your money, man! Is that the matter? Why it has lain in the steward's hands this week for you.

Short. Madam, you yourself appointed me to come this very morning for it.

Lady Ara. But why did you come so late then?

Short. So late! I came soon enough, I thought.

Lady Ara. That thinking wrong, makes us liable to a world of disappointments; if you had thought of coming one minute sooner, you had had your money.

Short. Gad bless me, Madam; I had the money as I thought, I'm sure it was telling out, and I was writing a receipt for't.

Trus. Why there you thought wrong again, Master.

Lady Ara. Yes, for you shou'd never think of writing a receipt 'till the money is in your pocket.

Short. Why, I did think 'twas in my pocket.

Trus. Look you, thinking again! Indeed Mr. Short-yard, you make so many blunders, 'tis impossible but you must suffer by it, in your way of trade. I'm sorry for you, and you'll be undone.

Short. And well I may, when I sell my goods to people that won't pay me for 'em, 'till the interest of my money eats out all my profit: I sold them so cheap, because I thought I shou'd be paid the next day.

Trus. Why, there again! there's another of your thoughts; paid the next day, and you han't been paid this twelvemonth, you see.

Short. Oons, I han't been paid at all, Mistress.

Lady Ara. Well, tradesmen are strange unreasonable creatures, refuse to sell people any more things, and then quarrel with 'em because they don't pay for those they have had already. Now what can you say to that, Mr. Short-yard?

Short. Say! Why——S'death Madam, I don't know what you talk of, I don't understand your argument.

Lady Ara. Why, what do you understand, man?

Short. Why, I understand that I have had above a hundred pounds due to me, a year ago; that I came, by appointment, just now to receive it: that it prov'd at last to be but thirty instead of a hundred and ten; and that while the steward was telling ev'n that out, and I was writing the receipt, comes Mrs. Pop here, and the money was gone. But I'll be banter'd no longer if there's law in England. Say no more, Short-yard. [*Exit.*

Trus. What a passion the poor devil's in!

Lady Ara. Why truly one can't deny but he has some present cause for a little ill humour; but when one has things of so much greater consequence on foot, one can't trouble ones self about making such creatures easy; so call for breakfast, Trusty, and set the hazard-table ready; if there comes no company I'll play a little by my self.

Enter Lord LOVERULE.

Lord Love. Pray what offence, Madam, have you given to a man I met with just now as I came in?

Lady Ara. People who are apt to take offence, do it for small matters, you know.

Lord Love. I shall be glad to find this so; but he says you have ow'd him above a hundred pounds this twelvemonth; that he has been here forty times by appointment for it, to no purpose; and that coming here this morning upon positive assurance from your self, he was trickt out of the money, while he was writing a receipt for it, and sent away without a farthing.

Lady Ara. Lord, how these shopkeepers will lye!

Lord Love. What then is the business? For some ground the man must have to be in such a passion.

Lady Ara. I believe you'll rather wonder to see me so calm, when I tell you, he had the insolence to intrude into my very dressing-room here, with a story without head or tail; you know, Trusty, we cou'd not understand one word he said, but when he swore——Good Lord! how the wretch did swear!

Trus. I never heard the like, for my part.

Lord Love. And all this for nothing?

Lady Ara. So it proved, my Lord, for he got nothing by it.

Lord Love. His swearing I suppose was for his money, Madam. Who can blame him?

Lady Ara. If he swore for money, he shou'd be put in the pillory.

Lord Love. Madam, I won't be banter'd, nor sued by this man for your extravagancies: Do you owe him the money or not?

Lady Ara. He says I do, but such fellows will say any thing.

Lord Love. Provoking! [*Aside*] Did not I desire

an account from you, of all your debts, but six months since, and give you money to clear them?

Lady Ara. My Lord, you can't imagine how accounts make my head ake.

Lord Love. That won't do: The steward gave you two hundred pounds besides, but last week; where's that?

Lady Ara. Gone!

Lord Love. Gone! where.

Lady Ara. Half the town over, I believe, by this time.

Lord Love. Madam, Madam, this can be endur'd no longer, and before a month passes expect to find me——

Lady Ara. Hist my Lord, here's company.

Enter Captain TOUPEE.

Captain Toupee, your servant: What, no body with you? do you come quite alone?

Capt. Slife, I thought to find company enough here. My Lord, your servant. What a duce, you look as if you had been up all night. I'm sure I was in bed but three hours; I wou'd you'd give me some coffee.

Lady Ara. Some coffee there; tea too, and chocolate.

Capt. [*Singing a minuet and dancing*]. Well, what a strange fellow am I to be thus brisk, after losing all my money last night——but upon my soul you look sadly.

Lady Ara. No matter for that, if you'll let me win a little of your money this morning.

Capt. What, with that face? Go, go wash it, go wash it, and put on some handsome things; you

lookt a good likely woman last night; I wou'd not much have car'd if you had run five hundred pounds in my debt; but if I play with you this morning, i'gad I'd advise you to win; for I won't take your personal security at present for a guinea.

Lord Love. To what a nauseous freedom do women of quality of late admit these trifling fops! and there's a morning exercise will give 'em claim to greater freedoms still. [*Points to the hazard table*] Some course must be taken. [*Exit.*

Capt. What, is my Lord gone? He lookt methought as if he did not delight much in my company. Well, peace and plenty attend him for your Ladyship's sake, and those——who have now and then the honour to win a hundred pounds of you.

[*Goes to the table singing, and throws.*

Lady Ara. [*Twitching the box from him*]. What, do you intend to win all the money upon the table——Seven's the main—Set me a million, Toupee.

Capt. I set you two, my queen—Six to seven.

Lady Ara. Six——the world's my own.

Both. Ha, ha, ha!

Lady Ara. O that my Lord had but spirit enough about him, to let me play for a thousand pounds a-night——But here comes country company——

Enter Lady HEADPIECE, Miss BETTY, Mrs. MOTHERLY, *and* Colonel COURTLY.

Your servant, Madam, good-morrow to you.

Lady Head. And to you, Madam. We are come to breakfast with you. Lord, are you got to those pretty things already? [*Points to the dice.*

Lady Ara. You see we are not such idle folks in

town as you country ladies take us to be; we are no sooner out of our beds, but we are at our work.

Miss Betty. Will dear Lady Arabella give us leave, mother, to do a stitch or two with her?

[*Takes the box and throws.*

Capt. The pretty lively thing!

Lady Ara. With all her heart: what says your mama?

Lady Head. She says, she don't love to sit with her hands before her, when other people's are employ'd.

Capt. And this is the prettiest little sociable work; men and women can all do together at it.

Lady Head. Colonel, you are one with us, are you not?

Lady Ara. O, I'll answer for him; he'll be out at nothing.

Capt. In a facetious way; he is the politest person; he will lose his money to the ladies so civilly, and will win theirs with so much good breeding; and he will be so modest to 'em before company, and so impudent to 'em in a dark corner. Ha! colonel!

Lady Head. So I found him, I'm sure, last night—— Mercy on me, an ounce of virtue less than I had, and Sir Francis had been undone.

Capt. Colonel, I smoke you.

Col. And a fine character you give the ladies of me, to help me.

Capt. I give 'em just the character of you they like, modest and brave. Come ladies, to business; look to your money, every woman her hand upon her purse.

Miss Betty. Here's mine, captain.

Capt. O the little soft velvet one—and it's as full—

Come, Lady Blowse,[1] rattle your dice, and away with 'em.

Lady Ara. Six——at all[2]——Five to six——Five ——Eight——at all again——Nine to eight——Nine——

Enter Sir FRANCIS, *and stands gazing at 'em.*

Seven's the main——at all for ever. [*Throws out.*

Miss Betty. Now mama, let's see what you can do.

[Lady HEADPIECE *takes the box.*

Lady Head. Well, I'll warrant you, daughter——

Miss Betty. If you do, I'll follow a good example.

Lady Head. Eight's the main——don't spare me, gentlemen, I fear you not——have at you all——seven to eight——seven.

Capt. Eight, Lady, eight——Five pounds if you please.

Lady Ara. Three, kinswoman.

Col. Two, Madam.

Miss Betty. And one for Miss, Mama——and now let's see what I can do. [*Aside*] If I shou'd win enough this morning to buy me another new gown—O bless me! there they go——seven——come captain, set me boldly, I want to be at a handful.

Capt. There's two for you, miss.

Mise Betty. I'll at 'em, tho' I dye for't

Sir Fran. Ah my poor child, take care.

[*Runs to stop the throw.*

Miss Betty. There.

[1] Blowse, a beggar's trull, a beggar wench, a wench; a fat, red-faced, blo(a)ted wench, or one whose head is dressed like a slattern.—N. E. D. This last meaning is required in this passage as the captain had already observed that Lady Arabella did not look either tidy or fresh.

[2] *I.e.*, have at you all.

Capt. Out—twenty pounds, young lady.

Sir Fran. False dice, Sir.

Capt. False dice, Sir? I scorn your words—— twenty pounds, Madam.

Miss Betty. Undone, undone!

Sir Fran. She shan't pay you a farthing, sir; I won't have miss cheated.

Capt. Cheated, Sir?

Lady Head. What do you mean, Sir Francis, to disturb the company, and abuse the gentleman thus?

Sir Fran. I mean to be in a passion.

Lady Head. And why will you be in a passion, Sir Francis?

Sir Fran. Because I came here to breakfast with my Lady there, before I went down to the house, expecting to find my family set round a civil table with her, upon some plumb-cake, hot rolls, and a cup of strong beer; instead of which, I find these good women staying their stomachs with a box and dice, and that man there, with the strange periwig, making a good hearty meal upon my wife and daughter.——

Cætera desunt.

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